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A SELECT
COLLECTION
OF
NOVELS
AND
HISTORIES.

VOLUME *the* SECOND.

1 ref. made

CONTAINING,

The PRINCESS of CLEVES.

The FAIR MAID of *the* INN.

The FORCE of FRIENDSHIP.

CHARON: or, *The* FERRY-BOAT.

The HISTORY of *the* CAPTIVE.



L O N D O N :

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M DCC XXIX.

A SELECT

COLLECTION

OF

NOVELS

AND



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CONTAINING

THE PRINCE OF GEORGES
THE LADY MARY
THE PRINCE OF GEORGES
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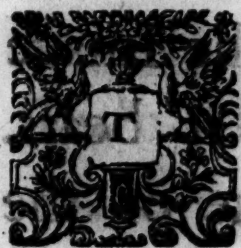
M DCC XXIX



T O

M^{rs} *Anne Boscawen.*

MADAM,



THE Reasons for
Stamping the Ma-
nufactures of the
Press, with the
Names of Persons celebra-
ted for their Birth, Good
A 3 Sense,

DEDICATION.

Sense, or Beauty, are too Manifest to want any Apology: Particularly in the Case of this Volume, whose peculiar Happiness it is to fall under the Protection of a Young Lady so justly admir'd for all these Three Qualifications.

THE Coin passes current according to the Image and Supercription it bears. The Intrinsic Value of the Metal often goes Unquestion'd, when the Outside is finely and allowably Minted.

And,

DEDICATION.

And, however People may like the inward Contexture of this Work, they are sure to meet with a pleasing *Idea* at their first Opening. The Furniture is indeed well fancied and fitted up, the Apartments well contriv'd and handsomely dispos'd; so as scarce to fail of hitting the most refin'd and elegant Taste. But, Whoever views the Front, is sure to find Something there surprisngly Great, Uniform and Beautiful.

IF,

DEDICATION.

IF, besides your own Ancient and Honourable Family, Your being so nearly related to those of the Duke of *Marlborough* and Earl of *Godolphin*, were all your Character; Their Names wou'd sufficiently emblazon Yours; and set it in a strong Light at the Head of a Dedication.

BUT You are no less distinguish'd among People of the first Rank for the Agreeableness of Your Person, and the unaffected Graces of your Mind, than Your two Great
Rela-

DEDICATION.

Relations have been to the World, by their inimitable Conduct in the Camp and the Council.

PARDON Me therefore, Madam, if drawn by such prevalent Temptations, I have taken that Liberty with Your Name, as I fear Your unassuming Modesty may be displeas'd with. Tho' I may venture to say, there is Nothing, except these Lines, which can give it any Shock or Offence in the whole Book. And I shall only add, that
had

DEDICATION.

had I known any Set of Letters that would have been more acceptable to Persons of Figure and Condition, than those by which You are signify'd, You might have been spar'd this Trouble from.

Your Sincerely Respectful

and most Humble Servant,

C. S.

THE
PRINCESS
OF
CLEVES.

Translated from the *French*.

PART I.



LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE PRINCESS

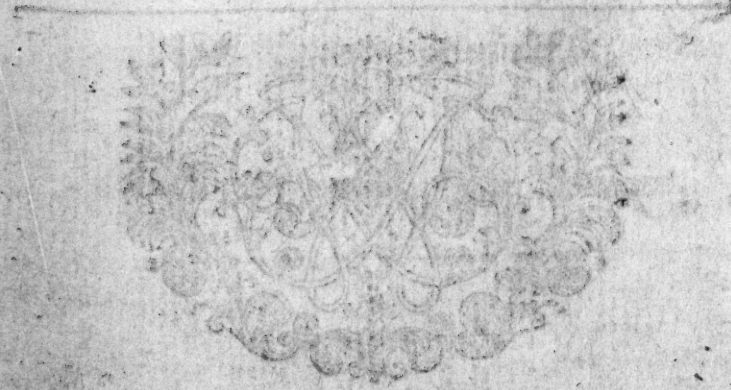
OF THE

CASTLE

Translated from the French

by

JOHN



JOHN

LONDON: MDCCLXXIX



T H E
Princess of C L E V E S.

P A R T I.

GRANDEUR and Gallantry never appear'd with more Lustre in *France*, than in the last Years of *Henry* the Second's Reign. This Prince was amorous and handsome, and tho' his Passion for *Diana* of *Poitiers*, Dutcheß of *Valentinois*, was of above twenty Years standing, it was not the less violent, nor did he give less distinguishing Proofs of it.

AS he was happily turn'd to excel in bodily Exercises, he took a particular Delight in them, such as Hunting, Tennis, Running at the Ring, and the like Diversions. *Madam de Valentinois* gave Spirit to all Entertainments of this sort, and appear'd at them with Grace and Beauty equal to that of her Grand-Daughter, *Madam de la Marke*, who was then unmarried; the Queen's Presence seem'd to authorize hers.

THE Queen was handsome, tho' not young; she lov'd Grandeur, Magnificence and Pleasure; she was married to

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the King while he was Duke of Orleans, during the Life of his elder Brother the Dauphin, a Prince whose great Qualities promis'd in him a worthy Successor of his Father *Francis* the First.

THE Queen's ambitious Temper made her taste the Sweetness of reigning, and she seem'd to bear with perfect Ease the King's Passion for the Dutchess of *Valentinois*, nor did she express the least Jealousy of it; but she was so skilful a Dissembler, that it was hard to judge of her real Sentiments, and Policy oblig'd her to keep the Dutchess about her Person, that she might draw the King to her at the same time. This Prince took great Delight in the Conversation of Women, even of such as he had no Passion for; for he was every Day at the Queen's Court, when she held her Assembly, which was a Concourse of all that was beautiful and excellent in either Sex.

NEVER were finer Women or more accomplish'd Men seen in any Court, and Nature seem'd to have taken pleasure in lavishing her greatest Graces on the greatest Persons. The Princess *Elizabeth*, since Queen of *Spain*, began now to manifest an uncommon Wit, and to display those Beauties, which prov'd afterwards so fatal to her. *Mary Stuart*, Queen of *Scotland*, who had just married the Dauphin, and was call'd the Queen-Dauphin, had all the Perfections of Mind and Body; she had been educated in the Court of *France*, and had imbib'd all the Politeness of it; she was by Nature so well form'd to shine in every thing that was Polite, that notwithstanding her Youth, none surpass'd her in the most refin'd Accomplishments. The Queen, her Mother-in-Law, and the King's Sister, were also extreme Lovers of Musick, Plays and Poetry; for the Taste which *Francis* the First had for the *Belles Lettres* was not yet extinguish'd in *France*; and as his Son was addicted to Exercises, no kind of Pleasure was wanting at Court. But what render'd this Court so splendid, was the Presence of so many great Princes, and Persons of the highest Quality and Merit: Those I shall

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name, in their different Characters, were the Admiration and Ornament of their Age.

THE King of *Navarre* drew to himself the Respect of all the World, both by the Greatness of his Birth, and by the Dignity that appear'd in his Person; he was remarkable for his Skill and Courage in War. The Duke of *Guise* had also given Proofs of extraordinary Valour, and had been so successful, that there was not a General who did not look upon him with Envy; to his Valour he added a most exquisite Genius and Understanding, Grandeur of Mind, and a Capacity equally turn'd for Military or Civil Affairs. His Brother, the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, was a Man of boundless Ambition, and of extraordinary Wit and Eloquence, and had besides acquir'd a vast Variety of Learning, which enabled him to make himself very considerable by defending the Catholick Religion, which began to be attack'd at that time. The Chevalier *de Guise*, afterwards call'd Grand Prior, was a Prince belov'd by all the World, of a comely Person, full of Wit and Address, and distinguish'd thro' all *Europe* for his Valour. The Prince of *Conde*, tho' little indebted to Nature in his Person, had a noble Soul, and the Liveliness of his Wit made him amiable even in the Eyes of the finest Women. The Duke of *Nevers*, distinguish'd by the high Employments he had possess'd, and by the Glory he had gain'd in War, tho' in an advanced Age, was yet the Delight of the Court: He had three Sons very accomplish'd; the second, call'd the Prince of *Cleves*, was worthy to support the Honour of his House; he was Brave and Generous, and shew'd a Prudence above his Years. The Viscount *de Chartres*, descended of the Illustrious Family of *Vendome*, whose Name the Princes of the Blood have thought it no Dishonour to wear, was equally distinguish'd for Gallantry; he was Genteel, of a fine Mein, Valiant, Generous, and all these Qualities he possess'd in a very uncommon degree; in short, if any one cou'd be compar'd to the Duke *de Nemours*, 'twas he. The Duke *de Nemours* was a Master-

piece of Nature; the Beauty of his Person, inimitable as it was, was his least Perfection; what placed him above other Men, was a certain Agreeableness in his Discourse, his Actions, his Looks, which was observable in none beside himself: He had in his Behaviour a Gaiety that was equally pleasing to Men and Women; in his Exercises he was very expert; and in Dress he had a peculiar Manner, which was follow'd by all the World, but could never be imitated: In fine, such was the Air of his whole Person, that it was impossible to fix one's Eye on any thing else, where-ever he was. There was not a Lady at Court, whose Vanity would not have been gratified by his Addresses; few of those whom he address'd, could boast of having resisted him; and even those for whom he express'd no Passion, could not forbear expressing one for him: His natural Gaiety and Disposition to Gallantry was so great, that he could not refuse some part of his Cares and Attention to those who made it their Endeavour to please him; and accordingly he had several Mistresses, but it was hard to guess which of them was in Possession of his Heart: He made frequent Visits to the Queen-Dauphin; the Beauty of this Princess, the Sweetness of her Temper, the Care she took to oblige every body, and the particular Esteem she express'd for the Duke *de Nemours*, gave ground to believe, that he had rais'd his Views even to her. Messieurs *de Guise*, whose Neice she was, had so far encreas'd their Authority and Reputation by this Match, that their Ambition prompted them to aspire at an Equality with the Princes of the Blood, and to share in Power with the Constable *Montmorency*. The King entrusted the Constable with the chief Share in the Administration of the Government, and treated the Duke of *Guise* and the Marshal *de St. André* as his Favourites; but whether Favour or Business admitted Men to his Presence, they could not preserve that Privilege without the good-liking of the Dutchess of *Valentinois*; for tho' she was no longer in Possession either of Youth or Beauty, she yet reign'd so absolutely

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absolutely in his Heart, that his Person and State seem'd entirely at her Disposal.

THE King had such an Affection for the Constable, that he was no sooner possess'd of the Government, but he recall'd him from the Banishment he had been sent into by *Francis* the First: Thus was the Court divided between *Messieurs de Guise*, and the Constable, who was supported by the Princes of the Blood, and both Parties made it their Care to gain the Dutches of *Valentinois*. The Duke d'*Aumale*, the Duke of *Guise's* Brother, had married one of her Daughters, and the Constable aspir'd to the same Alliance; he was not contented with having married his eldest Son with *Madam Diann*, the King's Daughter by a *Piemontese* Lady, who turn'd Nun as soon as she was brought to Bed. This Marriage had met with a great many Obstacles from the Promises which *Monsieur Montmorency* had made to *Madam de Plennes*, one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen; and tho' the King had surmounted 'em with extreme Patience and Goodness, the Constable did not think himself sufficiently establish'd, unless he secur'd *Madam de Valentinois* in his Interest, and separated her from *Messieurs de Guise*, whose Greatness began to give her Uneasiness. The Dutches had obstructed as much as she could the Marriage of the Dauphin with the Queen of *Scotland*; the Beauty and forward Wit of that young Queen, and the Credit which her Marriage gave to *Messieurs de Guise*, were insupportable to her; she in particular hated the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, who had spoke to her with Severity, and even with Contempt; she was sensible he took the Party of the Queen, so that the Constable found her very well disposed to unite her Interests with his, and to enter into Alliance with him, by marrying her Grand-Daughter *Madam de la Marke* with *Monsieur d'Anville*, his second Son, who succeeded him in his Employment under the Reign of *Charles* the Ninth. The Constable did not expect to find the same Disinclination to Marriage in his second Son, which he had found in his

eldest, but he prov'd mistaken. The Duke d'Anville was desperately in Love with the Dauphin-Queen, and how little Hôpe soever he might have of succeeding in his Passion, he could not prevail with himself to enter into an Engagement that wou'd divide his Cares. The Mareschal de St. André was the only Person in the Court, that had not list'd in either Party: He was a particular Favourite, and the King had a Personal Affection for him; he had taken a liking to him ever since he was Dauphin, and created him a Mareschal of France at an Age in which others rarely obtain the least Dignities: His Favour with the King gave him a lustre which he supported by his Merit and the Agreeableness of his Person, by a Splendor in his Table and Furniture, and by the most profuse Magnificence that ever was known in a private Person; the King's Liberality enabling him to bear such an Expence. This Prince was bounteous even to Prodigality to those he favour'd, and tho' he had not all the great Qualities, he had very many; particularly he took delight and had great skill in Military Affairs: he was also successful; and, excepting the Battel of St. Quintin, his Reign had been a continu'd Series of Victory; he won in Person the Battel of Renti, *Piemont* was conquer'd, the *English* were driven out of France, and the Emperor *Charles V.* found his good Fortune decline before the Walls of *Mets*, which he besieg'd in vain with all the Forces of the Empire, and of *Spain*: But the Disgrace receiv'd at St. Quintin lessen'd the Hopes we had of extending our Conquests, and as Fortune seem'd to divide herself between Two Kings, they both found themselves insensibly dispos'd to Peace.

THE Dutchess Dowager of *Lorraine* had made some Overtures about the Time of the Dauphin's Marriage, since which a secret Negotiation had been constantly carried on; in fine, *Coran* in *Artois* was the Place appointed for the Treaty; the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, the Constable *Montmorency*, and the Mareschal de St. André were Plenipotentiaries for the King; the Duke of *Alva* and the Prince of *Orange*,
for

for *Philip* the II^d, and the Duke and Dutcheſs of *Lorraine* were Mediators. The Principal Articles were the Marriage of the Princess *Elizabeth* of *France* with *Don Carlos* the Infanta of *Spain*, and that of his Majesty's Sister with the Duke of *Savoy*.

THE King, during the Treaty, continu'd on the Frontiers, where he receiv'd the News of the Death of Queen *Mary* of *England*; his Majesty diſpatch'd forthwith the Count *de Randan* to Queen *Elizabeth*, to congratulate her on her Acceſſion to the Crown, and they receiv'd him with great Diſtinction; for her Affairs were ſo precarious at that time, that nothing could be more Advantageous to her, than to ſee her Title acknowledg'd by the King. The Count found ſhe had a thorough Knowledge of the Interests of the *French* Court, and of the Characters of thoſe who compos'd it; but in particular, ſhe had a great Idea of the Duke of *Nemours*: She ſpoke to him ſo often, and with ſo much Earneſtneſs concerning him, that the Embaſſador upon his Return declar'd to the King, that there was nothing which the Duke of *Nemours* might not expect from that Princess, and that he made no Queſtion ſhe might even be brought to marry him. The King communicated it to the Duke the ſame Evening, and cauſed the Count *de Randan* to relate to him all the Converſations he had had with Queen *Elizabeth*, and in Concluſion advis'd him to push his Fortune: The Duke of *Nemours* imagin'd at firſt that the King was not in earneſt, but when he found to the contrary, *If, by your Advice, Sir,* ſaid he, *I engage in this chimerical Undertaking for your Majesty's Service, I muſt entreat your Majesty to keep the Affair ſecret, 'till the Succeſs of it ſhall juſtify me to the Public; I would not be thought guilty of the intolerable Vanity, to think that a Queen, who has never ſeen me, would marry me for Love.* The King promis'd to let nobody into the Deſign but the Conſtable, Secrecy being neceſſary, he knew, to the Succeſs of it. The Count *de Randan* advis'd the Duke to go to *England* under pretence of Travelling; but

the Duke, disapproving this Proposal, sent Mr. *Lignerol*, a sprightly young Gentleman his Favourite, to sound the Queen's Inclinations, and to endeavour to make some Steps towards advancing that Affair: In the mean time, he paid a Visit to the Duke of *Savoy*, who was then at *Brussels* with the King of *Spain*. The Death of Queen *Mary* brought great Obstructions to the Treaty; the Congress broke up at the end of *November*, and the King return'd to *Paris*.

THERE appear'd at this time a Lady at Court, who drew the Eyes of the whole World; and one may imagine she was a perfect Beauty, to gain Admiration in a Place where there were so many fine Women; she was of the same Family with the Viscount of *Chartres*, and one of the greatest Heiresses of *France*; her Father died young, and left her to the Guardianship of *Madam de Chartres* his Wife, whose Wealth, Virtue, and Merit were uncommon. After the Loss of her Husband she retir'd from Court, and liv'd many Years in the Country; during this Retreat, her chief Care was bestow'd in the Education of her Daughter; but she did not make it her Business to cultivate her Wit and Beauty only, she took care also to inculcate Virtue into her tender Mind, and to make it amiable to her. The Generality of Mothers imagine, that it is sufficient to forbear talking of Gallantries before young People, to prevent their engaging in them; but *Madam de Chartres* was of a different Opinion, she often entertain'd her Daughter with Descriptions of Love; she shew'd her what there was agreeable in it, that she might the more easily persuade her wherein it was dangerous; she related to her the Infincerity, the Faithlessness, and want of Candour in Men, and the domestic Misfortunes that flow from Engagements with 'em; on the other hand she made her sensible, what Tranquillity attends the Life of a virtuous Woman, and what Lustre Modesty gives to a Person who possesses Birth and Beauty; at the same time she inform'd her, how difficult it was to preserve this Virtue, except by an extreme Distrust of one's self, and by a constant Attachment to the
only

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only thing which constitutes a Woman's Happiness, to love and to be lov'd by her Husband.

THIS Heiress was, at that time, one of the greatest Matches in *France*, and tho' she was very young several Marriages had been propos'd to her Mother; but *Madam de Chartres* being ambitious, hardly thought any thing worthy of her Daughter, and when she was Sixteen Years of Age she brought her to Court. The Viscount of *Chartres*, who went to meet her, was with reason surpris'd at the Beauty of the young Lady; her fine Hair and lovely Complexion gave her a Lustre that was peculiar to herself; all her Features were regular, and her whole Person was full of Grace.

THE Day after her Arrival, she went to chuse some Jewels at a famous *Italian's*; this Man came from *Florence* with the Queen, and had acquir'd such immense Riches by his Trade, that his House seem'd rather fit for a Prince than a Merchant; while she was there, the Prince of *Cleves* came in, and was so touch'd with her Beauty, that he could not dissemble his Surprise, nor could *Mademoiselle de Chartres* forbear blushing upon observing the Astonishment he was in; nevertheless she recollected herself, without taking any further Notice of him than she was oblig'd to do in Civility to a Person of his seeming Rank; the Prince of *Cleves* view'd her with Admiration, and could not comprehend who that fine Lady was, whom he did not know. He found by her Air, and her Retinue, that she was of the first Quality; by her Youth he should have taken her to be a Maid, but not seeing her Mother, and hearing the *italian* call her *Madam*, he did not know what to think; and all the while he kept his Eyes fix'd upon her, he found that his Behaviour embarrass'd her, unlike to most young Ladies, who always behold with Pleasure the Effect of their Beauty; he found too, that he had made her impatient to be going, and in truth she went away immediately: The Prince of *Cleves* was not uneasy at himself on having lost the View of her, in hopes of being inform'd who she was:
but

but when he found she was not known, he was under the utmost Surprise; her Beauty and the modest Air he had observ'd in her Actions, affected him so, that from that Moment he entertain'd a Passion for her. In the Evening he waited on his Majesty's Sister.

THIS Princess was in great Consideration by reason of her Interest with the King her Brother; and her Authority was so great, that the King, on concluding the Peace, consented to restore *Piemont*, in order to marry her with the Duke of *Savoy*. Tho' she had always had a Disposition to marry, yet would she never accept of any thing beneath a Sovereign, and for this Reason she refus'd the King of *Navarre*, when he was Duke of *Vendome*, and always had a Liking for the Duke of *Savoy*; which Inclination for him she had preserv'd ever since she saw him at *Nice*, at the Interview between *Francis I.* and Pope *Paul III.* As she had a great deal of Wit, and a fine Taste of polite Learning, Men of Ingenuity were always about her, and at certain times the whole Court resorted to her Apartments.

THE Prince of *Cleves* went there according to his Custom; he was so touch'd with the Wit and Beauty of Mademoiselle *de Chartres*, that he could talk of nothing else; he related his Adventure aloud, and was never tir'd with the Praises of this Lady, whom he had seen, but did not know; *Madame* told him, that there was nobody like her he describ'd, and that if there were, she would be known by the whole World. Madam *de Dampiere*, one of the Princess's Ladies of Honour, and a Friend of Madam *de Chartres*, overhearing the Conversation, came up to her Highness, and whisper'd her in the Ear, that it was certainly Mademoiselle *de Chartres* whom the Prince had seen. *Madame*, returning to her Discourse with the Prince, told him, if he would give her his Company again the next Morning, he should see the Beauty he was so much touch'd with. Accordingly Mademoiselle *de Chartres* came the next Day to Court, and was receiv'd by both Queens in the most obliging manner that can be imagin'd, and with such

Admi,

Admiration by every body else, that nothing was to be heard at Court but her Praises, which she receiv'd with so agreeable a Modesty, that she seem'd not to have heard 'em, or at least not to be mov'd with 'em. She afterwards went to wait upon *Madame*; that Princess, after having commended her Beauty, inform'd her of the Surprise she had given the Prince of *Cleves*; the Prince came in immediately after; *Come hither*, said she to him, *see, if I have not kept my word with you, and if at the same time that I shew you Mademoiselle de Chartres, I don't shew you the Lady you are in search of. You ought to thank me, at least, for having acquainted her how much you are her Admirer.*

THE Prince of *Cleves* was overjoy'd to find that the Lady he admir'd was of Quality equal to her Beauty; he address'd her, and entreated her to remember that he was her first Lover, and had conceiv'd the highest Honour and Respect for her, before he knew her.

THE Chevalier *de Guise*, and the Prince, who were two bosom Friends, took their Leave of *Madame* together. They were no sooner gone but they began to lanch out into the Praises of *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, without Bounds; they were sensible at length that they had run into Excess in her Commendation, and so both gave over for that time; but they were oblig'd the next day to renew the Subject, for this new-risen Beauty long continued to supply Discourse to the whole Court; the Queen herself was lavish in her Praise, and shew'd her particular Marks of Favour; the Queen-Dauphin made her one of her Favourites, and begg'd her Mother to bring her often to her Court; the Princesses, the King's Daughters, made her a Party in all their Diversions; in short, she had the Love and Admiration of the whole Court, except that of the Dutchess of *Valentinis*; Not that this young Beauty gave her Umbrage; long Experience convinc'd her she had nothing to fear on the Part of the King, but she had so great a Hatred for the Viscount of *Chartres*, whom she had endeavour'd to bring into her Interest by marrying him with one of her Daughters.

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ters, and who had join'd himself to the Queen's Party, that she could not have the least favourable Thought of a Person who bore his Name, and was a great Object of his Friendship.

THE Prince of *Cleves* became passionately in Love with *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, and ardently wish'd to marry her, but he was afraid the Haughtiness of her Mother would not stoop to match her with one who was not the Head of his Family: Nevertheless his Birth was illustrious, and his elder Brother, the Count *d'En*, had just married a Lady so nearly related to the Royal Family, that this Apprehension was rather the Effect of his Love, than grounded on any substantial Reason. He had a great Number of Rivals; the most formidable among them, for his Birth, his Merit, and the Lustre which Royal Favour cast upon his House, was the Chevalier *de Guise*; this Gentleman fell in Love with *Mademoiselle de Chartres* the first Day he saw her, and he discover'd the Prince of *Cleves's* Passion, as the Prince of *Cleves* discover'd his. Tho' they were intimate Friends, their having the same Pretensions gradually created a Coolness between them, and their Friendship grew into an Indifference, without their being able to come to an Explanation on the matter. The Prince of *Cleves's* good Fortune in having seen *Mademoiselle de Chartres* first, seem'd to be a happy Presage, and gave him some Advantage over his Rivals, but he foresaw great Obstructions on the Part of the Duke of *Nevers* his Father: The Duke was strictly attach'd to the Dutches of *Valeninois*, and the Viscount *de Chartres* was her Enemy, which was a sufficient Reason to hinder the Duke from consenting to the Marriage of his Son, with a Neice of the Viscount's.

MADAM *de Chartres*, who had taken so much Care to inspire Virtue into her Daughter, did not fail to continue the same Care in a Place where it was so necessary, and where there were so many dangerous Examples. Ambition and Gallantry were the Soul of the Court, and employed

ployed both Sexes equally; there were so many different Interests and so many Cabals, and the Ladies had so great a Share in them, that Love was always mix'd with Business, and Business with Love: Nobody was easy, or indifferent; their Business was to raise themselves, to be agreeable, to serve or disserve; and Intrigue and Pleasure took up their whole Time. The Care of the Ladies was to recommend themselves either to the Queen, the Dauphin-Queen, or the Queen of *Navarre*, or to *Madame*, or the Dutcheß of *Valentinois*. Inclination, Reasons of *Decorum*, Resemblance of Temper, made their Applications different; those who found the Bloom worn off, and who profess'd an Austerity of Virtue, were attach'd to the Queen; the younger Sort, who lov'd Pleasure and Gallantry, made their Court to the Queen-Dauphin; the Queen of *Navarre* too had her Favourites, she was young, and had great Power with the King her Husband, who was in the Interest of the Constable, and by that means encreas'd his Authority; *Madame* was still very beautiful, and drew many Ladies into her Party. And as for the Dutcheß of *Valentinois*, she could command as many as she would condescend to smile upon; but very few Women were agreeable to her, and excepting some with whom she liv'd in Confidence and Familiarity, and whose Humour was agreeable to her own, she admitted none but on Days when she gratify'd her Vanity in having a Court in the same manner the Queen had.

ALL these different Cabals were full of Emulation and Envy towards one another; the Ladies who compos'd them, had their Jealousies also among themselves, either as to Favour or Lovers: The Interests of Ambition were often blended with Concerns of less Importance, but which did not affect less sensibly; so that in this Court there was a sort of Tumult without Disorder, which made it very agreeable, but at the same time very dangerous for a young Lady. *Madam de Chartres* perceiv'd the Danger, and was careful to guard her Daughter from it; she entreated her,

not

not as a Mother, but as her Friend, to impart to her all the Gallantry she should meet withal, promising her in Return to assist her in forming her Conduct right, as to things in which young People are oftentimes embarrassed.

THE Chevalier *de Guise* was so open and unguarded with respect to his Passion for *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, that nobody was ignorant of it: Nevertheless he saw nothing but Impossibilities in what he desired; he was sensible that he was not a proper Match for *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, by reason of the Narrowness of his Fortune, which was not sufficient to support his Dignity; and he was sensible besides, that his Brothers would not approve of his marrying, the Marriages of younger Brothers being look'd upon as what tends to the lessening great Families. The Cardinal of *Lorraine* soon convinc'd him, that he was not mistaken; he condemn'd his Attachment to *Mademoiselle de Chartres* with Warmth, but did not inform him of his true Reasons for so doing; the Cardinal, it seems, had a Hatred to the Viscount, which was not known at that time, but afterwards discover'd itself; he would rather have consented to any other Alliance for his Brother than to that of the Viscount; and he declar'd his Aversion to it in so publick a manner, that *Madam de Chartres* was sensibly disgusted at it. She took a world of Pains to shew that the Cardinal of *Lorraine* had nothing to fear, and that she herself had no thoughts of this Marriage; the Viscount observ'd the same Conduct, and resented that of the Cardinal more than *Madam de Chartres* did, being better apprisd of the Cause of it.

THE Prince of *Cleves* had not given less publick Proofs of his Love, than the Chevalier *de Guise* had done, which made the Duke of *Nevers* very uneasy; however he thought that he needed only to speak to his Son, to make him change his Conduct; but he was very much surpriz'd to find him in a settled design of marrying *Mademoiselle de Chartres*, and flew out into such Excesses of

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Passion on that Subject, that the Occasion of it was soon known to the whole Court, and among others to Madam *de Chartres*: She never imagin'd that the Duke of *Nevers* wou'd not think her Daughter a very advantageous Match for his Son, nor was she a little astonish'd to find that the Houses both of *Cleves* and *Guise* avoided her Alliance, instead of courting it. Her Resentment on this Account put her upon finding out a Match for her Daughter, which wou'd raise her above those that imagin'd themselves above her; after having look'd about, she fix'd upon the Prince Dauphin, Son of the Duke of *Montpensier*, one of the most considerable Persons then at Court. As Madam *de Chartres* abounded in Wit, and was assisted by the Viscount, who was in great Consideration, and as her Daughter herself was a very considerable Match, she manag'd the matter with so much Dexterity and Success, that Monsieur *de Montpensier* appear'd to desire the Marriage, and there was no Appearance of any Difficulties in it.

THE Viscount, knowing the Power the Dauphin-Queen had over Monsieur *d'Anville*, thought it not amiss to employ the Interest of that Princess to engage him to serve Mademoiselle *de Chartres*, both with the King and the Prince *de Montpensier*, whose intimate Friend he was: he spoke to the Dauphin-Queen about it, and she enter'd with Joy into an Affair which concern'd the Promotion of a Lady, for whom she had a great Affection; she express'd as much to the Viscount, and assur'd him, that tho' she knew she shou'd do what was disagreeable to the Cardinal of *Lorraine* her Uncle, she wou'd pass over that Consideration with Pleasure, because she had Reasons of Complaint against him, since he every day more and more espous'd the Interest of the Queen against hers.

PERSONS of Gallantry are always glad of an Opportunity of speaking to those who love 'em. No sooner was the Viscount gone, but the Queen-Dauphin sent *Chatelart* to Monsieur *d'Anville*, to desire him from her to be

be at Court that Evening. *Chatelart* was his Favourite, and acquainted with his Passion for this Princess, and therefore receiv'd her Commands with great Pleasure and Respect. He was a Gentleman of a good Family in *Dauphiny*; but his Wit and Merit distinguish'd him more than his Birth: He was well receiv'd at Court. He was graceful in his Person, perfect at all sorts of Exercises; he sung agreeably, he wrote Verses, and was of so amorous and gallant a Temper, as endear'd him to Monsieur *d'Arville* in such a degree, that he made him the Confident of his Amours between the Queen-Dauphin and him; this Confidence gave him access to that Princess, and it was owing to the frequent Opportunities he had of seeing her, that he commenced that unhappy Passion which depriv'd him of his Reason, and at last cost him his Life.

MONSIEUR *d'Arville* did not fail to be at Court in the Evening; he thought himself very happy, that the Queen-Dauphin had made choice of him to manage an Affair she had at Heart, and he promis'd to obey her Commands with the greatest Exactness. But the Dutchess of *Valentinois* being warn'd of the Design in view, had travers'd it with so much Care, and prepossess'd the King so much against it, that when Monsieur *d'Arville* came to speak to his Majesty about it, he plainly shew'd he did not approve of it, and commanded him to signify as much to the Prince *de Montpensier*. One may easily judge what the Sentiments of Madam *de Charvres* were, upon the breaking off an Affair which she had set her Mind so much upon, and the ill Success of which gave such an Advantage to her Enemies, and was so great a Prejudice to her Daughter.

THE Queen-Dauphin declar'd to Mademoiselle *de Charvres*, in a very friendly manner, the Uneasiness she was in for not having been able to serve her: You see, Madam, said she to her, that my Interest is small; I am upon so ill terms with the Queen and the Dutchess of *Valentinois*, that it is no wonder if they or their Dependents still succeed in
disappoint-

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disappointing my Desires; nevertheless, I have constantly us'd my Endeavours to please 'em. Indeed, they hate me not for my own sake, but for my Mother's; she formerly gave them some Jealousy and Uneasiness; the King was in Love with her before he was in Love with the Dutchess; and in the first Years of his Marriage, when he had no Issue, he appear'd almost resolv'd to be divorced from the Queen, in order to make room for my Mother, tho' at the same time he had some Affection for the Dutchess. Madam *de Valentinois* being jealous of a Lady whom he had formerly loved, and whose Wit and Beauty were capable of lessening her Interest, join'd her self to the Constable, who was no more desirous than herself that the King should marry a Sister of the Duke of *Guise*; they possess'd the deceas'd King with their Sentiments; and tho' he mortally hated the Dutchess of *Valentinois*, and lov'd the Queen, he join'd his Endeavours with theirs to prevent the Divorce; but in order to take from the King all Thoughts of marrying the Queen my Mother, they struck up a Marriage between her and the King of *Scotland*, who had had for his first Wife the King's Sister, and they did this because it was the easiest to be brought to a Conclusion, tho' they fail'd in their Engagements to the King of *England*, who was very desirous of marrying her; and that Failure wanted but little of occasioning a Rupture between the two Crowns: For *Henry* the VIIIth was inconsolable, when he found himself disappointed in his Expectations of marrying my Mother; and whatever other Princess of *France* was propos'd to him, he always said, nothing could make him amend for her he had been depriv'd of. It is certainly true, that my Mother was a perfect Beauty; and what is very remarkable, is, that being the Widow of the Duke of *Longueville*, three Kings should court her in Marriage. Her ill Fortune gave her to the least of 'em, and placed her in a Kingdom where she meets with nothing but Trouble. They say I resemble her, but I fear I shall resemble her only in her unhappy Destiny; and what;

whatever Fortune may seem to promise me at present, I can never think I shall enjoy it.

MADAMOISELLE *de Chartres* answer'd the Queen, that these melancholy Prefages were so ill-grounded, that they would not disturb her long, and that she ought not to doubt but her good Fortune would accomplish whatever it promised.

NO one now entertain'd any further Thought of Mademoiselle *de Chartres*, either fearing to incur the King's Displeasure, or despairing to succeed with a Lady, who aspir'd to an Alliance with a Prince of the Blood. The Prince of *Cleves* alone was not dishearten'd at either of these Considerations; the Death of the Duke of *Nevers* his Father, which happen'd at that time, set him at entire Liberty to follow his Inclination; and no sooner was the Time of Mourning expir'd, but he wholly applied himself to the Gaining of Mademoiselle *de Chartres*. It was lucky for him that he address'd her at a Time when what had happen'd had discourag'd the Approaches of others. What allay'd his Joy was his Fear of not being the most agreeable to her, and he would have prefer'd the Happiness of pleasing to the Certainty of marrying her without being belov'd.

THE Chevalier *de Guise* had given him some Jealousy, but as it was rather grounded on the Merit of that Prince than on any Action of Mademoiselle *de Chartres*, he made it his whole Endeavour to discover, if he was so happy as to have his Addressee admitted and approv'd: He had no Opportunity of seeing her but at Court or publick Assemblies, so that it was very difficult for him to get a private Conversation with her; at last he found Means to do it, and inform'd her of his Intention and of his Love, with all the Respect imaginable. He urg'd her to acquaint him what the Sentiments were which she had for him, assuring her, that those which he had for her were of such a Nature as would render him eternally miserable, if she resign'd herself wholly up to the Will of her Mother.

AS Mademoiselle *de Chartres* had a noble and generous Heart, she was sincerely touched with Gratitude for the Prince of *Cleves*'s Behaviour; this Gratitude gave a certain Sweetness to her Words and Answers, sufficient to furnish Hopes to a Man so desperately enamour'd as the Prince was, so that he flatter'd himself in some Measure that he should succeed in what he so much wish'd for.

SHE gave her Mother an Account of this Conversation; and Madam *de Chartres* told her, that the Prince of *Cleves* had so many good Qualities, and discover'd a Discretion so much above his Years, that if her Inclination led her to marry him, she would consent to it with Pleasure. Mademoiselle *de Chartres* made Answer, that she observ'd in him the same good Qualities; that she should have less Reluctance in marrying him than any other Man, but that she had no particular Affection to his Person.

THE next Day the Prince caused his Thoughts to be communicated to Madam *de Chartres*, who gave her Consent to what was propos'd to her; nor had she the least distrust but that in the Prince of *Cleves* she provided her Daughter a Husband capable of securing her Affections. The Articles were concluded; the King was acquainted with it, and the Marriage made public.

THE Prince of *Cleves* found himself happy, but yet not entirely contented: He saw with a great deal of Regret, that the Sentiments of Mademoiselle *de Chartres* did not exceed those of Esteem and Respect, and he could not flatter himself that she conceal'd more obliging Thoughts of him, since the Situation they were in permitted her to discover 'em without the least Violence done to Modesty. - It was not long before he expostulated with her on this Subject: Is it possible, says he, that I should not be happy in marrying you? and yet 'tis certain, I am not. You only shew me a sort of Civility which is far from giving me Satisfaction; you express none of those pretty Inquietudes, the Concern, and Impatience, which
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are the Soul of Love; you are no further affected with my Passion, than you would be with one which flowed only from the Advantage of your Fortune, and not from the Beauty of your Person. It is unjust in you to complain, replied the Princess, I don't know what you can desire of me more; I think Decency will not allow me to go further than I do. It's true, replied he, you shew some Appearances I should be satisfied with, were there any thing beyond; but instead of being restrained by Decency, it is that only which makes you act as you do; I am not in your Heart and Inclinations, and my Presence neither gives you Pain nor Pleasure. You can't doubt, replied she, but it is a sensible Pleasure to me to see you, and when I do see you, I blush so often, that you can't doubt, but the seeing you gives me Pain also. Your Blushes, Madam, replied he, cannot deceive me; they are signs of Modesty, but do not prove the Heart to be affected, and I shall conclude nothing more from hence than what I ought.

MADAMOISELLE *de Chartres* did not know what to answer; these Distinctions were above her Comprehension. The Prince of *Cleves* plainly saw she was far from having that Tenderness of Affection for him, which was requisite to his Happiness; it was manifest she could not feel a Passion which she did not understand.

THE Chevalier *de Guisa* return'd from a Journey a few Days before the Marriage. He saw so many insuperable Difficulties in his Design of marrying Madamoiselle *de Chartres*, that he gave over all Hopes of succeeding in it; and yet he was extremely afflicted to see her become the Wife of another: His Grief however did not extinguish his Passion; and his Love was as great as ever. Madamoiselle *de Chartres* was not ignorant of it; and he made her sensible at his Return, that she was the Cause of that deep Melancholy which appear'd in his Countenance. He had so much Merit and so much Agreeableness, that it was almost impossible to make him unhappy without pitying him.

him, nor could she forbear pitying him; but her Pity did not lead to Love. She acquainted her Mother with the Uneasiness which the Chevalier's Passion gave her.

MADAM *de Chartres* admir'd the Honour of her Daughter, and she admir'd it with Reason, for never was any one more naturally Sincere; but she was surpris'd, at the same time, at the Insensibility of her Heart, and the more so, when she found that the Prince of *Cleves* had not been able to affect her any more than others: For this Reason, she took great Pains to endear her Husband to her, and to make her sensible how much she owed to the Affection he had for her before he knew her, and to the Tenderness he since express'd for her, by preferring her to all other Matches, at a Time when no one else durst entertain the least Thoughts of her.

THE Marriage was solemniz'd at the *Louvre*; and in the Evening the King and the two Queens, with the whole Court, supp'd at Madam *de Chartres*'s House, where they were entertain'd with the utmost Magnificence. The Chevalier *de Guise* durst not distinguish himself by being absent from the Ceremony, but he was so little Master of himself that it was easie to observe his Concern.

THE Prince of *Cleves* did not find that Mademoiselle *de Chartres* had chang'd her Mind by changing her Name; his Quality of a Husband entitl'd him to the largest Privileges, but gave him no greater Share in the Affections of his Wife: Hence it was, that tho' he was her Husband, he did not cease to be her Lover, because he had always something to wish beyond what he possess'd; and tho' she liv'd perfectly Easie with him, yet he was not perfectly Happy. He preserv'd for her a Passion full of Violence and Inquietude, but without Jealousy, which had no Share in his Grievs. Never was Husband less inclin'd to it, and never was Wife farther from giving the least Occasion for it. She was nevertheless constantly in View of the Court; she frequented the Courts of the two Queens, and of *Madame*: All the People of Gallantry saw her both there
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and at her Brother-in-Law the Duke of *Nevers's*, whose House was open to the whole World; but she had an Air which inspir'd so great Respect, and had in it something so distant from Gallantry, that the *Mareschal de St. André*, a bold Man and supported by the King's Favour, became her Lover without daring to let her know it any other-wise than by his Cares and Affiduities. A great many others were in the same Condition: And *Madam de Charvres* had added to her Daughter's Discretion so exact a Conduct with Regard to every thing of Decorum, that every Body was satisfied she was not to be come at.

THE Dutcheß of *Lorraine*, while she was employ'd in negotiating the Peace, had applied herself to settle the Marriage of the Duke her Son: A Marriage was agreed upon between him and *Madam Claude of France*, the King's second Daughter; and the Month of *February* was appointed for the Nuptials.

IN the mean time the Duke of *Nemours* continued at *Brussels*, his Thoughts being wholly employ'd on his Design in *England*; he was continually sending or receiving Couriers from thence; his Hopes encreased every Day, and at last *Lignerolly* sent him word that it was time to finish by his Presence what was so well begun; he receiv'd this News with all the Joy a young ambitious Man is capable of, who sees himself advanced to a Throne merely by the Force of his personal Merit; his Mind insensibly accustomed itself to the Grandeur of a Royal State; and whereas he had at first rejected this Undertaking as an impracticable Thing, the Difficulties of it were now worn out of his Imagination, and he no longer saw any thing to obstruct his Way.

HE sent away in haste to *Paris* to give the necessary Orders for providing a magnificent Equipage, that he might make his Appearance in *England* with a Splendor suitable to the Design he was to conduct; and soon after he follow'd himself, to assist at the Marriage of the Duke of *Lorraine*.

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HE arrived the Evening before the Espousals, and that very Evening waited on the King to give him an Account of his Affair, and to receive his Orders and Advice how to govern himself in it. Afterwards he waited on the Queens; but the Princess of *Cleves* was not there, so that she did not see him, nor so much as know of his Arrival. She had heard every Body speak of this celebrated Prince, as of the handsomest and most agreeable Man at Court; and the Queen-Dauphin had describ'd him in such a manner, and spoke of him to her so often, that she had rais'd in her a Curiosity and even Impatience to see him.

THE Princess employ'd the Day of the Wedding in dressing herself, that she might appear with the greater Advantage at the Ball and Royal Banquet that were to be at the *Louvre*. When she came every one admir'd both her Beauty and her Dress. The Ball began, and while she was dancing with the Duke of *Guise*, a Noise was heard at the Door of the Hall, as if Way was making for some Person of uncommon Distinction. She had finish'd her Dance, and as she was casting her Eyes round to single out some other Person, the King desir'd her to take him who came in last; she turn'd about, and viewing him as he was passing over the Seats to come to the Place where they danced, she immediately concluded he was the Duke of *Nemours*. The Duke's Person was turn'd in so delicate a manner, that it was impossible not to express Surprise at the first Sight of him, particularly that Evening, when the Care he had taken to adorn himself added much to the fine Air of his Carriage. It was as impossible to behold the Princess of *Cleves* without equal Admiration.

THE Duke *de Nemours* was struck with such Surprise at her Beauty, that when they approach'd and paid their Respects to each other, he could not forbear shewing some Tokens of his Admiration. When they begun to dance, a soft Murmur of Praises ran thro' the whole Company. The King and the two Queens remembering,

that the Duke and Princess had never seen one another before, found something very particular in seeing 'em dance together without knowing each other; they call'd 'em, as soon as they had ended their Dance, without giving 'em time to speak to any Body, and ask'd 'em if they had not a Desire to know each other, and if they were not at some loss about it. As for me, Madam, said the Duke to the Queen, I am under no Uncertainty in this Matter; but as the Princess of *Cleves* has not the same Reasons to lead her to guess who I am, as I have to direct me to know her, I should be glad if your Majesty would be pleas'd to let her know my Name. I believe, said the Queen-Dauphin, that she knows your Name as well as you know hers. I assure you, Madam, reply'd the Princess a little embarrass'd, that I am not so good a Guesser as you imagine. Yes, you guess very well, answer'd the Queen-Dauphin; and your Unwillingness to acknowledge that you know the Duke of *Nemours*, without having seen him before, carries in it something very obliging to him: The Queen interrupted 'em, that the Ball might go on; and the Duke *de Nemours* took out the Queen-Dauphin. This Princess was a perfect Beauty, and such she appear'd in the Eyes of the Duke *de Nemours*, before he went to *Flanders*; but all this Evening he could admire nothing but Madam *de Cleves*.

THE Chevalier *de Guise*, whose Idol she still was, sat at her Feet, and what had pass'd fill'd him with the utmost Grief; he look'd upon it as ominous for him, that Fortune had destin'd the Duke of *Nemours* to be in Love with the Princess of *Cleves*. And whether there appear'd in Reality any Concern in the Princess's Face, or whether the Chevalier's Jealousy only led him to suspect it, he believ'd that she was touched with the Sight of the Duke, and could not forbear telling her, that Monsieur *de Nemours* was very happy to commence an Acquaintance with her by an Incident which had something very Gallant and Extraordinary in it.

MADAM *de Cleves* return'd home with her Thoughts full of what had pass'd at the Ball; and tho' it was very late, she went into her Mother's Room to give her a relation of it; in doing which she praised the Duke of *Nemours* with a certain Air, that gave Madam *de Chartres* the same Suspicion the Chevalier *de Guise* had entertain'd before.

THE Day following the Ceremony of the Duke of *Lorraine's* Marriage was perform'd; and there the Princess of *Cleves* observ'd so inimitable a Grace, and so fine a Mein in the Duke of *Nemours*, that she was yet more surpriz'd.

SHE afterwards saw him at the Court of the Queen-Dauphin; she saw him play at Tennis with the King; she saw him run the Ring; she heard him Discourse; still she found he far excell'd every Body else, and drew the Attention of the Company to him where-ever he was in short, the Gracefulness of his Person, and the Agreeableness of his Wit soon made a considerable Impression on her Heart.

THE Duke *de Nemours* had an Inclination no less violent for her; and hence flow'd all that Gaiety and Sweetness of Behaviour, which the first Desires of pleasing ordinarily inspire a Man with: Hence he became more amiable than ever he was before; so that by often seeing one another, and by seeing in each other whatever was most accomplish'd at Court, it could not be but that they must mutually receive the greatest Pleasure from such a Commerce.

THE Dutchess of *Valentinois* made one in all Parties of Pleasure; and the King was still as passionately Fond of her as in the beginning of his Love. The Princess of *Cleves* being at those Years, wherein People think a Woman is incapable of inciting Love after the Age of twenty-five, beheld with the utmost Astonishment the King's Passion for the Dutchess, who was a Grandmother, and had lately married her Grand-daughter: She often spoke

on this Subject to *Madam de Chartres*. Is it possible, *Madam*, said she, that the King should still continue to love? How could he take a Fancy to one, who was so much older than himself, who had been his Father's Mistress, and who, as I have heard, is still such to many others? 'Tis certain, answer'd *Madam de Chartres*, it was neither the Merit nor the Fidelity of the Dutchess of *Valensinois*, which gave Birth to the King's Passion, or preserv'd it; and this is what he can't be justified in; for if this Lady had had Beauty and Youth suitable to her Birth; and the Merit of having had no other Lover; if she had been exactly True and Faithful to the King; if she had loved him with Respect only to his Person, without the interested Views of Greatness and Fortune, and without using her Power but for honourable Purposes and for his Majesty's Interest; in this Case it must be confess'd, one could have hardly forbore praising his Passion for her. If I was not afraid, continued *Madam de Chartres*, that you would say the same Thing of me which is said of most Women of my Years, that they love to recount the History of their own Times, I would inform you how the King's Passion for this Dutchess began, and of several Particulars of the Court of the late King, which have a great relation to things that are acted at present. Far from blaming you, reply'd the Princess of *Cleves*, for repeating the Histories of past Times, I lament, *Madam*, that you have not instructed me in those of the present, nor inform'd me as to the different Interests and Parties of the Court. I am so entirely ignorant of them, that I thought a few Days ago, the Constable was very well with the Queen. You was extremely mistaken, answer'd *Madam de Chartres*; the Queen hates the Constable, and if ever she has Power, he'll be but too sensible of it; she knows, he has often told the King, that of all his Children none resembled him but his Natural ones. I should never have suspected this Hatred, said the Princess of *Cleves*, after having seen her Assiduity in writing to the Constable during

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ring his Imprisonment, the Joy she express'd at his return, and how she always calls him *Compere*, as well as the King. If you judge from Appearances in a Court, replied Madam *de Chartres*, you will often be deceiv'd; Truth and Appearances seldom go together.

BUT to return to the Dutcheß of *Valentinois*, you know her Name is *Diana de Poitiers*; her Family is very illustrious, she is descended from the ancient Dukes of *Aquitaine*, her Grand-mother was a Natural Daughter of *Lewis* the XIth, and in short she possesses every thing that is great in respect of Birth. *St. Valier*, her Father, had the Unhappiness to be involv'd in the Affair of the Constable of *Bourbon*, which you have heard of; he was condemn'd to lose his Head, and accordingly was conducted to the Scaffold: His Daughter, *viz.* the Dutcheß, who was extremely beautiful, and who had already charm'd the late King, manag'd so well, I don't know by what means, that she obtain'd her Father's Life; the Pardon was brought him at the Moment he was expecting the fatal Blow; but the Pardon avail'd little, for Fear had seiz'd him so deeply, that it bereft him of his Senses, and he died a few Days after. His Daughter appear'd at Court as the King's Mistress; but the *Italian Expedition*, and the Imprisonment of the present Prince, were Interruptions to his Love-Affair. When the late King return'd from *Spain*, and Madam the Regent went to meet him at *Bayonne*, she brought all her Maids of Honour with her, among whom was *Mademoiselle de Piffelen*, who was since Dutcheß *d'Etampes*; the King fell in Love with her, tho' she was inferior in Birth, Wit and Beauty to the Dutcheß of *Valentinois*, and had no Advantage above her but that of being very young. I have heard her say several times, that she was born the same Day *Diana de Poitiers* was married, but she spoke this in the Malice of her Heart, and not as what she knew to be true; for I am much mistaken, if the Dutcheß of *Valentinois* did not marry *Monsieur de Breze*, at the same time that the King fell in Love with Madam *d'Etampes*. Never

was a greater Hatred than that between these two Ladies; the Dutchess could not pardon Madam *d'Etampes* for having taken from her the Title of the King's Mistress; and Madam *d'Etampes* was violently jealous of the Dutchess, because the King still kept Correspondence with her. That Prince was by no means constant to his Mistresses; there was always one among them that had the Title and Honours of Mistress, but the Ladies of the small Band, as they were styl'd, shared his Favour by turns. The Loss of the Dauphin, his Son, who died at *Tournon*, and was thought to be poison'd, extremely afflicted him; he had not the same Affection and Tenderness for his second Son, the present King; he imagin'd he did not see in him Spirit and Vivacity enough, and complain'd of it one Day to the Dutchess of *Valensinois*, who told him, she would endeavour to raise a Passion in him for her, in order to make him more sprightly and agreeable. She succeeded in it, as you see, and this Passion is now of above twenty Years duration, without being chang'd either by Time or Incidents.

THE late King at first oppos'd it, and whether he had still Love enough left for the Dutchess of *Valensinois* to be jealous, or whether he was urg'd on by the Dutchess *d'Etampes*, who was in Despair upon seeing the Dauphin so much attach'd to her Enemy, 'tis certain he beheld this Passion with an Indignation and Resentment, that shew'd itself every Day by something or other. The Dauphin neither valued his Anger or his Hatred, nor could any thing oblige him either to abate or conceal his Flame, so that the King was forced to accustom himself to bear it with Patience. 'This Opposition of his to his Father's Will, withdrew his Affections from him more and more, and transferr'd 'em to his third Son, the Duke of *Orleans*, who was a Prince of a fine Person, full of Fire and Ambition, and of a youthful Heat which wanted to be moderated; however, he would have made a very great Prince, had he arrived to a more ripen'd Age.

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THE Rank of Eldest which the Dauphin held, and the King's Favour which the Duke of *Orleans* was possess'd of, created between 'em a sort of Emulation, that grew by degrees to Hatred. This Emulation began from their Infancy, and was still kept up in its height. When the Emperor pass'd thro' *France*, he gave the Preference entirely to the Duke of *Orleans*, which the Dauphin resented so bitterly, that while the Emperor was at *Chantilly*, he endeavour'd to prevail with the Constable to arrest him without waiting for the King's Orders, but the Constable refus'd to do it: However, the King afterwards blam'd him for not following his Son's Advice, and when he banish'd him the Court, that was one of the principal Reasons for it.

THE Discord between the two Brothers put Madam *d'Etampes* upon the thought of strengthening herself with the Duke of *Orleans*, in order to support her Power with the King against the Dutchess of *Valentinois*; accordingly she succeeded in it, and that young Prince, tho' he felt no Emotions of Love for her, entred no less into her Interest, than the Dauphin was in that of Madam *de Valentinois*. Hence rose two Factions at Court, of such a nature as you may imagine, but the Intrigues of 'em were not confin'd to the Quarrels of Women.

THE Emperor, who continu'd to have a great Friendship for the Duke of *Orleans*, had offer'd several times to make over to him the Dutchy of *Milan*. In the Propositions which were since made for the Peace, he gave hopes of assigning him the Seventeen Provinces, with his Daughter in Marriage. The Dauphin neither approv'd of the Peace or the Marriage, and in order to defeat both he made use of the Constable, for whom he always had an Affection, to remonstrate to the King of what Importance it was not to give his Successor a Brother so powerful as the Duke of *Orleans* would be with the Alliance of the Emperor and those Countries; the Constable came the more easily into the Dauphin's Sentiments, as

they were opposite to those of Madam *d'Etampes*, who was his declar'd Enemy, and who vehemently wish'd for the Promotion of the Duke of *Orleans*.

THE Dauphin commanded at that time the King's Army in *Champaign*, and had reduced that of the Emperor to such Extremities, that it must have entirely perish'd, had not the Dutchess *d'Etampes*, for fear too great Successes should make us refuse Peace, and the Emperor's Alliance in favour of the Duke of *Orleans*, secretly advis'd the Enemy to surprize *Espernai* and *Chateau-Thieni*, in which Places were great Magazines of Provisions; they succeeded in the Attempt, and by that means sav'd their whole Army.

THIS Dutchess did not long enjoy the Success of her Treason. A little after the Duke of *Orleans* died at *Farmontiers* of a kind of contagious Distemper: He was in Love with one of the finest Women of the Court, and was belov'd by her. I will not mention her Name, because she has since liv'd with so much Discretion, and has so carefully conceal'd the Passion she had for that Prince, that one ought to be tender of her Reputation. It happen'd she receiv'd the News of her Husband's Death at the same time as she heard of the Duke's, so that she had that Pretext to enable her to conceal her real Sorrow, without being at the trouble of putting any Constraint upon herself.

THE King did not long survive the Prince his Son; he died two Years after; he recommended to the Dauphin to make use of the Cardinal *de Tournon* and the Admiral *d'Annebault*, but said nothing at all of the Constable, who was then in Banishment at *Chantilli*. Nevertheless the first thing that the King his Son did was to recal him, and make him his Prime Minister.

MADAM *d'Etampes* was discarded, and receiv'd all the ill Treatment she could possibly expect from an Enemy so very powerful; the Dutchess of *Valentinois* amply reveng'd her self both of that Lady, and all those who had disoblig'd her; she seem'd to reign more absolute in the King's Heart,

Heart, than she did even when he was Dauphin. During the twelve Years Reign of this Prince she has been absolute in every thing; she disposes of all Governments and Offices of Trust and Power; she has disgraced the Cardinal *de Tournon*, the Chancellor, and *Villeroy*; those who have endeavoured to open the King's Mind with respect to her Conduct, have been undone in the Attempt; the Count *de Taix*, great Master of the Ordnance, who had no kindness for her, could not forbear speaking of her Gallantries, and particularly of that with the Count *de Brisac*, of whom the King was already very jealous. Nevertheless she contriv'd things so well, that the Count *de Taix* was disgraced, and his Employment taken from him; and, what is almost incredible, she procur'd it to be given to the Count *de Brisac*, and afterwards made him a *Mareschal of France*. Notwithstanding, the King's Jealousie encreas'd to such a height, that he could no longer suffer him to continue at Court: This Passion of Jealousie, which is fierce and violent in other Men, is gentle and moderate in him thro' the great Respect he has for his Mistress, and therefore he did not go about to remove his Rival, but under the pretext of giving him the Government of *Piemon*t. He has liv'd there several Years; last Winter he return'd to *Paris*, under Pretence of demanding Troops and other Necessaries for the Army he commands; the desire of seeing the Dutchess of *Valentino* again, and the fear of being forgotten by her, was perhaps the principal Motive of his Journey. The King receiv'd him very coldly; Messieurs *de Guise*, who have no Kindness for him, but dare not shew it on account of the Dutchess, made use of Monsieur the Viscount, her declared Enemy, to prevent his obtaining what he came to demand. It was no difficult matter to do him Hurt. The King hated him, and was uneasie at his Presence, so that he was oblig'd to return to *Piemon*t without any Benefit from his Journey, except perhaps that of rekindling in the Heart of the Dutchess the Flame which Absence be-

gan to extinguish. The King has had a great many other Subjects of Jealousie, but either he has not been inform'd of 'em, or has not dar'd to complain of 'em.

I don't know, Daughter, added *Madam de Chartres*, if I have not already told you more of these things, than you desir'd to know. I am far, *Madam*, from complaining of that, replied the *Princess of Cleves*, and if it was not for fear of being importunate, I should yet desire to be inform'd of several Circumstances I am ignorant of.

THE Duke *de Nemours's* Passion for *Madam de Cleves* was at first so violent, that he had no Relish left for any of the Ladies he paid his Addresses to before, and with whom he kept a Correspondence during his Absence; he even lost all Remembrance of his Engagements with them, and not only made it his Business to find out Excuses to break with 'em, but had not the Patience to hear their Complaints, or make any Answer to the Reproaches they laid upon him. The Queen-Dauphin herself, for whom his Regards had been very tender, could no longer preserve a Place in that Heart which was now devoted to the *Princess of Cleves*. His Impatience of making a Tour to *England* began to abate, and he shew'd no Earnestness in hastening his Equipage. He frequently went to the Queen-Dauphin's Court, because the *Princess of Cleves* was often there, and he was very easie in leaving People in the Opinion they had of his Passion for that Queen; he put so great a Value on *Madam de Cleves*, that he resolv'd to be rather wanting in giving Proofs of his Love, than to hazard its being publicly known; He did not so much as speak of it to the Viscount *de Chartres*, who was his intimate Friend, and from whom he conceal'd nothing; the Truth is, he conducted this Affair with so much Discretion, that no body suspected he was in Love with *Madam de Cleves*, except the *Chevalier de Guise*; and she would scarcely have perceiv'd it herself, if the Inclination she had for him had not led her into a particular Attention to all his Actions, by which she was convinc'd of it.

SHE

SHE no longer continu'd to have the same Disposition to communicate to her Mother what she thought concerning the Duke de Nemours, as she had to talk to her about her other Lovers; tho' she had no settled design of concealing it from her, yet she did not speak of it. Madam de Chartres, however, plainly perceiv'd the Duke's Attachment to her Daughter, as well as her Daughter's Inclination for him; the Knowledge of this could not but sensibly afflict her, nor could she be ignorant of the Danger this young Lady was in, in being beloved by, and loving so accomplish'd a Person as the Duke de Nemours: She was entirely confirm'd in the Suspicion she had of this Business, by an Incident which fell out a few Days after.

THE Marechal de St. André, who took all Opportunities to shew his Magnificence, desired the King, under Pretence of shewing him his House which was just finish'd, to do him the Honour to Sup there with the two Queens. The Marechal was also very glad to display, in the Sight of the Princess of Cleves, that splendid and expensive manner of Life, which he carried to so great a Profusion.

SOME Days before that appointed for the Entertainment, the Dauphin, who had an ill State of Health, found himself indispos'd, and saw no body; the Queen-Dauphin had spent all that Day with him; and in the Evening, upon his growing better, all the Persons of Quality that were in the Anti-chamber were admitted; the Queen-Dauphin return'd to her own Apartment, where she found Madam de Cleves and some other Ladies, with whom she liv'd in Familiarity.

IT being already very late, and not being dress'd, she did not wait upon the Queen, but gave out that she was not to be seen, and order'd her Jewels to be brought, in order to chuse out some for the Marechal de St. André's Ball, and present the Princess of Cleves with some, as she had promis'd her. While they were thus employ'd, the Prince of Conde entered; his great Quality gave him free Access

Access every where. Doubtless, said the Queen-Dauphin, you come from the King my Husband, what are they doing there? Madam, said he, they are maintaining a Dispute against the Duke of *Nemours*, and he defends the Argument he undertook with so much Warmth, that he must needs be very much interested in it; I believe he has some Mistress that gives him Uneasiness by going to Balls, so well satisfied he is that 'tis a vexatious thing to a Lover to see the Person he loves in those Places.

HOW, replied the Queen-Dauphin, would not the Duke *de Nemours* have his Mistress go to a Ball? I thought that Husbands might wish their Wives would not go there; but as for Lovers, I never imagin'd they were of that Opinion. The Duke *de Nemours* finds, answer'd the Prince of *Conde*, that nothing is so insupportable to Lovers as Balls, whether they are beloved again, or whether they are not. He says, if they are belov'd they have the Chagrin to be lov'd the less on this account for several Days; that there is no Woman, whom her Anxiety for Dress does not divert from thinking on her Lovers, that they are entirely taken up with that one Circumstance; that this Care to adorn themselves is for the whole World, as well as for the Man they favour; that when they are at a Ball, they are desirous to please all who look at 'em; and that when they triumph in their Beauty, they experience a Joy to which their Lovers very little contribute. He argues further, that if one is not beloved, 'tis a yet greater Torment to see one's Mistress at an Assembly; that the more she is admir'd by the Publick, the more unhappy one is not to be beloved, and that the Lover is in continual fear lest her Beauty should raise a more successful Passion than his own; lastly he finds, there is no Torment equal to that of seeing one's Mistress at a Ball, unless it be to know that she is there, and not to be there one's self.

MADAM *de Cleves* pretended not to hear what the Prince of *Conde* said, tho' she listned very attentively; she easily

easily saw what Part she had in the Duke of *Nemours's* Opinion, and particularly as to what he said of the Uneasiness of not being at a Ball where his Mistress was, because he was not to be at that of the *Mareschal de St. André*, the King having sent him to meet the Duke of *Ferrara*.

THE Queen-Dauphin, and the Prince of *Conde*, not going into the Duke's Opinion, were very merry upon the Subject. There is but one Occasion, Madam, said the Prince to her, in which the Duke will consent his Mistress should go to a Ball, and that is when he himself gives it. He says, that when he gave your Majesty one last Year, his Mistress was so kind as to come to it, tho' seemingly only to attend you; that it is always a Favour done to a Lover, to partake of an Entertainment which he gives; that 'tis an agreeable Circumstance for him to have his Mistress see him preside in a Place where the whole Court is, and see him acquit himself well in doing the Honours of it. The Duke *de Nemours* was in the right, said the Queen-Dauphin smiling, to approve of his Mistress's being at his own Ball; there was then so great a number of Ladies, whom he honour'd with the Distinction of that Name, that if they had not come, the Assembly would have been very thin.

THE Prince of *Conde* had no sooner begun to relate the Duke *de Nemours's* Sentiments concerning Assemblies, but Madam *de Cleves* felt in herself a strong Aversion to go to that of the *Mareschal de St. André*: She easily came into the Opinion, that a Woman ought not to be at an Entertainment given by one that profess'd Love to her, and she was very glad to find out a Reason of Reservedness, for doing a thing which would oblige the Duke of *Nemours*. However, she carried away with her the Ornaments which the Queen-Dauphin had given her; but when she shew'd 'em her Mother, she told her that she did not design to make use of 'em; that the *Mareschal de St. André* took a great deal of Pains to shew his Attachment

to

to her, and she did not doubt he would be glad to have it believ'd that a Compliment was design'd her in the Entertainment he gave the King, and that under the Pretence of doing the Honours of his House, he would shew her Civilities which wou'd be uneasy to her.

MADAM *de Chartres* for some time oppos'd her Daughter's Opinion, as thinking it very singular; but when she saw she was obstinate in it, she gave Way, and told her, that in that Case she ought to pretend an Indisposition as an Excuse for not going to the Ball, because the real Reasons which hindred her would not be approv'd of; and Care ought to be taken that they should not be suspected. Madam *de Cleves* voluntarily consented to pass some Days at her Mother's, in order not to go to any Place where the Duke of *Nemours* was not to be. However the Duke set out, without the Pleasure of knowing she would not be at the Ball.

THE Day after the Ball, he return'd, and was inform'd that she was not there; but as he did not know the Conversation he had at the Dauphin's Court had been repeated to her, he was far from thinking himself happy enough to have been the Reason of her not going.

THE Day after, while he was at the Queen's Apartments, and talking to the Queen-Dauphin, Madam *de Chartres* and Madam *de Cleves* came in. Madam *de Cleves* was dress'd a little negligently, as a Person who had been indispos'd, but her Countenance did not at all correspond with her Dress. You look so pretty, says the Queen-Dauphin to her, that I can't believe you have been ill; I think the Prince of *Conde*, when he told us the Duke *de Nemours*'s Opinion of the Ball, perswaded you, that to go there would be doing a Fayour to the Marechal *de St. André*, and that that's the reason which hindred you from going. Madam *de Cleves* blush'd, both because the Queen-Dauphin had conjectur'd right, and because she spoke her Conjecture in the Presence of the Duke *de Nemours*.

MADAM

MADAM *de Chartres* immediately perceiv'd the true Reason, why her Daughter refused to go to the Ball; and to prevent the Duke *de Nemours's* discovering it, as well as herself, she took up the Discourse after a manner that gave what she said an Air of Truth. I assure you, Madam, said she to the Queen-Dauphin, that your Majesty has done my Daughter more Honour than she deserves; she was really indisposed, but I believe, if I had not hindered her, she would not have fail'd to wait on you, and to shew herself under any Disadvantages, for the Pleasure of seeing what there was extraordinary at Yesterday's Entertainment. The Queen-Dauphin gave Credit to what Madam *de Chartres* said; but the Duke *de Nemours* was sorry to find so much Probability in it: Nevertheless, the Blushes of the Princess of *Cleves* made him suspect, that what the Queen-Dauphin had said was not altogether false. The Princess of *Cleves* at first was concern'd the Duke had any room to believe it was he who had hindered her from going to the Marechal *de St. André*; but afterwards she was a little chagrin'd, that her Mother had entirely taken off the Suspicion of it.

THO' the Congress of *Cercamp* had been broken off, the Negotiations for the Peace were continued, and Things were so dispos'd, that towards the latter End of *February* the Conferences were reassum'd at *Chateau-Cambresis*; the same Plenipotentiaries were sent as before, and the Marechal *de St. André* being one, his Absence freed the Duke *de Nemours* from a Rival, who was formidable rather from his Curiosity in observing those who address'd to Madam *de Cleves*, than from any Advances he was capable of making himself in her Favour.

MADAM *de Chartres* was not willing to let her Daughter see, that she knew her Sentiments for the Duke, for fear of making herself suspected in some things which she was very desirous to tell her. One Day she set herself to talk about him, and a great deal of Good she said of him, but mix'd with it abundance of sham Praises, as the

Prudence

Prudence he shew'd in never falling in Love, and how wise he was to make the Affair of Women and Love an Amusement instead of a serious Business: It is not, added she, that he is not suspected to have a very uncommon Passion for the Queen-Dauphin; I observe he visits her very often; and I advise you to avoid, as much as possible, speaking to him, and especially in private; because, since the Queen-Dauphin treats you as she does, it would be said, that you are their Confident; and you know how disagreeable that sort of Reputation is: I'm of Opinion, if this Report continues, that you should not visit the Queen-Dauphin so often, in order to avoid involving yourself in Adventures of Gallantry.

THE Princess of *Cleves* had never heard before of the Amour between the Duke *de Nemours* and the Queen-Dauphin; she was so much surpriz'd at what her Mother had told her, and seem'd to see so plainly how she had been mistaken in her Thoughts about the Duke, that she chang'd her Countenance. Madam *de Chartres* perceiv'd it. Visitors came in that Moment; and the Princess of *Cleves* retir'd to her own Apartment, and shut herself up in her Closet.

ONE can't express the Grief she felt, to discover, by what her Mother had been just saying, the Interest her Heart had in the Duke *de Nemours*; she had not dar'd as yet to acknowledge it to her secret Thoughts; she then found, that the Sentiments she had for him were such as the Prince of *Cleves* had requir'd of her; she perceiv'd how shameful it was to entertain 'em for another, and not for a Husband that deserv'd 'em; she found herself under the utmost Embarrassment, and was dreadfully afraid lest the Duke should make use of her only as a Means to come at the Queen-Dauphin, and it was this Thought determin'd her to impart to her Mother something she had not yet told her.

THE next Morning she went into her Mother's Chamber to put her Resolves in Execution, but she found Ma-
dam

dam *de Chartres* had some touches of a Fever, and therefore did not think proper to speak to her: This Indisposition however appear'd so insignificant, that Madam *de Cleves* made no Scruple after Dinner to visit the Queen-Dauphin; she was in her Closet with two or three Ladies of her most familiar Acquaintance. We were speaking, said she to her, as soon as she saw her, of the Duke *de Nemours*, and were admiring how much he's chang'd since his return from *Brussels*; before he went there, he had an infinite Number of Mistresses, and it was his own fault, for he shew'd an equal Regard to those who had Merit, and to those who had none; since his Return he neither knows the one nor the other; there never was so great a Change; I find his Humour is chang'd too, and that he is less gay than he us'd to be.

THE Princess of *Cleves* made no answer; and it shock'd her to think she should have taken all that they said of the Change in the Duke for Proofs of his Passion for her, had she not been undeceiv'd; she felt in her self some little Resentment against the Queen-Dauphin, for endeavouring to find out Reasons, and seeming surpriz'd at a Thing, which she probably knew more of than any one else; she could not forbear shewing something of it; and when the other Ladies withdrew, she came up and told her in a low Voice, And is it I, Madam, you have been pointing at, and have you a Mind to conceal, that you are she who has made such an Alteration in the Conduct of the Duke of *Nemours*? You do me Injustice, answer'd the Queen-Dauphin; you know I conceal nothing from you; it is true the Duke of *Nemours*, before he went to *Brussels*, had, I believe, an Intention to let me know he did not hate me; but since his Return, it has not so much as appear'd that he remembers any thing of what he has done; and I acknowledge I have a Curiosity to know what it is has chang'd him so: It would not be very difficult for me to unravel this Affair, added she; the Viscount *de Chartres*, his intimate Friend, is in Love with a Lady with whom I have

have some Power, and I'll know by that Means the Occasion of this Alteration. The Queen-Dauphin spoke with an Air of Sincerity which convinced the Princess of *Cleves*, and in spite of her self she found her Mind in a more calm and pleasing Situation than it had been in before.

WHEN she return'd to her Mother, she heard she was a great deal worse than she had left her; her Fever was redoubled, and the Days following it increas'd to so great a Degree, that she was thought to be in Danger. Madam *de Cleves* was in extreme Grief on this Occasion, and never stirr'd out of her Mother's Chamber. The Prince of *Cleves* was there too almost every Day, and all Day long, partly out of Affection to Madam *de Chartres*, and partly to hinder his Lady from abandoning her self to Sorrow, but chiefly that he might have the Pleasure of seeing her, his Passion not being at all diminish'd.

THE Duke *de Nemours*, who had always had a great Friendship for the Prince of *Cleves*, had not fail'd to shew it since his Return from *Brussels*; during the Illness of Madam *de Chartres* he frequently found means to see the Princess of *Cleves*, pretending to want her Husband, or to come to take him out to walk; he enquir'd for him at such Hours as he knew very well he was not at home, and under pretence of waiting for him stay'd in Madam *de Cleves*'s Anti-chamber, where there were always a great many People of Quality; Madam *de Cleves* often came there, and her Grief did not make her seem less handsome in the Eyes of the Duke *de Nemours*; he made her sensible what Interest he had in her Affliction, and spoke to her with so submissive an Air, that he easily convinced her, that the Queen-Dauphin was not the Person he was in Love with.

THE seeing him at once gave her Grief and Pleasure; but when she no longer saw him, and reflected that the Charm he carried about him when present, was an Introduction to Love, she was very near imagining she hated him, out of the excessive Grief which that Thought gave her.

MA-

MADAM *de Chartres* still grew worse and worse, so that they began to despair of her Life; she heard what the Physicians told her concerning the Danger she was in with a Courage worthy her Virtue; and her Piety. After they were gone, she caused every Body to retire, and sent for Madam *de Cleves*.

WE must part, my dear Daughter, said she, stretching out her Hand to her; the Danger I leave you in, and the Occasion you have for me, adds to the Regret I have to leave you: You have a Passion for the Duke *de Nemours*; I do not desire you to confess it; I am no longer in a Condition to make use of that Sincerity for your Good; I have perceiv'd this Inclination a great while, but was not willing to speak to you of it at first, for fear of making you discover it your self; you know it at present but too well; you are upon the Brink of a Precipice: great Efforts must be us'd, and you must do great Violence to your Heart to save your self: Reflect what you owe to your Husband; reflect what you owe to your self, and think that you are going to lose that Reputation which you have gain'd, and which I have so much at heart; call up, my dear Daughter, all your Courage and Constancy; retire from Court; oblige your Husband to carry you away; do not be afraid of taking such Resolutions, as being too harsh and difficult; however frightful they may appear at first, they will become more pleasant in Time, than the Misfortunes that follow Gallantry: If any other Motives than those of Duty and Virtue could have weight with you, I should tell you that if any Thing were capable of disturbing the Happiness I hope for in the next World, it would be to see you fall like other Women; but if this Calamity must necessarily happen, I shall meet Death with Joy, as it will hinder me from being a Witness of it.

MADAM *de Cleves* bath'd with Tears her Mother's Hand, which she held fast lock'd in her own; nor was Madam *de Chartres* less moved. Adieu, dear Daughter,
said

said she, let us put an End to a Conversation which melts us both; and remember, if you are able, all that I have been saying to you.

WHEN she had spoke this, she turn'd her self on the other Side, and order'd her Daughter to call her Women, being unwilling either to hear her reply, or to speak any more. Madam *de Cleves* went out of her Presence in Condition one need not describe; and Madam *de Chabres* thought of nothing but preparing her self for Death: She liv'd two Days longer, during which she would not see her Daughter again; her Daughter was the only Thing she had Reluctance to part with.

MADAM *de Cleves* was in the utmost Affliction; her Husband did not leave her, and no sooner was her Mother expir'd, but he carried her into the Country, that she might not have in her Eye a Place which could serve only to sharpen her Sorrow, which was scarce to be equall'd. Tho' Tenderness and Gratitude had the greatest Share in her Grievs, yet the need which she found she had of her Mother to guard her against the Duke of *Nemours*, added no small weight to 'em; she found she was unhappy in being left to her self, at a Time when she was so little Mistress of her own Affections, and when she so much wish'd for some Body to pity and encourage her. The Prince of *Cleves*'s Behaviour to her on this Occasion, made her wish more ardently than ever, never to fail in her Duty to him: she also express'd more Friendship and Affection for him than she had done before; she would not suffer him to leave her; and she seem'd to think that his being constantly with her could defend her against the Duke of *Nemours*.

THE Duke came to see the Prince of *Cleves* in the Country; he did what he could to pay a Visit also to Madam *de Cleves*, but she refus'd to receive him; and being persuaded she could not help finding something dangerously lovely in him, she made a strong Resolution to forbear seeing him, and to avoid all Occasions of it that were in her Power.

THE

THE Prince of *Cleves* went to *Paris* to make his Court, and promis'd his Lady to return the next Day, but however he did not return 'till the Day after. I expected you yesterday, said *Madam de Cleves* to him on his Arrival, and I ought to chide you for not having come as you promis'd; you know. if I was capable of feeling a new Affliction in the Condition I am in, it wou'd be the Death of *Madam de Tournon*, and I have heard of it this Morning; I should have been concern'd, tho' I had not known her; 'tis a melting Consideration to think that a Lady so young and handsome as she, should be dead in two Days; but besides, she was the Person in the World that pleas'd me most, and who appear'd to have Discretion equal to her Beauty.

I am sorry I could not return Yesterday, reply'd the Prince of *Cleves*, but my Presence was so necessary to the Consolation of an unhappy Man, that it was impossible for me to leave him. As for *Madam de Tournon*, I advise you not to be concern'd for her, if you lament her as a Woman full of Discretion, and worthy of your Esteem. You surprize me, answered *Madam de Cleves*; I have heard you say several Times, that there was not a Lady at Court you had a greater Respect for. It is true, reply'd he; but Women are incomprehensible, and when I have seen 'em all, I think my self so happy in having you, that I cannot enough admire my good Fortune. You esteem me more than I deserve, answer'd *Madam de Cleves*; you have not had Experience enough yet to pronounce me worthy of you; but tell me, I beseech you, what it is has undeceiv'd you with respect to *Madam de Tournon*. I have been undeceiv'd a great while, reply'd he, and I know that she was in Love with the Count *de Sancerre*, and that she gave him room to hope she would marry him. I can't believe, said *Madam de Cleves*, that *Madam de Tournon*, after so extraordinary an Aversion as she has shewn to Marriage from the Time she became a Widow, and after the publick Declarations she has made that she
would

would never marry again, should give Hopes to *Sancerre*. If she had given Hopes to him only, reply'd the Prince of *Cleves*, the Wonder had not been so great; but what is surprising is, that she gave Hopes likewise to *Etonseville* at the same time; I'll let you know the whole History of this Matter.



THE



T H E

Princess of C L E V E S.

P A R T II.



YOU know the Friendship there is betwixt *Sancerre* and me. Nevertheless about two Years ago he fell in Love with *Madam de Tournon*, and conceal'd it from me with as much Care as from the rest of the World; I had not the least Suspicion of it. *Madam de Tournon* as yet appear'd inconsolable for the Death of her Husband, and liv'd in Retirement with great Austerity; *Sancerre's* Sister was in a manner the only Person she saw, and it was at her Lodgings he became in Love with her.

ONE Evening there was to be a Play at the *Louvre*; and the Actors only waited for the coming of the King and *Madam de Valentinois*, when word was brought that she was indispos'd, and that the King would not come. It was easie to see that the *Dutchess's* Indisposition was nothing but some Quarrel with the King; every one knew the Jealousy he had had of the *Mareschal de Brisac* during his

his Continuance at Court, but he had been set out some Days on his Return to *Piemon*, and one could not imagine what was the Occasion of this falling out.

WHILE I was speaking of this to *Sancerre*, Monsieur *d'Anville* came into the Room, and told me in a Whisper, that the King was so exasperated and so afflicted at the same Time, that one would pity him; that upon a late Reconciliation between him and the Dutchess, after the Quarrel they had had about the *Mareschal de Brisac*, he had given her a Ring, and desir'd her to wear it; and that as she was dressing her self to come to the Play, he had miss'd it on her Finger, and ask'd what was become of it; upon which she seem'd in Surprise that she had it not, and call'd to her Women for it, who unfortunately, or for want of being better instructed, made Answer they had not seen it four or five Days.

IT was, continued Monsieur *d'Anville*, precisely so long, since the *Mareschal de Brisac* left the Court, and the King made no doubt but she gave him the Ring when she took her Leave of him. The Thought of this awak'd in so lively a manner that Jealousy which was not yet extinguish'd, that he fell into uncommon Transports, and loaded her with a thousand Reproaches; he is just gone into her Apartment again in great Concern, but whether the Reason is a more confirm'd Opinion that the Dutchess had made a Sacrifice of the Ring, or for fear of having disoblig'd her by his Anger, I can't tell.

ASSOON as Monsieur *d'Anville* had told me this News, I acquainted *Sancerre* with it; I told it him as a Secret newly entrusted with me, and charg'd him to say nothing of it.

THE next Day I went early in the Morning to my Sister-in-Law's, and found Madam *de Tournon* at her Bed-side, who had no great Kindness for the Dutchess of *Valentinois*, and knew very well that my Sister-in-Law had no Reason to be satisfied with her. *Sancerre* had been with her, after he went from the Play, and had acquainted her with

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with the Quarrel between the King and the Dutchess; and Madam *de Tournon* was come to tell it to my Sister-in-Law, without knowing or suspecting that it was I from whom her Lover had it.

ASSOON as I advanced toward my Sister-in-Law, she told Madam *de Tournon*, that they might trust me with what she had been telling her; and without waiting Madam *de Tournon's* Leave she related to me word by word all I had told *Sancerre* the Night before. You may judge what Surprize I was in; I look'd hard at Madam *de Tournon*, and she seem'd disorder'd; her Disorder gave me a Suspicion. I had told the Thing to no body but *Sancerre*; he left me when the Comedy was done, without giving any Reason for it; I remembred to have heard him speak much in Praise of Madam *de Tournon*; all these Things open'd my Eyes, and I easily discern'd there was an Intrigue between 'em, and that he had seen her since he left me.

I was so stung to find he had conceal'd this Adventure from me, that I said several Things which made Madam *de Tournon* sensible of the Imprudence she had been guilty of. I led her back to her Coach, and assur'd her, I envied the Happiness of him who inform'd her of the King's Quarrel with the Dutchess of *Valeninois*.

I went immediately in Search of *Sancerre*, and severely reproach'd him; I told him I knew of his Passion for Madam *de Tournon*, without saying how I came by the Discovery; he was forced to acknowledge it; I afterwards inform'd him what led me into the Knowledge of it, and he acquainted me with the Detail of the whole Affair; he told me, that tho' he was a younger Brother, and far from being able to pretend to so good a Match, nevertheless she was determin'd to marry him. I can't express the Surprize I was in; I told *Sancerre* he would do well to hasten the Conclusion of the Marriage, and that there was nothing he had not to fear from a Woman who had the Artifice to support in the Eye of the Publick, Appearances

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so distant from Truth; he gave me in Answer, that *She* was really concern'd for the Loss of her Husband, but that the Inclination she had for him surmounted that Affliction, and that she could not help discovering all on a sudden so great a Change; he mention'd besides several other Reasons in her Excuse, which convinced me how desperately he was in Love; he assur'd me he would bring her to consent that I should know his Passion for her, especially since it was she herself who had made me suspect it; in a word, he did oblige her to it, tho' with a great deal of Difficulty, and I grew afterwards very deep in their Confidence.

I never knew a Lady behave herself in so genteel and agreeable a manner to her Lover, but yet I was always shock'd at the Affectation she shew'd in appearing so concern'd for the Loss of her Husband. *Sancerre* was so much in Love, and so well pleas'd with the Treatment he receiv'd from her, that he scarce durst press her to conclude the Marriage, for fear she should think he desir'd it rather out of Interest than Love; however he spoke to her of it, and she seem'd fully bent on marrying him; she began also to abandon her reserv'd manner of Life, and to appear again in Publick; she visited my Sister-in-Law at Hours when some of the Court were usually there; *Sancerre* came there but seldom, but those who came every Night, and frequently saw her there, thought her extremely beautiful.

SHE had not long quitted her Solitude, when *Sancerre* imagin'd that her Passion for him was cool'd; he spoke of it several times to me: But I laid no great stress on the matter; but at last, when he told me, that instead of forwarding the Marriage she seem'd to put it off, I began to think he was not to blame for being uneasy: I remonstrated to him, that if *Madam de Tournon's* Passion was abated after having continu'd two Years, he ought not to be surpriz'd at it, and that even supposing it was not abated, possibly it might not be strong enough to induce

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duce her to marry him; that he ought not to complain of it; that such a Marriage in the Judgment of the Publick would draw Censures upon her, not only because he was not a suitable Match for her, but also on account of the Prejudice it would do her Reputation; that therefore all he could desire was, that she might not deceive him, nor lead him into false Expectations; I told him further, that if she had not Resolution enough to marry him, or if she confess'd she lik'd some other Person better, he ought not to resent or be angry at it, but still continue his Esteem and Regard for her.

I give you, said I, the Advice which I would take my self; for Sincerity has such Charms to me, that I believe if my Mistress, or even my Wife ingenuously confess'd, she had a greater Affection for another than for me, I might be troubled, but not exasperated; I would lay aside the Character of a Lover or a Husband, to bestow my Advice and my Pity.

THIS Discourse made *Madam de Cleves* blush, and she found in it a certain Similitude of her own Condition, which very much surpriz'd her, and gave her a Concern, from which she could not recover in a great while.

SANCERRE spoke to *Madam de Tournon*, continu'd *Monsieur de Cleves*, and told her all I had advis'd him; but she encourag'd him with so many fresh Assurances, and seem'd so displeas'd at his Suspicions, that she entirely remov'd them; nevertheless she deferr'd the Marriage 'till after a pretty long Journey he was to make; but she behav'd herself so well 'till his Departure, and appear'd so concern'd at it, that I believ'd as well as he, that she sincerely lov'd him. He set out about three Months ago; during his Absence I have seldom seen *Madam de Tournon*; you have entirely taken me up, and I only knew that he was speedily expected.

THE Day before yesterday, on my Arrival at *Paris*, I heard she was dead; I sent to his Lodgings to enquire if they had any News of him, and word was brought me he

came to Town the Night before, which was precisely the Day that *Madam de Tournon* died; I immediately went to see him, concluding in what Condition I should find him, but his Affliction far surpass'd what I had imagin'd.

NEVER did I see a Sorrow so deep and so tender; the moment he saw me he embrac'd me with Tears; I shall never see her more, said he, I shall never see her more! she is dead! I was not worthy of her! but I shall soon follow her!

AFTER this he was silent; and then, from time to time, continually repeating *She is dead! I shall never see her more!* he return'd to Lamentations and Tears, and continu'd as a Man bereft of Reason. He told me, he had not often receiv'd Letters from her during his Absence, but that he knew her too well to be surpriz'd at it, and was sensible how shy and timorous she was of Writing; he made no doubt but she would have married him upon his Return; he consider'd her as the most amiable and constant of her Sex; he thought himself tenderly belov'd by her; he lost her the Moment he expected to be united to her for ever; all these Thoughts threw him into so violent an Affliction, that I own I was deeply touch'd with it.

NEVERTHELESS I was oblig'd to leave him to go to the King, but promis'd to return immediately; accordingly I did, and I was never so surpriz'd as I was to find him entirely chang'd from what I had left him; he was standing in his Chamber, his Face full of Fury, sometimes walking, sometimes stopping short, as if he had been distracted; Come, says he, and see the most forlorn Wretch in the World; I am a thousand times more unhappy than I was a while ago, and what I have just heard of *Madam de Tournon* is worse than her Death.

I took what he said to be wholly the effect of Grief, and could not imagine that there could be any thing worse than the Death of a Mistress one loves and is belov'd by; I told him, that so far as he kept his Grief within bounds, I approv'd of it, and bore a part in it; but that I should no longer pity him, if he abandon'd himself to Despair, and
flew

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flew from Reason. I should be too happy if I had lost both my Reason and my Life, cry'd he; *Madam de Tournon* was false to me, and I am inform'd of her Unfaithfulness and Treachery the very Day after I was inform'd of her Death; I am inform'd of it at a time when my Soul is fill'd with the most tender Love, and pierced with the sharpest Grief that ever was; at a time when the Idea of her in my Heart, is that of the most perfect Woman who ever liv'd, and the most perfect with respect to me; I find I am mistaken, and that she does not deserve to be lamented by me; nevertheless I have the same Concern for her Death, as if she had been true to me, and I have the same Sensibility of her Falshood, as if she were yet living; had I heard of her Falshood before her Death, Jealousy, Anger, and Rage would have possess'd me, and in some measure hardned me against the Grief for her Loss; but now my Condition is such, that I am incapable of receiving Comfort, and yet know not how to hate her.

YOU may judge of the Surprize I was in at what *Sancerre* told me; I ask'd him how he came by the Knowledge of it, and he told me that the Minute I went away from him, *Etouteville*, who is his intimate Friend, but who nevertheless knew nothing of his Love for *Madam de Tournon*, came to see him; that as soon as he was sat down, he fell a weeping, and ask'd his Pardon for having conceal'd from him what he was going to tell him, that he begg'd him to have Compassion of him, that he was come to open his Heart to him, and that he was the Person in the World the most afflicted for the Death of *Madam de Tournon*.

THAT Name, said *Sancerre*, so astonish'd me, that tho' my first Intention was to tell him I was more afflicted than he, I had not the Power to speak: He continu'd to inform me, that he had been in Love with her six Months, that he was always desirous to let me know it, but she had expressly forbid him; and in so authoritative a

manner, that he durst not disobey her; that he gain'd her in a manner as soon as he courted her, that they conceal'd their mutual Passion for each other from the whole World, that he never visited her publicly, that he had the pleasure to remove her Sorrow for her Husband's Death, and that lastly he was to have married her at the very juncture in which she died; but that this Marriage, which was an effect of Love, would have appear'd in her an effect of Duty and Obedience, she having prevail'd upon her Father to lay his Commands on her to marry him, in order to avoid the Appearance of too great an Alteration in her Conduct, which had seem'd so averse to a second Marriage.

WHILE *Etouteville* was speaking to me, said *San-erre*, I believ'd all he said, because I found so much Probability in it, and because the time when he told me his Passion for *Madam de Tournon* commenced, is precisely the same with that when she appear'd changed towards me; but the next Morning I thought him a Liar, or at least an Enthusiast, and was upon the point of telling him so. Afterwards I came into an Inclination of clearing up the Matter, and propos'd several Questions, and laid my Doubts before him; In a word, I proceeded so far, to convince my self of my Misfortune, that he ask'd me if I knew *Madam de Tournon's* Hand-writing, and with that threw upon my Bed four Letters of hers and her Picture; my Brother came in that Minute; *Etouteville's* Face was so full of Tears, that he was forced to withdraw to avoid being observ'd, and said he would come again in the Evening to fetch what he left with me; and as for me, I sent my Brother away under Pretence of being indispos'd, so impatient was I to see the Letters he had left, and so full of hopes to find something there that might make me disbelieve what *Etouteville* had been telling me; But alas! what did I not find there? What Tenderness! what Oaths! what Assurances of Marriage! What Letters! She never wrote the like to me. Thus, continu'd he, am I at once pierced with Anguish for her Death and for her Falshood,

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two Evils which have been often compar'd; but never felt before by the same Person at the same time; I confess to my Shame, that still I am more griev'd for her Loss than for her Change; I cannot think her guilty enough, to consent to her Death: Were she living, I shou'd have the Satisfaction to reproach her, and to revenge my self on her by making her sensible of her Injustice; but I shall see her no more; I shall see her no more; this is the greatest Misfortune of all others; would I cou'd restore her to Life, tho' with the Loss of my own! Yet what do I wish! If she were restor'd to Life, she wou'd live for *Etouteville*: How happy was I Yesterday, cry'd he, how happy! I was the most afflicted Man in the World; but my Affliction was reasonable, and there was something pleasing in the very Thought, that I was inconsolable: To-day all my Sentiments are unjust; I pay to a feign'd Passion the Tribute of my Grief, which I thought I ow'd to a real one; I can neither hate nor love her Memory; I am incapable of Consolation, and yet don't know how to grieve for her; take care, I conjure you, that I never see *Etouteville*; his very Name raises Horror in me; I know very well I have no reason of Complaint against him; I was to blame in concealing from him my Love for *Madam de Tournon*; if he had known it, perhaps he would not have pursu'd her, perhaps she would not have been false to me; he came to me to impart his Sorrows, and I cannot but pity him; alas! he had reason to love *Madam de Tournon*, he was belov'd by her, and will never see her more: Notwithstanding I perceive I can't help hating him; once more I conjure you take care I may not see him.

SANCERRE burst afterwards into Tears, began again to regret *Madam de Tournon*, and to speak to her, as if she were present, and say the softest Things in the World; from these Transports he pass'd to Hatred, to Complaints, to Reproaches and Imprecations against her. When I saw him in so desperate a Condition, I found I should want somebody to assist me in appeasing his Mind; accordingly

I sent for his Brother, whom I had left with the King; I met him in the Anti-chamber, and acquainted him with *Sancerre's* Condition: We gave the necessary Orders to prevent his seeing *Etouteville*, and employ'd part of the Night in endeavouring to make him capable of Reason; this Morning I found him yet more afflicted; his Brother continu'd with him, and I return'd to you.

'TIS impossible to be more surpriz'd than I am, said *Madam de Cleves*; I thought *Madam de Tournon* equally incapable of Love and Falshood. Address and Dissimulation, reply'd *Monfieur de Cleves*, cannot go further than she carried them; observe, that when *Sancerre* thought her Love to him was abated, it really was, and she began to love *Etouteville*; she told the last, that he remov'd her Sorrow for her Husband's Death, and that he was the Cause of her quitting her Retirement; *Sancerre* believ'd the Cause was nothing but a Resolution she had taken not to seem any longer to be in such deep Affliction; she made a Mérit to *Etouteville* of concealing her Correspondence with him, and of seeming forced to marry him by her Father's Command, as if it was an effect of the Care she had of her Reputation; whereas it was only an Artifice to forsake *Sancerre*, without his having Reason to resent it: I must return, continu'd *Mr. de Cleves*, to see this unhappy Man, and I believe you would do well to go to *Paris* too; it is time for you to appear in the World again, and receive the numerous Visits which you can't well dispence with.

MADAM de Cleves agreed to the Proposal, and return'd to *Paris* the next day; she found herself much more easie with respect to the Duke de Nemours, than she had been; what her Mother had told her on her Death-bed, and her Grief for her Death, created a sort of Suspension in her Mind as to her Passion for the Duke, which made her believe it was quite effaced.

THE Evening of her Arrival the Queen-Dauphin made her a Visit, and after having condol'd with her, told her that

that in order to divert her from melancholy Thoughts, she would let her know all that had pass'd at Court in her Absence; upon which she related to her a great many extraordinary things; but what I have the greatest desire to inform you of, added she, is that 'tis certain the Duke *de Nemours* is passionately in Love; and that his most intimate Friends are not only not entrusted in it, but can't so much as guess who the Person is he is in Love with; nevertheless this Passion of his is so strong as to make him neglect, or to speak more properly, abandon the hopes of a Crown.

THE Queen-Dauphin afterwards related whatever had pass'd in *England*; What I have just told you, continu'd she, I had from Monsieur *d'Arville*; and this Morning he inform'd me, that last Night the King sent for the Duke *de Nemours* upon the Subject of *Lignerol's* Letters, who desires to return, and wrote to his Majesty that he could no longer excuse to the Queen of *England* the Duke of *Nemours's* delay; that she begins to be displeas'd at it; and tho' she has not positively given her Promise, she has said enough to encourage him to come over; the King shew'd this Letter to the Duke of *Nemours*, who instead of speaking seriously as he had done at the beginning of this Affair, only laugh'd and trifled, and made a Jest of *Lignerol's* Expectations: He said, the whole World would censure his Imprudence, if he ventur'd to go to *England*, with the Pretensions of marrying the Queen, without being secure of Success; I think, added he, I shou'd time my Business very ill to go to *England* now, when the King of *Spain* uses such pressing Instances to obtain the Queen in Marriage; the *Spanish* King perhaps would not be a very formidable Rival in Matters of Gallantry, but in a Treaty of Marriage I believe your Majesty would not advise me to be his Competitor: I would advise you to it upon this Occasion, reply'd the King; but however you will have no Competitor in him; I know he has quite other Thoughts; and tho' he had not, Queen *Mary* found

herself so uneasy under the weight of the *Spanish* Crown; that I can't believe her Sister will be very desirous of it. If she shou'd not, reply'd the Duke of *Nemours*, 'tis probable she will seek her Happiness in Love; she has been in Love with my Lord *Courtenay* for several Years; Queen *Mary* too was in Love with him, and would have married him with Consent of the States of her Kingdom, had not she known that the Youth and Beauty of her Sister *Elizabeth* had more Charms for him than her Crown; your Majesty knows, that the Violence of her Jealousy carry'd her so far, as to imprison 'em both, and afterwards to banish my Lord *Courtenay*, and at last determin'd her to marry the King of *Spain*; I believe Queen *Elizabeth* will soon recall that Lord, and make choice of a Man whom she loves, who deserves her Love, and who has suffer'd so much for her, in preference to another whom she never saw. I shou'd be of that Opinion, reply'd the King, if my Lord *Courtenay* were living, but I receiv'd Advice some days ago, that he died at *Padua*, whither he was banish'd; I plainly see, added the King, as he left the Duke, that your Marriage must be concluded the same way the Dauphin's was, and that Ambassadors must be sent to marry the Queen of *England* for you.

MONSIEUR *d'Arville* and the Viscount, who were with the King when he spoke to the Duke of *Nemours*, are persuaded that 'tis the Passion he is so deeply engag'd in, which diverts him from so great a Design: the Viscount, who sees deeper into him than any body, told *Madam de Martigny* that he was so chang'd he did not know him again; and what astonishes him more is, that he does not find he has any private Interviews, or that he is ever missing at particular times, so that he believes he has no Correspondence with the Person he is in Love with; and that which surprizes him in the Duke is, to see him in love with a Woman, who does not return his Love.

WHAT Poison did this Discourse of the Queen-Dauphin carry in it for *Madam de Cleves*? How could she but know

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know herself to be the Person whose Name was not known, and how could she help being fill'd with Tenderness and Gratitude, when she learn'd, by a way not in the least liable to Suspicion, that the Duke, who had already touch'd her Heart, conceal'd his Passion from the whole World, and neglected for her sake the Hopes of a Crown? It is impossible to express what she felt, or to describe the Tumult that was rais'd in her Soul. Had the Queen-Dauphin observ'd her closely, she might easily have discern'd, that what she had been saying was not indifferent to her; but as she had not the least Suspicion of the Truth, she continu'd her Discourse without minding her; Monsieur *d'Anville*, added she, from whom, as I just told you, I had all this, believes I know more of it than himself, and he has so great an Opinion of my Beauty, that he is satisfy'd I am the only Person capable of creating so great a Change in the Duke of *Nemours*.

THESE last Words of the Queen-Dauphin gave *Madam de Cleves* a sort of Uneasiness very different from that which she had a few Minutes before. I can easily come into Monsieur *d'Anville's* Opinion, answer'd she; and 'tis very probable, Madam, that nothing less than a Princess of your Merit cou'd make him despise the Queen of *England*. I would own it to you, if I knew it, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, and I should know it, if it were true; such Passions as these never escape the Sight of those who occasion them; they are the first to discern 'em; the Duke of *Nemours* has never shew'd me any thing but slight Complaisances; and yet I find so great a difference betwixt his present and former Behaviour to me, that I can assure you, I am not the Cause of the Indifference he expresses for the Crown of *England*.

BUT I forget my self in your Company, added the Queen-Dauphin, and don't remember that I am to wait upon *Madame*. You know the Peace is as good as concluded, but perhaps you don't know that the King of *Spain* has refus'd to sign it, but on Condition of marrying
this

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this Princess, instead of the Prince *Dón Carlos*, his Son: The King was with great difficulty brought to allow it, but at last he has consented, and is gone to carry the News to *Madame*; I believe she will be inconsolable. To marry a Man of the King of Spain's Age and Temper can never be pleasing, especially to her who has all the Gaiety which the Bloom of Youth join'd with Beauty inspires, and was in Expectation of marrying a young Prince, for whom she has an Inclination without having seen him. I do not know whether the King will find in her all the Obedience he desires; he has charg'd me to see her, because he knows she loves me, and believes I shall be able to influence her. From thence I shall make a Visit of a very different Nature, to Congratulate the King's Sister. All things are ready for her Marriage with the Prince of *Savoy*, who is expected in a few days. Never was a Woman of her Age so entirely pleas'd to be married; the Court will be more numerous and splendid than ever, and notwithstanding your Grief, you must come among us, in order to make Strangers see that we are furnish'd with no mean Beauties.

HAVING said this, the Queen-Dauphin took her leave of *Madam de Cleves*, and the next day *Madame's* Marriage was publickly known; some days after the King and the Queens went to visit the Princess of *Cleves*; the Duke *de Nemours*, who had expected her Return with the utmost Impatience, and languish'd for an Opportunity of speaking to her in private, contriv'd to wait upon her at an Hour, when the Company would probably be withdrawing, and no body else come in; he succeeded in his Design, and came in when the last Visitors were going away.

THE Princess was sitting on her Bed, and the hot Weather, together with the Sight of the Duke *de Nemours*, gave her a Blush that added to her Beauty; he sat over against her with a certain timorous Respect, that flows from a real Love; he continu'd some Minutes without speaking; nor was the less at a Loss, so that they were both

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both silent a good while: At last the Duke condol'd with her for her Mother's Death; Madam de Cleves was glad to give the Conversation that turn, spoke a considerable time of the great Loss she had had, and at last said, that tho' Time had taken off from the Violence of her Grief, yet the Impression wou'd always remain so strong, that it would entirely change her Humour. Great Troubles and excessive Passions, reply'd the Duke, make great Alterations in the Mind; as for me, I am quite another Man since my Return from *Flanders*; abundance of People have taken notice of this Change, and the Queen-Dauphin herself spoke to me of it yesterday. It is true, reply'd the Princess, she has observ'd it, and I think I remember to have heard her say something about it. I'm not sorry, Madam, reply'd the Duke, that she has discern'd it, but I could wish some others in particular had discern'd it too; there are Persons to whom we dare give no other Evidences of the Passion we have for 'em, but by things which do not concern them; and when we dare not let 'em know we love 'em, we should be glad at least to have them see we are not desirous of being lov'd by any other; we should be glad to convince 'em, that no other Beauty, tho' of the highest Rank, has any Charms for us, and that a Crown would be too dear, if purchas'd with no less a Price than Absence from her we adore: Women ordinarily, continu'd he, judge of the Passion one has for 'em, by the Care one takes to oblige, and to be assiduous about 'em; but it's no hard matter to do this, tho' they be ever so little amiable; not to give ones self up to the pleasure of pursuing 'em, to shun 'em through fear of discovering to the Publick, and in a manner to themselves, the Sentiments one has for them, here lies the Difficulty; and what still more demonstrates the Truth of one's Passion is, the becoming entirely chang'd from what one was, and the having no longer a gust either for Ambition or Pleasure, after one has employ'd one's whole Life in pursuit of both,

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THE Princess of *Cleves* readily apprehended how far she was concern'd in this Discourse; one while she seem'd of Opinion, that she ought not to suffer such an Address; another, she thought she ought not to seem to understand it, or shew she suppos'd herself meant by it; she thought she ought to speak, and she thought she ought to be silent; the Duke of *Nemours's* Discourse equally pleas'd and offended her; she was convinced by it of the Truth of all the Queen-Dauphin had led her to think; she found in it somewhat gallant and respectful, but also somewhat bold and too intelligible; the Inclination she had for the Duke gave her an Anxiety which it was not in her Power to controul; the most obscure Expressions of a Man that pleases, move more than the most open Declaration of one we have no liking for; she made no Answer; the Duke *de Nemours* took Notice of her Silence, which perhaps would have prov'd no ill Presage, if the coming in of the Prince of *Cleves* had not ended at once the Conversation and the Visit.

THE Prince was coming to give his Wife a further Account of *Sancerre*, but she was not over-curious to learn the Sequel of that Adventure; she was so much taken up with what had just pass'd, that she could hardly conceal the Embarrassment she was in. When she was at liberty to muse upon it, she plainly saw she was mistaken, when she thought she was indifferent as to the Duke *de Nemours*; what he had said to her had made all the Impression he could desire, and had entirely convinced her of his Passion; besides the Duke's Actions agreed too well with his Words to leave her the least doubt about it; she no longer flatter'd herself that she did not love him; all her Care was not to let him discover it, a Task of which she had already experienced the difficulty; she knew the only way to succeed in it was to avoid seeing him; and as her Mourning gave her an Excuse for being more retir'd than usual, she made use of that Pretence not to go to Places where he might see her; she was full of Melancholy; her Mother's Death

was

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was the seeming Cause of it, and no Suspicion was had of any other.

THE Duke *de Nemours*, not seeing her any more, fell into Desperation; and knowing he should not meet with her in any Publick Assembly, or at any Diversions the Court join'd in, he could not prevail upon himself to appear there, and therefore he pretended a great love for Hunting, and made Matches for that Sport on the Days when the Queens kept their Assemblies; a slight Indisposition had serv'd him a good while as an Excuse for staying at home, and declining to go to Places where he knew very well that *Madam de Cleves* wou'd not be.

THE Prince of *Cleves* was ill almost at the same time, and the Princess never stirr'd out of his Room during his Illness; but when he grew better, and receiv'd Company, and among others the Duke *de Nemours*, who under pretence of being yet weak, staid with him the greatest part of the Day, she found she could not continue any longer there; and yet in the first Visits he made she had not the Resolution to go out; she had been too long without seeing him, to be able to resolve to see him no more; the Duke had the Address, by Discourses that appear'd altogether general, but which she understood very well by the relation they had to what he had said privately to her, to let her know that he went a Hunting only to be more at liberty to think of her, and that the reason of his not going to the Assemblies was her not being there.

AT last she executed the Resolution she had taken to go out of her Husband's Room, whenever he was there, tho' this was doing the utmost Violence to herself: The Duke perceiv'd she avoided him, and the Thought of it touch'd him to the Heart.

THE Prince of *Cleves* did not immediately take notice of his Wife's Conduct in this Particular, but at last he perceiv'd she went of the Room when there was Company there; he spoke to her of it, and she told him that she did not think it consistent with Decency to be every Evening

ing among the gay young Courtiers; that she hop'd he would allow her to live in a more reserv'd manner than she had done hitherto, that the Virtue and Presence of her Mother authoris'd her in many Liberties which could not otherwise be justify'd in a Woman of her Age.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves*, who had a great deal of Facility and Complaisance for his Wife, did not shew it on this occasion, but told her he would by no means consent to her altering her Conduct; she was upon the point of telling him, it was reported that the Duke *de Nemours* was in Love with her, but she had not the power to name him; besides she thought it disingenuous to disguise the Truth, and make use of Pretences to a Man who had so good an Opinion of her.

SOME Days after the King was with the Queen at the Assembly-Hour, and the Discourse turn'd upon Nativities and Predictions; the Company were divided in their Opinion as to what Credit ought to be given to 'em; the Queen profess'd to have great Faith in 'em, and maintain'd that after so many things had come to pass as they had been foretold, one could not doubt but there was something of Certainty in that Science; others affirmed, that of an infinite number of Predictions so very few prov'd true, that the Truth of those few ought to look'd upon as an Effect of Chance.

I have formerly been very curious and inquisitive as to Futurity, said the King, but I have seen so many false and improbable things, that I am satisfy'd there is no Truth in that pretended Art. Not many Years since there came hither a Man of great Reputation in Astrology; every body went to see him; I went among others, but without saying who I was, and I carried with me the Duke of *Guise* and *Desseurs*, and made them go in first; nevertheless the Astrologer address'd himself first to me, as if he had concluded me to be their Master; perhaps he knew me, and yet he told me one thing that was very unsuitable to my Character, if he had known me: his

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Prediction was that I should be kill'd in a Duel; he told the Duke of *Guise*, that he should die of a Wound receiv'd behind; and he told *Descars* he shou'd be knock'd of the Head by the Kick of a Horse; the Duke of *Guise* was a little angry at the Prediction, as if it importeed he should run away; nor was *Descars* better pleas'd, to find he was to make his Exit by so unfortunate an Accident; in a word, we went away all three of us very much out of Humour with the Astrologer; I don't know what will happen to the Duke of *Guise* and *Descars*, but there is not much Probability of my being kill'd in a Duel; the King of *Spain* and I have just made Peace, and if we had not, I question whether we should have fought, or if I should have challeng'd him, as the King my Father did *Charles* the Fifth.

AFTER the King had related the Misfortune that was foretold him, those who had defended Astrology abandon'd the Argument, and agreed there was no Credit to be given to it: For my part, said the Duke *de Nemours* aloud, I have the least Reason of any Man in the World to credit it; and then turning himself to *Madam de Cleves*, near whom he stood, It has been foretold me, says he very softly, that I should be happy in a Person for whom I should have the most violent and respectful Passion; you may judge, *Madam*, if I ought to believe in Predictions.

THE Queen-Dauphin, who believ'd, from what the Duke had spoke aloud, that what he whisper'd was some false Prediction that had been told him, ask'd him what it was he said to *Madam de Cleves*; had he had a less ready Wit, he would have been surpriz'd at this Question; but without any Hesitation, What I said to her, *Madam*, answer'd he, was, that it had been predicted to me, that I should be rais'd to a higher Fortune than my most sanguin Hopes could lead me to expect. If nothing hath been foretold you but this, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, smiling and thinking of the Affair of *England*, I would not advise you to decry Astrology; You may have Reasons hereafter

to offer in Defence of it. *Madam de Cleves* apprehended the Queen-Dauphin's Meaning, but knew withal, that the Fortune the Duke of *Nemours* spoke of was not that of being King of *England*.

THE time of her Mourning being expir'd, the Princess of *Cleves* was oblig'd to make her Appearance again, and go to Court as usual; she saw the Duke of *Nemours* at the Queen-Dauphin's Apartment; she saw him at the Prince of *Cleves's*, where he often came in Company of other young Noblemen, to avoid being remark'd; yet she never once saw him, but it gave her a Pain that could not escape his Observation.

HOWEVER industrious she was to avoid being look'd at by him, and to speak less to him than to any other, some things escap'd her in an unguarded Moment, which convinced him he was not indifferent to her; a Man of less Discernment than he would not have perceiv'd it, but he had already so often been the Object of Love, that it was easie for him to know when he was lov'd; he found the Chevalier de *Guise* was his Rival, and the Chevalier knew that the Duke of *Nemours* was his; Monsieur de *Guise* was the only Man in the Court that had unravell'd this-Affair, his Interest having made him more clear-sighted than others; the Knowledge they had of each other's Sentiments, created an Opposition between them in every thing, which however did not break out into an open Quarrel; they were always of different Parties at the Running at the Ring, at Tournaments, and all Diversions the King delighted in, and their Emulation was so great it could not be conceal'd.

MADAM de *Cleves* frequently revolv'd in her Mind the Affair of *England*; she believ'd the Duke of *Nemours* could not resist the Advice of the King, and the Instances of *Lignerolles*; she was very much concern'd to find that *Lignerolles* was not yet return'd, and she impatiently expected him; her Inclinations strongly sway'd her to inform herself exactly of the State of this Affair; but the

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the same Reasons, which rais'd in her that Curiosity, oblig'd her to conceal it, and she only enquir'd of the Beauty, the Wit, and the Temper of Queen *Elizabeth*. A Picture of that Princess had been brought the King, which *Madam de Cleves* found much handsomer than she could have wish'd for, and she could not forbear saying, the Picture flatter'd. I don't think so, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin; that Princess has the Reputation of being very handsome, and of having a very exalted Genius, and I know she has always been propos'd to me as a Model worthy my Imitation; she can't but be very handsome, if she resembles her Mother, *Anne Bullen*; never had Woman so many Charms and Allurements both in her Person and her Humour; I have heard say she had something remarkably lively in her Countenance, very different from what is usually found in other *English* Beauties. I think, reply'd *Madam de Cleves*, 'tis said she was born in *France*: Those who imagine so are mistaken, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin; I'll give you her History in a few Words.

SHE was of a good Family in *England*; *Henry* the Eighth was in Love with her Sister and her Mother, and it has been even suspected by some, that she was his Daughter; she came to *France* with *Henry* the Seventh's Sister, who married *Lewis* the Twelfth; that Princess, who was full of Youth and Gallantry, left the Court of *France* with great reluctance after her Husband's Death; but *Anne Bullen*, who had the same Inclinations as her Mistress, could not prevail with herself to go away; the late King was in Love with her, and she continu'd Maid of Honour to Queen *Claude*; that Queen died, and *Margaretta*, the King's Sister, Dutches of *Alençon*, and since Queen of *Navarre*, whose Story you know, took her into her Service, where she imbib'd the Principles of the new Religion; she return'd afterwards to *England*, and there charm'd all the World; she had the Manners of *France*, which please in all Countries; she sung well, she danced finely; she was a Maid of Honour to Queen *Catherine*, and *Henry* the Eighth fell desperately in Love with her. CAR.

CARDINAL *Wolsey*, his Favourite and first Minister, being dissatisfy'd with the Emperor for not having favour'd his Pretensions to the Papacy, in order to revenge himself of him, contriv'd an Alliance between *France* and the King his Master; he put it into the head of *Henry* the Eighth, that his Marriage with the Emperor's Aunt was null, and advis'd him to marry the Dutchess of *Alenfon*, whose Husband was just dead; *Anne Bullen*, who was not without Ambition, consider'd Queen *Catherine's* Divorce as a Means that would bring her to the Crown; she began to give the King of *England* Impressions of the Lutheran Religion, and engag'd the late King to favour at *Rome* *Henry* the Eighth's Divorce, in hopes of his marrying the Dutchess of *Alenfon*; Cardinal *Wolsey*, that he might have an Opportunity of treating this Affair, procur'd himself to be sent to *France* upon other Pretences; but his Master was so far from permitting him to propose this Marriage, that he sent him express Orders to *Calais* not to speak of it.

CARDINAL *Wolsey*, at his Return from *France*, was receiv'd with as great Honours as could have been paid to the King himself; never did any Favourite carry his Pride and Vanity to so great a Height; he manag'd an Interview between the two Kings at *Bologne*, when *Francis* the First would have given the Upper-hand to *Henry* the Eighth, but he refus'd to accept it; they treated one another by Turns with the utmost Magnificence, and presented to each Habits of the same sort with those they wore themselves. I remember to have heard say, that these the late King sent to the King of *England* were of Crimson Sattin beset all over with Pearls and Diamonds, and a Robe of white Velvet embroider'd with Gold; after having staid some Time at *Bologne*, they went to *Calais*. *Anne Bullen* was lodg'd in *Henry* the Eighth's Court with the Train of a Queen; and *Francis* the First made her the same Presents, and paid her the same Honours as if she had been really so: In a word, after a Passion of nine Years

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Continuance King *Henry* married her, without waiting for the dissolving of his first Marriage. The Pope precipitately thunder'd out Excommunications against him, which so provok'd King *Henry*, that he declar'd himself Head of the Church, and drew after him all *England* into the unhappy Change in which you see it.

ANNE BULLEN did not long enjoy her Greatness; for when she thought her self most secure of it by the Death of Queen *Catherine*, one Day as she was seeing a Match of Running at the Ring made by the Viscount *Rocheport* her Brother, the King was struck with such a Jealousy, that he abruptly left the Show, went away to *London*, and gave Orders for arresting the Queen, the Viscount *Rocheport*, and several others whom he believ'd to be the Lovers or Confidants of that Princess. Tho' this Jealousy in Appearance had its Birth that Moment, the King had been long possess'd with it by the Viscountess *Rocheport*, who not being able to bear the strict Intimacy between her Husband and the Queen, represented it to the King as a criminal Commerce; so that that Prince, who was besides in Love with *Jane Seymour*, thought of nothing but ridding himself of *Anne Bullen*; and in less than three Weeks he caus'd the Queen and her Brother to be tried, had 'em both beheaded, and married *Jane Seymour*. He had afterwards several Wives, whom he divorced or put to Death; and among others *Catherine Howard*, whose Confident the Viscountess *Rocheport* was, and who was beheaded with her: Thus was she punish'd for having falsely accused *Anne Bullen*. And *Henry* the Eighth died, being become excessive Fat.

ALL the Ladies, that were present when the Queen-Dauphin made this Relation, thank'd her for having given 'em so good an Account of the Court of *England*; and among the rest Madam *de Cleves*, who could not forbear asking several Questions concerning Queen *Elizabeth*.

THE Queen-Dauphin caus'd Pictures in Miniature to be drawn of all the Beauties of the Court, in order to send 'em to the Queen her Mother. One Day, when that of
Madam

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Madam *de Cleves* was finishing, the Queen-Dauphin came to spend the Afternoon with her; the Duke *de Nemours* did not fail to be there; he let slip no Opportunities of seeing Madam *de Cleves*, yet without appearing to contrive them. She look'd so pretty that Day, that he would have fell in Love with her, tho' he had not been so before; However he durst not keep his Eyes fix'd upon her, while she was sitting for her Picture, for fear of shewing too much the Pleasure he took in looking at her.

THE Queen-Dauphin ask'd Monsieur *de Cleves* for a little Picture he had of his Wife's, to compare it with that which was just drawn; every Body gave their Judgment of the one and the other; and Madam *de Cleves* order'd the Painter to mend something in the Head-dress of that which had been just brought in; the Painter in Obedience to her took the Picture out of the Case in which it was, and having mended it laid it again on the Table,

THE Duke *de Nemours* had long wish'd to have a Picture of Madam *de Cleves*; when he saw that which Monsieur *de Cleves* had, he could not resist the Temptation of stealing it from a Husband, who, he believ'd, was tenderly lov'd; and he thought that among so many Persons as were in the same Room he should be no more liable to Suspicion than another.

THE Queen-Dauphin was sitting on the Bed, and whispering to Madam *de Cleves*, who was standing before her. Madam *de Cleves*, thro' one of the Curtains that was but half-drawn, spied the Duke *de Nemours* with his Back to the Table, that stood at the Bed's Feet, and perceiv'd that without turning his Face he took something very dexterously from off the Table; she presently guess'd it was her Picture, and was in such Concern about it, that the Queen-Dauphin observ'd she did not attend to what she said, and ask'd her aloud what it was she look'd at. At those Words, the Duke *de Nemours* turn'd about, and met full the Eyes of Madam *de Cleves* that were still fix'd upon him; he thought it not impossible but she might have seen what he had done,

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MADAM *de Cleves* was not a little perplex'd; it was reasonable to demand her Picture of him; but to demand it publickly was to discover to the whole World the Sentiments which the Duke had for her, and to demand it in private would be engage him to speak of his Love; she judg'd after all it was better to let him keep it, and she was glad to grant him a Favour which she could do without his knowing that she granted it. The Duke *de Nemours*, who observ'd her Perplexity, and partly guess'd the Cause of it, came up, and told her softly, If you have seen what I have ventur'd to do, be so good, Madam, as to let me believe you are ignorant of it; I dare ask no more: Having said this he withdrew, without waiting for her Answer.

THE Queen-Dauphin went to take a Walk, attended with the rest of the Ladies; and the Duke *de Nemours* went home to shut himself up in his Closet, not being able to support in Publick the Ecstasy he was in on having a Picture of Madam *de Cleves*; he tasted every Thing that was sweet in Love; he was in Love with the finest Woman of the Court; he found she lov'd him against her Will, and saw in all her Actions that sort of Care and Embarrassment which Love produces in young and innocent Hearts.

AT Night great Search was made for the Picture; and having found the Case it us'd to be kept in, they never suspected it had been stolen, but thought it might have fallen out by Chance. The Prince of *Cleves* was very much concern'd for the Loss of it; and after having search'd for it a great while to no Purpose, he told his Wife, but with an Air that shew'd he did not think so, that without doubt she had some Secret Lover, to whom she had given the Picture, or who had stole it, and that none but a Lover would have been contented with the Picture without the Case.

THESE Words, tho' spoke in Jest, made a lively Impression in the Mind of Madam *de Cleves*; they gave her

her Remorse, and she reflected on the Violence of her Inclination, which hurried her on to love the Duke of Nemours; she found she was no longer Mistress of her Words or Countenance; she imagin'd that *Lignerolles* was return'd, that she had nothing to fear from the Affair of England, nor any Cause to suspect the Queen-Dauphin; in a word, that she had no Refuge or Defence against the Duke *de Nemours* but by retiring; but as she was not at her Liberty to retire, she found herself in a very great Extremity and ready to fall into the last Misfortune, that of discovering to the Duke the Inclination she had for him: She remember'd all that her Mother had said to her on her Death-bed, and the Advice which she gave her, to enter on any Resolutions, however difficult they might be, rather than engage in Gallantry; she remembered also what Monsieur *de Cleves* had told her, when he gave an Account of Madam *de Tournon*; she thought she ought to acknowledge to him the Inclination she had for the Duke *de Nemours*; and in that Thought she continu'd a long time; afterwards she was astonish'd to have entertain'd so ridiculous a Design, and fell back again into her former Perplexity of not knowing what to chuse.

THE Peace was sign'd; and the Lady *Elizabeth*, after a great deal of Reluctance, resolv'd to obey the King her Father. The Duke of *Alva* was appointed to marry her in the Name of the Catholick King, and was very soon expected. The Duke of *Savoy* too, who was to marry the King's Sister, and whose Nuptials were to be solemniz'd at the same Time, was expected every Day. The King thought of nothing but how to grace these Marriages with such Diversions as might display the Politeness and Magnificence of his Court. Interludes and Comedies of the best Kind were propos'd, but the King thought those Entertainments too private, and desir'd to have somewhat of a more splendid Nature: He resolv'd to make a solemn Tournament, to which Strangers might be invited, and of which the People might be Spectators, The Princes and

and young Lords very much approv'd the King's Design, especially the Duke of *Ferrara*, Monsieur *de Guise*, and the Duke *de Nemours*, who surpass'd the rest in these sorts of Exercises. The King made choice of them to be together with himself the four Champions of the Tournament.

PROCLAMATION was made throughout the Kingdom, that on the 15th of *June*, in the City of *Paris*, his most Christian Majesty, and the Princes *Alphonso d'Este* Duke of *Ferrara*, *Francis* of *Lorraine* Duke of *Guise*, and *James* of *Savoy* Duke of *Nemours*, would hold an open Tournament against all Comers. The first Combat to be on Horse-back in the Lists, with double Armour, to break four Lances, and one for the Ladies; the second Combat with Swords, one to one, or two to two, as the Judges of the Field should direct; the third Combat on foot, three Pushes of Pikes, and six Hits with the Sword. The Champions to furnish Lances, Swords, and Pikes, at the Choice of the Combatants. Whoever did not manage his Horse in the Career to be put out of the Lists; four Judges of the Field to give Orders. The Combatants, who should break most Lances and perform best, to carry the Prize, the Value whereof to be at the Discretion of the Judges; all the Combatants, as well *French* as Strangers, to be oblig'd to touch one or more, at their Choice, of the Shields that should hang on the Pillar at the End of the Lists, where a Herald at Arms should be ready to receive them, and enroll 'em according to their Quality, and the Shields they had touch'd; the Combatants to be oblig'd to cause their Shields and Arms to be brought by a Gentleman and hung up at the Pillar three Days before the Tournament, otherwise not to be admitted without Leave of the Champions.

A spacious List was made near the *Bastille*, which begun from the *Chateau des Tournelles* and cross'd the Street of *St. Anthony*, and extended as far as the King's Stables; on both Sides were built Scaffolds and Amphitheatres.

theatres, which form'd a sort of Galleries that made a very fine Sight, and were capable of containing an infinite Number of People. The Princes and Lords were wholly taken up in providing what was necessary for a splendid Appearance, and in mingling in their Cypfers and Devices somewhat of Gallantry that had relation to the Ladies they were in Love with.

A few Days before the Duke of *Alva's* Arrival, the King made a Match at Tennis with the Duke *de Nemours*, the Chevalier *de Guise*, and the Viscount *de Chartres*. The Queens came to see 'em play, attended with the Ladies of the Court, and among others *Madam de Cleves*. After the Game was ended, as they went out of the Tennis-Court, *Chatelart* came up to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her Fortune had put into his Hands a Letter of Gallantry, that drop'd out of the Duke *de Nemours's* Pocket. This Queen, who was always very curious in what related to the Duke, bid *Chatelart* give her the Letter; he did so, and she follow'd the Queen her Mother-in-Law, who was going with the King to see 'em work at the Lifts. After they had been there some time, the King caus'd some Horses to be brought that had been lately taken in, and tho' they were not as yet thoroughly manag'd, he was for mounting one of 'em, and order'd his Attendants to mount others; the King and the Duke *de Nemours* hit upon the most fiery and high-mettled of 'em. The Horses were ready to fall foul on one another, when the Duke of *Nemours*, for fear of hurting the King, retreated abruptly, and ran back his Horse against a Pillar with so much Violence, that the Shock of it made him stagger. The Company ran up to him, and he was thought considerably hurt; but the Princess of *Cleves* thought the Hurt much greater than any one else. The Interest she had in it gave her an Apprehension and Concern which she took no Care to conceal; she came up to him with the Queens, and with a Countenance so chang'd, that one less concern'd than the Chevalier *de Guise* might have

have perceiv'd it; Perceive it he immediately did, and was much more intent upon the Condition *Madam de Cleves* was in, than upon that of the Duke *de Nemours*. The Blow the Duke had given himself had so stunn'd him, that he continu'd some time leaning his Head on those who supported him; when he rais'd himself up, he immediately view'd *Madam de Cleves*, and saw in her Face the Concern she was in for him, and he look'd upon her in a manner which made her sensible how much he was touch'd with it: Afterwards he thank'd the Queens for the Goodness they had express'd to him, and made Apologies for the Condition he had been in before 'em; and then the King order'd him to go to Rest.

MADAM *de Cleves*, after she was recover'd from the Fright she had been in, presently reflected on the Tokens she had given of it. The Chevalier *de Guise* did not suffer her to continue long in the Hope that no Body had perceiv'd it, but giving her his Hand to lead her out of the Lists: I have more cause to complain, Madam, said he, than the Duke *de Nemours*; pardon me, if I forget for a Moment that profound Respect I have always had for you, and shew you how much my Heart is griev'd for what my Eyes have just seen; this is the first Time I have ever been so bold as to speak to you, and it will be the last. Death or at least eternal Absence will remove me from a Place where I can live no longer, since I have now lost the melancholly Comfort I had, of believing that all who behold you with Love are as unhappy as my self.

MADAM *de Cleves* made only a confus'd Answer, as if she had not understood what the Chevalier's Words meant: At another Time she would have been offended, if he had mention'd the Passion he had for her; but at this Moment she felt nothing but the Affliction to know that he had observ'd the Passion she had for the Duke *de Nemours*. The Chevalier *de Guise* was so well convinced of it, and so pierced with Grief, that from that Moment he took a Resolution never to think of being lov'd by Madam

de Cleves; but that he might the better be able to quit a Passion which he had thought so difficult and so glorious, it was necessary to make choice of some other Undertaking worthy of employing him; he had his View on *Rhodes*: The taking of which he had formerly had some Idea of; and when Death snatch'd him away, in the Flower of his Youth, and at a Time when he had acquir'd the Reputation of one of the greatest Princes of his Age, the only Regret he had to part with Life was, that he had not been able to execute so noble a Resolution, the Success whereof he thought infallible from the great Care he had taken about it.

MADAM *de Cleves*, when she came out of the Lists, went to the Queen's Apartment, with her Thoughts wholly taken up with what had pass'd. The Duke *de Nemours* came there soon after, richly dress'd, and like one wholly unsensible of the Accident that had befallen him; he appear'd even more Gay than usual, and the Joy he was in for what he had discover'd, gave him an Air that very much encreas'd his natural Agreeableness. The whole Court was surpriz'd when he came in; and there was no Body but ask'd him how he did, except Madam *de Cleves*, who staid near the Chimney pretending not to see him. The King coming out of his Closet, and seeing him among others call'd him to talk to him about his late Accident. The Duke pass'd by Madam *de Cleves*, and said softly to her, Madam, I have receiv'd this Day some Marks of your Pity, but they were not such as I am most worthy of. Madam *de Cleves* suspected that he had taken notice of the Concern she had been in for him, and what he now said convinced her she was not mistaken; it gave her a great deal of Concern to find she was so little Mistress of herself as not to have been able to conceal her Inclinations from the Chevalier *de Guise*; nor was she less concern'd to see that the Duke *de Nemours* was acquainted with 'em; yet this last Grief was not so entire, but there was a certain Mixture of Pleasure in it.

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THE Queen-Dauphin, who was extremely impatient to know what there was in the Letter which *Chatelart* had given her, came up to *Madam de Cleves*. Go read this Letter, says she; 'tis address'd to the Duke of *Nemours*, and was probably sent him by the Mistress for whom he has forsaken all others; if you can't read it now, keep it, and bring it me about Bed-time, and inform me if you know the Hand. Having said this, the Queen-Dauphin went away from *Madam de Cleves*, and left her in such Astonishment, that she was not able for some time to stir out of the Place. The Impatience and Grief she was in not permitting her to stay at Court, she went home before her usual Hour of Retirement; she trembled with the Letter in her Hand, her Thoughts were full of Confusion, and she experienced I know not what of insupportable Grief, that she had never felt before. No sooner was she in her Closet, but she open'd the Letter and found it as follows.

I Have lov'd you too well, to leave you in a Belief that the Change you observe in me is an Effect of Lightness; I must inform you that your Falshood is the Cause of it; you will be surpriz'd to hear me speak of your Falshood; you have dissembled it with so much Skill, and I have taken so much Care to conceal my Knowledge of it from you, that you have Reason to be surpriz'd at the Discovery; I am my self in wonder, that I have discover'd nothing of it to you before; never was Grief equal to mine; I thought you had the most violent Passion for me, I did not conceal that which I had for you, and at the Time that I acknowledg'd it to you without Reserve, I found that you deceiv'd me, that you lov'd another, and that in all Probability I was made a Sacrifice to this new Mistress. I knew it the Day you run at the Ring, and this was the Reason I was not there; at first I pretended an Indisposition in order to conceal my Sorrow, but afterwards I really fell into one, nor could a Constitution delicate like mine support so violent a Shock. When I began to be better,

I still counterfeited Sickness, that I might have an Excuse for not seeing and for not writing to you; besides I was willing to have Time to come to a Resolution in what manner to deal with you; I took and quitted the same Resolution twenty times; but at last I concluded you deserv'd not to see my Grief, and I resolv'd not to shew you the least Mark of it. I had a Desire to bring down your Pride, by letting you see, that my Passion for you declin'd of its self: I thought I should by this lessen the Value of the Sacrifice you had made of me, and was loth you should have the Pleasure of appearing more amiable in the Eyes of another, by shewing her how much I loved you; I resolv'd to write to you in a cold and languishing Manner, that she, to whom you gave my Letters, might perceive my Love was at an end: I was unwilling she should have the Satisfaction of knowing I was sensible that she triumph'd over me, or that she should encrease her Triumph by my Despair and Complaints. I thought I should punish you too little by merely breaking with you, and that my ceasing to love you would give you but a slight Concern, after you had first forsaken me; I found it was necessary you should love me, to feel the Smart of not being lov'd, which I so severely experienced my self; I was of Opinion, that if any thing could rekindle that Flame, it would be to let you see that mine was extinguish'd, but to let you see it thro' an Endeavour to conceal it from you, as if I wanted the Power to acknowledge it to you: This Resolution I adher'd to; I found it difficult to take, and when I saw you again I thought it impossible to execute. I was ready a hundred times to break out into Tears and Complaints; my ill State of Health, which still continued, serv'd as a Disguise to hide from you the Affliction and Trouble I was in; afterward I was supported by the Pleasure of dissembling with you, as you had done with me; however it was doing so apparent a Violence to my self to tell you or to write to you that I lov'd you, that you immediately perceiv'd I had no Mind to let you see my Affection was altered; you was touch'd with this, you complain'd of it; I endeavour'd to remove your Fears, but it was done

in so forced a manner, that you was still more convinced by it, I no longer lov'd you; in short, I did all I intended to do. The Fantasticalness of your Heart was such, that you advanced towards me in Proportion as you saw I retreated from you. I have enjoy'd all the Pleasure which can arise from Revenge; I plainly saw, that you lov'd me more than you had ever done, and I shew'd you I had no longer any Love for you. I had even Reason to believe that you had entirely abandon'd her, for whom you had forsaken me; I had ground too to be satisfied you had never spoken to her concerning me; but neither your Discretion in that particular, nor the Return of your Affection can make amends for your Inconstancy; your Heart has been divided between me and another, and you have deceiv'd me; this is sufficient wholly to take from me the Pleasure I found in being lov'd by you, as I thought I deserv'd to be, and to confirm me in the Resolution I have taken never to see you more, which you are so much surpris'd at.

MADAM de Clever read this Letter, and read it over again several Times, without knowing at the same time what she had read; she saw only that the Duke de Nemours did not love her as she imagin'd, and that he lov'd others who were no less deceiv'd by him than she. What a Discovery was this for a Person in her Condition, who had a violent Passion, who had just given Marks of it to a Man whom she judg'd unworthy of it, and to another whom she us'd ill for his sake! Never was Affliction so cutting as hers; she imputed the Piercingness of it to what had happen'd that day, and that if the Duke de Nemours had not had ground to believe she lov'd him, she should not have car'd whether he lov'd another or not; but she deceiv'd herself, and this Evil which she found so insupportable was Jealousy with all the Horrors it can be accompanied with. This Letter discover'd to her a piece of Gallantry the Duke de Nemours had been long engag'd in; she saw the Lady who writ it was a Person of Wit

and Merit, and deserv'd to be lov'd; she found she had more Courage than herself, and envy'd her the Power she had had of concealing her Sentiments from the Duke *de Nemours*; by the Close of the Letter, she saw this Lady thought herself belov'd, and presently suspected that the Discretion the Duke had shewed in his Addresses to her, and which she had been so much taken with, was only an Effect of his Passion for this other Mistress, whom he was afraid of disobliging; in short, she thought of every thing that could add to her Grief and Despair. What Reflections did she not make on herself, and on the Advices her Mother had given her! how did she repent, that she had not persisted in her Resolution of retiring, tho' against the Will of Monsieur *de Cleves*, or that she had not pursu'd her Intentions of acknowledging to him the Inclination she had for the Duke *de Nemours*! She was convinced, she would have done better to discover it to a Husband, whose Goodness she was sensible of, and whose Interest it would have been to conceal it, than to let it appear to a Man who was unworthy of it, who deceiv'd her, who perhaps made a Sacrifice of her, and who had no View in being lov'd by her but to gratify his Pride and Vanity; in a word, she found, that all the Calamities that could befall her, and all the Extremities she could be reduced to, were less than that single one of having discover'd to the Duke *de Nemours* that she lov'd him, and of knowing that he lov'd another. All her Comfort was to think, that after the Knowledge of this she had nothing more to fear from herself, and that she should be entirely eas'd of the Inclination she had for the Duke.

SHE never thought of the Orders the Queen-Dauphin had given her, to come to her when she went to Rest: She went to Bed herself, and pretended to be ill; so that when Monsieur *de Cleves* came home from the King, they told him she was asleep. But she was far from that Tranquility which inclines to Sleep; all the Night she did nothing but torment herself, and read over and over the Letter in her Hand.

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MADAM *de Cleves* was not the only Person whom this Letter disturb'd. The Viscount *de Chartres*, who had lost it and not the Duke *de Nemours*, was in the utmost Inquietude about it. He had been that Evening with the Duke of *Guise*, who had given a great Entertainment to the Duke of *Ferrara*, his Brother-in-Law, and to all the young People of the Court: It happen'd that the Discourse turn'd upon Ingenious Letters; and the Viscount *de Chartres* said he had one about him the finest that ever was writ: They urg'd him to shew it, and on his excusing himself, the Duke *de Nemours* insisted he had no such Letter, and that what he said was only out of Vanity; the Viscount made him Answer, that he urg'd his Discretion to the utmost, that nevertheless he would not shew the Letter; but he would read some parts of it, which would make it appear few Men receiv'd the like. Having said this, he wou'd have taken out the Letter, but could not find it; he search'd for it to no purpose. The Company rallied him about it; but he seem'd so disturb'd, that they forbore to speak further of it; he withdrew sooner than the others, and went home with great Impatience, to see if he had not left the Letter there. While he was looking for it one of the Queen's Pages came to tell him, that the Viscountess *d'Uzes* had thought it necessary to give him speedy Advice, that it was said at the Queen's Court, that he had dropt a Letter of Gallantry out of his Pocket while he was playing at Tennis; that great Part of what the Letter contain'd had been related, that the Queen had express'd a great Curiosity to see it, and had sent to one of her Gentlemen for it, but that he answer'd, he had given it to *Châtelant*.

THE Page added many other Particulars which heighten'd the Viscount's Concern; he went out that Minute to go to a Gentleman who was an intimate Friend of *Châtelant's*; and tho' it was a very unseasonable Hour, made him get out of Bed to go and fetch the Letter, without letting him know who it was had sent for it, or who had

lost it. *Chatelart*, who was prepossess'd with an Opinion that it belong'd to the Duke of *Nemours*, and that the Duke was in Love with the Queen-Dauphin, did not doubt but it was he who had sent to redemand it, and so answer'd with a malicious sort of Joy, that he had put the Letter into the Queen-Dauphin's Hands. The Gentleman brought this Answer back to the Viscount *de Chartres*, which increas'd the Uneasiness he was under already, and added new Vexations to it: After having continu'd some time in an Irresolution what to do, he found that the Duke *de Nemours* was the only Person whose Assistance could draw him out of this intricate Affair.

ACCORDINGLY he went to the Duke's House, and enter'd his Room about break of Day. What the Duke had discover'd the day before with respect to the Princess of *Cleves* had given him such agreeable Ideas, that he slept very sweetly; he was very much surpriz'd to find himself wak'd by the Viscount *de Chartres*, and ask'd him if he came to disturb his Rest so early, to be reveng'd of him for what he had said last Night at Supper. The Viscount's Looks soon convinced him, that he came upon a serious Business; I am come, said he, to entrust you with the most important Affair of my Life; I know very well, you are not oblig'd to me for the Confidence I place in you, because I do it at a time when I stand in need of your Assistance; but I know likewise, that I should have lost your Esteem, if I had acquainted you with all I am going to tell you, without having been forced to it by absolute Necessity: I have dropp'd the Letter I spoke of last Night; It is of the greatest Consequence to me, that no Body should know it is address'd to me; It has been seen by abundance of People, who were at the Tennis-Court yesterday when I dropp'd it; you was there too, and the Favour I have to ask you, is, to say it was you who lost it. Sure you think, reply'd the Duke *de Nemours* smiling, that I have no Mistress, by making such a Proposal, and that I have no Quarrels or Inconveniences

to apprehend by leaving it to be believ'd that I receive such Letters. I beg you, said the Viscount, to hear me seriously; if you have a Mistress, as I doubt not you have, tho' I do not know who she is, it will be easy for you to justify your self, and I'll put you into an infallible way of doing it. As for you, tho' you should fail in justifying your self, it can cost you nothing but a short falling out; but for my part, this Accident affects me in a very different manner, I shall dishonour a Person who has passionately lov'd me, and is one of the most deserving Women in the World; on the other side, I shall draw upon my self an implacable Hatred that will ruin my Fortune, and perhaps proceed somewhat further. I do not comprehend what you say, reply'd the Duke *de Nemours*, but I begin to see that the Reports we have had of your Interest in a great Princess are not wholly without ground. They are not, reply'd the Viscount, but I would to God they were: You would not see me in the Perplexity I am in; but I must relate the whole Affair to you, to convince you how much I have to fear.

EVER since I came to Court, the Queen has treated me with a great deal of Favour and Distinction, and I had grounds to believe that she was very kindly disposed towards me: There was nothing however particular in all this, and I never presum'd to entertain any Thoughts of her but what were full of Respect; so far from it, that I was deeply in Love with *Madam de Themines*; any one that sees her may easily judge, 'tis very possible for one to be greatly in Love with her, when one is belov'd by her, and so I was. About two Years ago, the Court being at *Fontainebleau*, I was two or three times in Conversation with the Queen, at Hours when there were very few People in her Apartment: It appear'd to me, that my Turn of Wit was agreeable to her, and I observ'd she always approv'd what I said. One Day among others she fell into a Discourse concerning Confidence. I said there was no
Body

Body in whom I entirely confided, that I found People always repented of having done so, and that I knew a great many Things of which I had never spoke: The Queen told me, she esteem'd me the more for it, that she had not found in *France* any one that could keep a Secret, and that this was what had embarrass'd her more than any Thing else, because it had depriv'd her of the Pleasure of having a Confident; that nothing was so necessary in Life as to have some Body one could open ones Mind to with Safety, especially for People of her Rank. Afterwards she frequently resum'd the same Discourse, and acquainted me with very particular Circumstances; at last I imagin'd she was desirous to learn my Secrets, and to entrust me with her own; this Thought engag'd me strictly to her, I was so pleas'd with this Distinction, that I made my Court to her with greater Assiduity than usual. One Evening the King and the Ladies of the Court rode out to take the Air in the Forrest, but the Queen being a little indispos'd did not go; I staid to wait upon her, and she walk'd down to the Pond-side, and dismiss'd her Gentlemen-Ushers, that she might be more at Liberty. After she had taken a few Turns she came up to me, and bid me follow her; I would speak with you, says she, and by what I shall say you will see I am your Friend. She stopp'd here, and looking earnestly at me; You are in Love, continu'd she, and because perhaps you have made no Body your Confident, you think that your Love is not known; but it is known, and even by Persons who are interested in it: You are observ'd, the Place where you see your Mistress is discover'd, and there's a Design to surprize you; I don't know who she is, nor do I ask you to tell me, I would only secure you from the Misfortunes into which you may fall. See, I beseech you, what a Share the Queen laid for me, and how difficult it was for me not to fall into it; she had a Mind to know if I was in Love, and as she did not ask me who I was in Love with, but let

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me see her Intention was only to serve me, I had no Suspicion that she spoke either out of Curiosity or by Design.

NEVERTHELESS, contrary to all Probability, I saw into the bottom of the Matter; I was in Love with Madam *de Themines*, but tho' she lov'd me again, I was not happy enough to have private Places to see her in without danger of being discover'd there, and so I was satisfy'd she could not be the Person the Queen meant; I knew also that I had an Intrigue with another Woman less handsome and less reserv'd than Madam *de Themines*, and that it was not impossible but the Place where I saw her might be discover'd; but as this was a Business I little car'd for, it was easy for me to guard against all sorts of Danger by forbearing to see her; I resolv'd therefore to acknowledge nothing of it to the Queen, but to assure her on the contrary that I had a long Time laid aside the Desire of gaining Womens Affections, even where I might hope for Success, because I found 'em all in some measure unworthy of engaging the Heart of an honourable Man, and that it must be something very much above them which could touch me. You do not answer me ingenuously, reply'd the Queen; I am satisfied of the contrary; the free manner in which I speak to you ought to oblige you to conceal nothing from me; I would have you, continu'd she, be of the number of my Friends; but I would not, after having admitted you into that Rank, be ignorant of your Engagements; Consider, whether you think my Friendship will be too dear at the Price of making me your Confident; I give you two Days to think on it; but then, consider well of the Answer you shall make me, and remember, that if ever I find hereafter you have deceiv'd me, I shall never forgive you as long as I live.

HAVING said this, the Queen left me without waiting for my Answer; you may imagine how full my Thoughts

Thoughts were of what she had said to me; the two Days she had given me to consider of it I did not think too long a Time to come to a Resolution; I found she had a mind to know if I was in Love, and that her Desire was I should not be so; I foresaw the Consequences of what I was going to do; my Vanity was flatter'd with the Thought of having a particular Interest with the Queen, and a Queen whose Person is still extremely amiable; on the other hand, I was in Love with Madam *de Thermines*, and tho' I committed a petty Treason against her by my Engagement with the other Woman I told you of, I could not find in my Heart to break with her; I foresaw also the danger I should expose my self to, if I deceiv'd the Queen, and how hard it would be to do it; nevertheless I could not resolve to refuse what Fortune offer'd me, and was willing to run the Hazard of any thing my ill Conduct might draw upon me; I broke with Her with whom I kept a Correspondence that might be discover'd, and was in Hopes of concealing that I had with Madam *de Thermines*.

AT the two days end, as I enter'd the Room where the Queen was with all the Ladies about her, she said aloud to me, and with a grave Air that was surprizing enough, Have you thought of the Business I charg'd you with, and do you know the Truth of it? Yes, Madam, answer'd I, and 'tis as I told your Majesty. Come in the Evening, when I am writing, reply'd she, and you shall have further Orders. I made a respectful Bow without answering any thing, and did not fail to attend her at the Hour she had appointed me. I found her in the Gallery, with her Secretary and one of her Women. As soon as she saw me she came to me, and took me to the other end of the Gallery; Well, says she, after having consider'd thoroughly of this matter, have you nothing to say to me, and as to my manner of treating you, does not it deserve that you should deal sincerely with

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with me? It is, Madam, answer'd I, because I deal sincerely, that I have nothing more to say; and I swear to your Majesty, with all the Respect I owe you, that I have no Engagement with any Woman of the Court. I will believe it, reply'd the Queen, because I wish it; and I wish it, because I desire to have you entirely mine, and because 'twould be impossible for me to be satisfied with your Friendship, if you were in Love; one cannot confide in those who are; one cannot be secure of their Secrecy; they are too much divided, and their Mistresses have always the first Place in their Thoughts, which does not suit at all with the manner in which I would have you live with me: Remember then, it is upon your giving me your Word that you have no Engagement, that I chuse you for my Confident; remember, I insist on having you entirely to my self, and that you shall have no Friend of either Sex but such as I shall approve, and that you abandon every Care but that of pleasing me; I'll not desire you to neglect any Opportunity for advancing your Fortune; I'll conduct your Interests with more Application than you can your self, and whatever I do for you, I shall think my self more than recompens'd, if you answer my Expectations; I make choice of you, to open my Heart's Grievs to you, and to have your Assistance in softning them; you may imagine they are not small; I bear in appearance without much Concern the King's Engagement with the Dutches of *Valeninois*, but it is insupportable to me; she governs the King, she imposes upon him, she slights me, all my People are at her beck. The Queen my Daughter-in Law, proud of her Beauty, and the Authority of her Uncles, pays me no Respect. The Constable *Montmorency* is Master of the King and Kingdom; he hates me, and has given Proofs of his Hatred, which I shall never forget. The *Mareschal de St. André* is a bold young Favourite, who uses me no better than the others. The Detail of my Misfortunes would move your Pity;

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hitherto, I have not dar'd to confide in any Body, I confide in you, take care that I never repent it, and be my only Consolation. The Queen blush'd when she had ended this Discourse, and I was so truly touch'd with the Goodness she had express'd to me, that I was going to throw my self at her Feet: From that Day she has placed an entire Confidence in me, she has done nothing without advising with me, and the Intimacy and Union between us still subsists.



THE



T H E
Princess of *C L E V E S*.

P A R T III.



IN the mean time, however busy and full I was of my new Engagement with the Queen, I still kept fair with Madam *de Themines* by a natural Inclination which it was not in my Power to conquer; I thought she cool'd in her Love to me, and whereas, had I been prudent, I should have made use of the Change I observ'd in her for my Cure, my Love redoubled upon it, and I manag'd so ill that the Queen got some knowledge of this Intrigue. Jealousy is natural to Persons of her Nation, and perhaps she had a greater Affection for me than she even imagin'd her self; at least the Report of my being in Love gave her so much Uneasiness, that I thought my self entirely ruin'd with her; however I came into Favour again by vertue of Submissions, false Oaths, and Affiduity; but I should not have been able to have deceiv'd her long. had not Madam *de Themines's* Change

Change disengag'd me from her against my Will; she convinced me she no longer lov'd me, and I was so thoroughly satisfy'd of it, that I was obliged to give her no further Uneasiness, but to let her be quiet. Some time after she wrote me this Letter which I have lost; I learn'd from it, she had heard of the Correspondence I had with the other Woman I told you of, and that that was the Reason of her Change. As I had then nothing further left to divide me, the Queen was well enough satisfy'd with me; but the Sentiments I have for her not being of a Nature to render me incapable of other Engagements, and Love not being a Thing that depends on our Will, I fell in Love with *Madam de Martigues*, of whom I was formerly a great Admirer, while she was with *Villemontais*, Maid of Honour to the Queen-Dauphin; I have reason to believe she does not hate me; the Discretion I observe towards her, and which she does not wholly know the Reasons of, is very agreeable to her; the Queen has not the least Suspicion on her Account, but she has another Jealousy which is not less troublesome; as *Madam de Martigues* is constantly with the Queen-Dauphin, I go there much oftner than usual; the Queen imagines that 'tis this Princess I am in Love with; the Queen-Dauphin's Rank, which is equal to her own, and the Superiority of her Youth and Beauty, create a Jealousy that rises even to Fury, and fills her with a Hatred against her Daughter-in-Law that cannot be conceal'd. The Cardinal of *Lorraine*, who, I believe, has been long aspiring to the Queen's Favour, and would be glad to fill the Place I possess, is, under pretence of reconciling the two Queens, become Master of the Differences between 'em; I doubt not but he has discover'd the true Cause of the Queen's Anger, and I believe he does me all manner of ill Offices, without letting her see that he designs it. This is the Condition my Affairs are in at present; judge what Effect may be produced by the Letter which I have lost, and which I unfortunately put in my Pocket with design to restore it to *Madam de Themines*: If the Queen sees this

Letter,

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Letter, she will know I have deceiv'd her; and that almost at the very same Time that I deceiv'd her for Madam *de Themines*, I deceiv'd Madam *de Themines* for another; judge what an Idea this will give her of me, and whether she will ever trust me again. If she does not see the Letter, what shall I say to her? she knows it has been given to the Queen-Dauphin; she will think *Chatelart* knew that Queen's Hand, and that the Letter is from her; she will fancy the Person of whom the Letter expresses a Jealousy, is perhaps herself: in short, there is nothing which she may not think, and there is nothing which I ought not to fear from her Thoughts; add to this, that I am desperately in Love with Madam *de Martigues*, and that the Queen-Dauphin will certainly shew her this Letter, which she will conclude to have been lately writ. Thus shall I be equally embroil'd both with the Person I love most, and with the Person I have most Cause to fear. Judge, after this, if I have not reason to conjure you to say the Letter is yours, and to beg of you to get it out of the Queen-Dauphin's Hands.

I am very well satisfy'd, answer'd the Duke *de Nemours*, that one cannot be in a greater Embarrassment than that you are in, and it must be confess'd you deserve it: I have been accused of being inconstant in my Amours, and of having had several Intrigues at the same Time, but you out-go me so far, that I should not so much as have dar'd to imagine what you have undertaken: could you pretend to keep Madam *de Themines*, and be at the same time engaged with the Queen? did you hope to deceive her? she is both an *Italian* and a Queen, and by consequence full of Jealousy, Suspicion, and Pride. As soon as your good Fortune, rather than your good Conduct, had set you at Liberty from an Engagement you was entangled in, you involv'd your self in new ones, and you fancied that in the midst of the Court you could be in Love with Madam *de Martigues* without the Queen's perceiving it: You could not have been too careful to take from her the Shame of having

having made the first Advances : she has a violent Passion for you; you have more Discretion than to tell it me, and I than to ask you to tell it; it is certain she is jealous of you, and has Truth on her Side. And does it belong to you, interrupted the Viscount, to load me with Reprimands, and ought not your own Experience to make you Indulgent to my Faults? However I grant I am to blame; but think, I conjure you, how to draw me out of this Difficulty; I think you must go to the Queen-Dauphin as soon as she is awake, and ask her for the Letter, as if you had lost it. I have told you already, reply'd the Duke *de Nemours*, that what you propose is somewhat extraordinary, and that there are Difficulties in it which may affect my own particular Interest; but besides, if this Letter has been seen to drop out of your Pocket, I should think 'twould be hard to persuade People that it dropp'd out of mine. I thought I had told you, reply'd the Viscount, that the Queen-Dauphin had been inform'd that you dropp'd it. How, said the Duke *de Nemours* hastily, apprehending the ill Consequence this Mistake might be of to him with Madam *de Cleves*, has the Queen-Dauphin been told I dropp'd the Letter? Yes, reply'd the Viscount, she has been told so; and what occasion'd the Mistake was, that there were several Gentlemen of the two Queens in a Room belonging to the Tennis-Court, where our Cloaths were put up, when your Servants and mine went together to fetch them; then it was the Letter fell out of the Pocket; those Gentlemen took it up, and read it aloud; some believ'd it belong'd to you, and others to me; *Chatelart*, who took it, and to whom I have just sent for it, says, he gave it to the Queen-Dauphin as a Letter of yours; and those, who have spoken of it to the Queen, have unfortunately told her, it was mine; so that you may easily do what I desire of you, and free me from this Perplexity.

THE Duke *de Nemours* had always had a great Friendship for the Viscount *de Chartres*, and the Relation he bore to Madam *de Cleves* still made him more dear to him; never-

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nevertheless he could not prevail with himself to run the risk of her having heard of this Letter, as of a thing in which he was concerned; he fell into a deep Musing, and the Viscount guess'd pretty near what was the Subject of his Meditations; I plainly see, said he, that you are afraid of embroiling your self with your Mistress, and I should almost fancy the Queen-Dauphin was she, if the little Jealousy you seem to have of Monsieur d'Anville did not take me off from that Thought; but be that as it will, it is not reasonable you should sacrifice your Repose to mine, and I'll put you in a way of convincing her you love, that this Letter is directed to me, and not to you; here is a Billet from Madam d'Amboise, who is a Friend of Madam de Themines, and was her Confident in the Amour between her and me; in this she desires me to send her Madam de Themines's Letter, which I have lost; my Name is on the Superscription, and the Contents of the Billet prove, without question, that the Letter she desires is the same with that which has been found; I'll leave this Billet in your Hands, and agree that you may shew it to your Mistress in your Justification; I conjure you not to lose a Moment, but to go this Morning to the Queen-Dauphin.

THE Duke de Nemours promis'd the Viscount he would, and took Madam d'Amboise's Billet; nevertheless his design was not to see the Queen-Dauphin; he thought more pressing Business requir'd his care; he made no question, but she had already spoke of the Letter to Madam de Cleves, and could not bear that a Person he lov'd so desperately, should have ground to believe he had Engagements with any other.

HE went to the Princess of Cleves as soon as he thought she might be awake; and ordered her to be told, that, if he had not Business of the last Consequence, he would not have desired the Honour to see her at so extraordinary an Hour. Madam de Cleves was a-bed, and her Mind was tost to and fro by a thousand melancholy Thoughts that she had had during the Night; she was extremely

tremely surpriz'd to hear the Duke *de Nemours* ask'd for her; the Anxiety she was in made her presently answer she was ill, and could not speak with him.

THE Duke was not at all shock'd at this Refusal; he thought it presag'd him no Ill, that she expressed a little Coldness at a time when she might be touched with Jealousy. He went to the Prince of *Cleves's* Apartment, and told him he came from that of his Lady, and that he was very sorry he could not see her, because he had an Affair to communicate to her of great Consequence to the Viscount *de Chartres*; he explained in few Words to the Prince the Importance of this Business, and the Prince immediately introduced him into his Lady's Chamber. Had she not been in the Dark, she would have found it hard to have conceal'd the Trouble and Astonishment she was in to see the Duke *de Nemours* introduced by her Husband. Monsieur *de Cleves* told her the Business was about a Letter, wherein her Assistance was wanting for the Interest of the Viscount, that she was to consult with Monsieur *de Nemours* what was to be done; and that as for him he was going to the King, who had just sent for him.

THE Duke *de Nemours* had his Heart's desire, in being alone with Madam *de Cleves*; I am come to ask you, Madam, said he, if the Queen-Dauphin has not spoke to you of a Letter which *Chatelars* gave her yesterday. She said something to me of it, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*, but I don't see what relation this Letter has to the Interests of my Uncle, and I can assure you that he is not nam'd in it. It is true, Madam, reply'd the Duke *de Nemours*, he is not nam'd in it, but yet it is address'd to him, and it very much imports him that you should get it out of the Queen-Dauphin's Hands. I cannot comprehend, reply'd the Princess, how it should be of any Consequence to him, if this Letter should be seen, nor what Reason there is to re-demand it in his Name. If you please to be at leisure to hear me, Madam, said Monsieur *de Nemours*, I'll presently make you acquainted with the true state of the thing, and inform

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inform you of Matters of so great Importance to the Viscount, that I would not even have trusted the Prince of *Cleves* with 'em, had I not stood in need of his Assistance to have the Honour to see you. I believe, said *Madam de Cleves* in a very unconcerned manner, that any thing you may give your self the trouble of telling me, will be to little purpose; you had better go to the Queen-Dauphin, and plainly tell her, without using these round-about ways, the Interest you have in that Letter, since she has been told, as well as I, that it belongs to you.

THE Uneasiness of Mind which *Monsieur de Nemours* observ'd in *Madam de Cleves* gave him the most sensible Pleasure he ever knew, and lessened his Impatience to justify himself: I don't know, *Madam*, reply'd he, what the Queen-Dauphin may have been told; but I am not at all concerned in that Letter; it is address'd to the Viscount. I believe so, reply'd *Madam de Cleves*, but the Queen-Dauphin has heard to the contrary, and she won't think it very probable that the Viscount's Letters should fall out of your Pocket; you must therefore have some Reason, that I don't know of, for concealing the Truth of this Matter from the Queen-Dauphin; I advise you to confess it to her. I have nothing to confess to her, says he, the Letter is not directed to me, and if there be any one to that I would have satisfied of it, it is not the Queen-Dauphin; but, *Madam*, since the Viscount's Interest is nearly concerned in this, be pleas'd to let me acquaint you with some Matters that are worthy of your Curiosity. *Madam de Cleves* by her Silence shew'd her readiness to hear him, and he as succinctly as possible related to her all he had just heard from the Viscount. Tho' the Circumstances were naturally surprizing, and proper to create Attention, yet *Madam de Cleves* heard 'em with such Coldness, that she seem'd either not to believe 'em true, or to think 'em indifferent to her; she continu'd in this Temper 'till the Duke *de Nemours* spoke of *Madam d'Amboise's* Billet, which was directed to the Viscount, and was a Proof of

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all he had been saying; as *Madam de Cleves* knew that this Lady was a Friend of *Madam de Themines*, she found some Probability in what the Duke *de Nemours* had said, which made her think, that the Letter perhaps was not address'd to him; this Thought suddenly, and in spite of herself, drew her out of the Coldness and Indifferency she had 'till then been in. The Duke having read the Biller, which fully justify'd him, presented it to her to read, and told her she might possibly know the Hand. She could not forbear taking it, and examining the Superscription to see if it was address'd to the Viscount *de Chartres*, and reading it all over, that she might the better judge, if the Letter which was re-demanded, was the same with that she had in her Hand. The Duke *de Nemours* added whatever he thought proper to persuade her of it; and as one is easily persuaded of the Truth of what one wishes, he soon convinced *Madam de Cleves* that he had no Concern in the Letter.

SHE began now to reason with him concerning the Embarrassment, and Danger the Viscount was in, to blame his ill Conduct, and to think of Means to help him: She was astonish'd at the Queen's Proceedings, and confessed to the Duke that she had the Letter; in short, she no sooner believ'd him Innocent, but she discours'd with him with greater Ease and Freedom, concerning what she would scarce before vouchsafe to hear; they agreed that the Letter should not be restor'd to the Queen-Dauphin, for fear she should shew it to *Madam de Martignes*, who knew *Madam de Themines*'s Hand, and would easily guess, by the Interest she had in the Viscount, that it was address'd to him; they agreed also, that they ought not to entrust the Queen-Dauphin with all that concerned the Queen her Mother-in-Law. *Madam de Cleves*, under pretence of serving her Uncle, was pleas'd to be the Duke *de Nemours*'s Confident in the Secrets he had imparted to her.

THE Duke would not have confin'd his Discourse to the Viscount's Concerns, but from the Liberty he had of free Conversation with her, would have assumed a Boldness he had never yet done, had not a Message been brought in to *Madam de Cleves*, that the Queen-Dauphin had sent for her. The Duke was forced to withdraw; he went to the Viscount to inform him, that after he had left him, he thought it more proper to apply to *Madam de Cleves*, his Neice, than to go directly to the Queen-Dauphin; he did not want Reasons to make him approve what he had done, and to give him hopes of good Success.

IN the mean time *Madam de Cleves* dress'd herself in all haste to go to the Queen-Dauphin; she was no sooner enter'd her Chamber, but she call'd her to her, and whisper'd her, I have been waiting for you these two Hours, and was never so perplex'd about disguising a Truth as I have been this Morning: The Queen has heard of the Letter I gave you Yesterday, and believes it was the Viscount *de Chartres* that dropped it; you know, she has some Interest to be satisfy'd in it; she has been in search for the Letter, and has caus'd *Chatelart* to be ask'd for it; who said he had given it to me; they have been to ask me for it, under pretence it was an Ingenious Letter which the Queen had a Curiosity to see; I durst not say that you had it, for fear she should think I had given it you on your Uncle the Viscount's Account, and that there was a Correspondence between him and me. I was already satisfy'd, that his seeing me so often gave her Uneasiness, so that I said the Letter was in the Cloaths I had on Yesterday, and that those who had 'em in keeping were gone Abroad; give me the Letter immediately, added she, that I may send it her, and that I may read it before I send it, to see if I know the Hand.

MADAM *de Cleves* was harder put to it than she expected; I don't know, Madam, what you will do, answer'd she, for Monsieur *de Cleves*, to whom I gave it to read, return'd it to the Duke of *Nemours*, who came early

this Morning to beg him to get it of you. Monsieur *de Cleves* had the Imprudence to tell him he had it, and the Weakness to yield to the Entreaties the Duke *de Nemours* made that he would restore it to him. You throw me into the greatest Embarrassment I can possibly be in, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin; and you have given this Letter to the Duke *de Nemours*. Since it was I that gave it you, you ought not to have restored it without my leave; what would you have me say to the Queen, and what can she imagine? She will think, and not without Reason, that this Letter concerns myself, and that there is something between the Viscount and me; she will never be persuaded the Letter belong'd to the Duke *de Nemours*. I am very much concerned, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*, for the Misfortune I have occasion'd, and I believe the Difficulty I have brought you into is very great; but 'twas Monsieur *de Cleves*'s Fault, and not mine. You are in fault, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, for having given him the Letter; and I believe you are the only Woman in the World that acquaints her Husband with all she knows. I acknowledge my self in Fault, Madam, reply'd the Princess of *Cleves*, but let us rather think of preventing the Consequences of what I have done, than insist on the Fault it self. Do you remember, pretty near, what the Letter contains? says the Queen-Dauphin. Yes, Madam, I do, reply'd she, for I have read it over more than once. If so, said the Queen-Dauphin, you must immediately get it written out in an unknown Hand, and I'll send it to the Queen; she'll not shew it those who have seen it already; and tho' she should, I'll stand in it, that 'tis the same *Chatelart* gave me; and he'll not dare to say otherwise.

MADAM *de Cleves* approved of this Expedient, and the more because it gave her an Opportunity of sending for the Duke *de Nemours*, to have the Letter itself again, in order to have it copy'd Word for Word, imitating as near as may be the Hand 'twas written in, and she thought this would effectually deceive the Queen. As soon as she
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was got home, she inform'd her Husband of what had pass'd between her and the Queen-Dauphin, and beg'd him to send for the Duke *de Nemours*. The Duke was sent for, and came immediately; Madam *de Cleves* told him all she had told her Husband, and ask'd for the Letter; but the Duke answer'd, that he had already return'd it to the Viscount *de Chartres*, who was so overjoy'd upon having it again, and being freed from the Danger he was in, that he sent it immediately to Madam *de Themines's* Friend. Madam *de Cleves* was in a new Embarrassment on this Occasion; in short, after having consulted together, they resolv'd to form the Letter by Memory; and, in order to go about it, they lock'd themselves up, and left Orders that no Body shou'd be admitted, and that all the Duke *de Nemours's* Attendants should be sent away. Such an Appearance of secret Confidence was no small Charm to Monsieur *de Nemours*, and even to Madam *de Cleves*; her Husband's Presence, and the Interests of her Uncle the Viscount *de Chartres*, were Considerations which in great measure remov'd her Scruples, and made this Opportunity of seeing and being with the Duke *de Nemours* so agreeable to her, that she never before experienced a Joy so pure and free from Alloy; this threw her into a Freedom and Gaiety of Spirit, which the Duke had never observ'd in her 'till now, and which made him still more passionately in Love with her: As he had never known such agreeable Moments, his Vivacity was much heightened; and whenever Madam *de Cleves* was beginning to recollect and write the Letter, instead of assisting her seriously, did nothing but interrupt her with Wit and Pleasantry. Madam *de Cleves* was as gay as he, so that they had been lock'd up a considerable Time, and two Messages had come from the Queen-Dauphin to hasten Madam *de Cleves*, before they had half finish'd the Letter.

THE Duke *de Nemours* was glad to prolong the Time that was so agreeable to him, and neglected the Concerns of his Friend; Madam *de Cleves* was not at all tir'd, and

neglected also the Concerns of her Uncle: At last, with much ado, about four a Clock the Letter was finished, and was so ill done, and the Copy so unlike the Original, as to the Hand-writing, that the Queen must have taken very little Care to come at the Truth of the Matter, if she had been impos'd on by so ill a Counterfeit. Accordingly she was not deceived; and however industrious they were to persuade her, that this Letter was address'd to the Duke *de Nemours*, she remain'd satisfy'd not only that it was address'd to the Viscount *de Chartres*, but that the Queen-Dauphin was concern'd in it, and that there was a Correspondence between 'em; this heighten'd her Hatred against that Princess to such a degree, that she never forgave her, and never ceas'd persecuting her 'till she had driven her out of *France*.

AS for the Viscount *de Chartres*, his Credit was entirely ruin'd with her; and whether the Cardinal of *Lorain* had already insinuated himself so far into her Esteem as to govern her, or whether the Accident of this Letter, which made it appear that the Viscount had deceived her, enabled her to discover the other Tricks he had play'd her, 'tis certain he could never after entirely reconcile himself to her; their Correspondence was broke off, and at length she ruin'd him by means of the Conspiracy of *Amboise*, in which he was involv'd.

AFTER the Letter was sent to the Queen-Dauphin, Monsieur *de Cleves* and Monsieur *de Nemours* went away; Madam *de Cleves* continu'd alone, and being no longer supported by the Joy which the Presence of what one loves gives one, she seem'd like one newly wak'd from a Dream; she beheld, with Astonishment, the Difference between the Condition she was in the Night before, and that she was in at this Time: She call'd to mind, how cold and sullen she was to the Duke *de Nemours*, while she thought Madam *de Themines's* Letter was address'd to him, and how calm and sweet a Situation of Mind succeeded that Uneasiness, as soon as she was satisfy'd he was not concern'd in

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that Letter; when she reflected, that she reproach'd herself as guilty for having given him the foregoing Day only some Marks of Sensibility, which meer Compassion might have produced, and that by her peevish Humour this Morning, she had express'd such a Jealousy as was a certain Proof of Passion, she thought she was not herself; when she reflected further, that the Duke *de Nemours* saw plainly, that she knew he was in Love with her, and that, notwithstanding her knowing it, she did not use him the worse for it, even in her Husband's Presence; but that, on the contrary, she had never behav'd so favourably to him; when she consider'd, she was the Cause of Monsieur *de Cleves*'s sending for him, and that she had just pass'd an Afternoon in private with him; when she consider'd all this, she found, there was something within her that held Intelligence with the Duke *de Nemours*, and that she deceiv'd a Husband who least deserv'd it; and she was ashamed to appear so little worthy of Esteem; even in the Eyes of her Lover; but what she was able to support less than all the rest was, the Remembrance of the Condition in which she spent the last Night, and the pricking Grievs she felt from a Suspicion that the Duke *de Nemours* was in Love with another, and that she was deceiv'd by him.

NEVER 'till then was she acquainted with the dreadful Inquietudes that flow from Jealousy and Distrust; she had applied all her Cares to prevent herself from falling in Love with the Duke *de Nemours*, and had not before had any Fear of his being in Love with another: Though the Suspicions which this Letter had given her were effaced, yet they left her sensible of the Hazard there was of being deceived, and gave her Impressions of Distrust and Jealousy which she had never felt 'till that Time; she was surpriz'd, that she had never yet reflected, how improbable it was, that a Man of the Duke *de Nemours*'s Turn, who had shew'd so much Inconstancy towards Women, should be capable of a lasting and sincere Passion; she thought it

next to Impossible for her to be convinced of the Truth of his Love; But tho' I could be convinced of it, says she, what have I to do in it? Shall I permit it? Shall I make a Return? Shall I engage in Gallantry, be false to Monsieur *de Cleves*, and be false to my self? In a Word, shall I go to expose my self to the cruel Remorses and deadly Grievs that rise from Love? I am subdu'd and vanquish'd by a Passion, which hurries me away in spite of my self; all my Resolutions are vain; I had the same Thoughts Yesterday that I have To-day, and I act To-day contrary to what I resolv'd Yesterday; I must convey my self out of the Sight of the Duke *de Nemours*; I must go into the Country, however fantastical my Journey may appear; and if Monsieur *de Cleves* is obstinately bent to hinder me, or to know my Reasons for it, perhaps I shall do him and myself the Injury to acquaint him with 'em. She continued in this Resolution, and spent the whole Evening at Home, without going to the Queen-Dauphin to enquire what had happen'd with respect to the counterfeited Letter.

WHEN the Prince of *Cleves* return'd Home, she told him she was resolv'd to go into the Country; that she was not very well, and had Occasion to take the Air. Monsieur *de Cleves*, to whom she appear'd so beautiful that he could not think her Indisposition very considerable, at first made a Jest of her Design, and answer'd, that she had forgot that the Nuptials of the Princesses and the Tournament were very near, and that she had not too much Time to prepare Matters so as to appear there as magnificently as other Ladies. What her Husband said did not make her change her Resolution, and she beg'd he would agree, that while he was at *Compeigne* with the King, she might go to *Colomiers*, a pretty House then building, within a Day's Journey of *Paris*. Monsieur *de Cleves* consented to it; she went thither with a design of not returning so soon, and the King set out for *Compeigne*, where he was to stay but few Days.

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THE Duke *de Nemours* was mightily concern'd he had not seen Madam *de Cleves* since that Afternoon, which he had spent so agreeably with her, and which had increas'd his Hopes; he was so impatient to see her again that he could not rest; so that when the King return'd to *Paris*, the Duke resolv'd to go to see his Sister the Dutcheß *de Mercœur*, who was at a Country Seat of hers, very near *Colomiers*; he ask'd the Viscount to go with him, who readily consented to it. The Duke *de Nemours* did this in hopes of visiting Madam *de Cleves*, in Company of the Viscount.

MADAM *de Mercœur* received 'em with a great deal of Joy, and thought of nothing but giving 'em all the Pleasures and Diversions of the Country; one Day, as they were hunting a Stag, the Duke *de Nemours* lost himself in the Forest, and upon enquiring his way he was told he was near *Colomiers*; at that word, *Colomiers*, without further Reflection, or so much as knowing what Design he was upon, he gallop'd on full speed the way that had been shew'd him; as he rode along he came by chance to the Made-ways and Walks, which he judged led to the Castle: At the End of these Walks he found a Pavillion, at the lower end of which was a large Room with two Closets, the one opening into a Flower-Garden, and the other looking into a spacious Walk in the Park; he enter'd the Pavillion, and would have stopp'd to observe the Beauty of it, if he had not seen in the Walk the Prince and Princess of *Cleves*, attended with a numerous Train of their Domesticks. As he did not expect to meet Monsieur *de Cleves* there, whom he had left with the King, he thought at first of biding himself; he enter'd the Closet which look'd into the Flower-Garden, with design to go out that way by a Door which open'd to the Forest; but observing Madam *de Cleves* and her Husband were sat down under the Pavillion, and that their Attendants staid in the Park, and could not come to him without passing by the Place where Monsieur and Madam *de Cleves* were,

he could not deny himself the Pleasure of seeing this Princess, nor resist the Curiosity he had to hear her Conversation with a Husband, who gave him more Jealousy than any of his Rivals. He heard Monsieur *de Cleves* say to his Wife, But why will you not return to *Paris*? What can keep you here in the Country? You have of late taken a fancy for Solitude, at which I am both surpriz'd and concern'd, because it deprives me of your Company: I find too, you are more melancholy than usual, and I am afraid you have some Cause of Grief. I have nothing to trouble my Mind, answer'd she with an Air of Confusion, but there is such a bustle at Court, and such a Multitude of People always at your House, that 'tis impossible but both Body and Mind should be fatigu'd, and one cannot but desire Repose. Repose, answer'd he, is not very proper for one of your Age; you are at home, and at Court, in such a manner as cannot occasion Weariness, and I am rather afraid you desire to live apart from me. You would do me great Wrong to think so, reply'd she with yet more Confusion, but I beg you to leave me here; if you could stay here, and without Company, I should be very glad of it; nothing would be more agreeable to me than your Conversation in this Retirement, provided you would approve not to have about you that infinite number of People, who in a manner never leave you. Ah! Madam, cries Monsieur *de Cleves*, both your Looks and Words convince me, that you have Reasons to desire to be alone, which I don't know; I conjure you to tell 'em me. He urg'd her a great while to inform him, without being able to oblige her to it; and after she had excus'd herself in a manner which still encreas'd her Husband's Curiosity, she continu'd in a deep Silence, with her Eyes cast down; then, taking up the Discourse on a sudden, and looking upon him, Force me not, said she, to confess a thing to you which I have not the Power to confess, tho' I have often design'd it; remember only, that it is not prudent a Woman of my Years, and Mistress of her
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own Conduct, should remain expos'd in the midst of a Court. What is it, Madam, cry'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, that you lead me to imagine? I dare not speak it; for fear of offending you. Madam *de Cleves* making no Answer, her Silence confirm'd her Husband in what he thought; You say nothing to me, says he, and that tells me clearly, that I am not mistaken. Alas, Sir, answer'd she, falling on her Knees, I am going to make a Confession to you, such as no Woman ever yet made to her Husband; but the Innocence of my Intentions, and of my Conduct, give me power to do it; 'tis true, I have Reasons to absent my self from Court, and I wou'd avoid the Dangers Persons of my Age are sometimes liable to; I have never shewn any Marks of Weakness, and I cannot apprehend I ever shall, if you will permit me to retire from Court, since now I have not Madam *de Chartres*, to assist me in my Conduct; however dangerous a Step I am taking, I take it with Pleasure to preserve my self worthy of you; I ask you a thousand Pardons, if I have Sentiments which displease you, at least I will never displease you by my Actions; consider, that to do what I do, requires more Friendship and Esteem for a Husband than ever Wife had; direct my Conduct, have pity on me, and, if you can, still love me.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves*, all the while she spoke, continued leaning his Head on his Hand, almost beside himself, and never thought of raising her up. When she had done speaking, and he cast his Eyes upon her, and saw her on her Knees with her Face drown'd in Tears, inimitably beautiful, he was ready to die for Grief, and taking her up in his Arms, Have you pity on me, Madam, says he, for I deserve it, and pardon me, if in the first Moments of an Affliction so violent as mine, I do not answer as I ought to so generous a Proceeding as yours; I think you more worthy of Esteem and Admiration than any Woman that ever was, but I find my self also the most unfortunate of Men: You inspir'd me with Passion the first Moment I

saw you, and that Passion has never decay'd; not your Coldness, nor even Enjoyment itself, has been able to extinguish it; it still continues in its first force, and yet it has not been in my Power to kindle in your Breast any spark of Love for me, and now I find you fear you have an Inclination for another; And who is he, Madam, this happy Man that gives you such Apprehensions? How long has he charm'd you? What he has done to charm you? What Method has he taken to get into your Heart? When I could not gain your Affections myself, it was some Comfort to me to think, that no other could gain 'em; in the mean time, another has effected what I could not, and I have at once the Jealousy of a Husband and Lover. But 'tis impossible for me to retain that of a Husband after such a Proceeding on your part, which is too noble and ingenuous not to give me an entire Security; it even comforts me as a Lover; the Sincerity you have express'd, and the Confidence you have placed in me are of infinite Value: You have Esteem enough for me to believe I shall not abuse the Confession you have made to me; you are in the right, Madam, I will not abuse it, or love you the less for it; you make me unhappy by the greatest Mark of Fidelity ever Woman gave her Husband; but go on, Madam, and inform me who he is whom you would avoid. I beg you not to ask me, reply'd she; I am resolv'd not to tell you, nor do I think it prudent to name him. Fear not, Madam, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, I know the World too well to be ignorant that a Woman's having a Husband does not hinder People from being in love with her; such Lovers may be the Objects of one's Hatred, but we are not to complain of it; once again, Madam, I conjure you to tell me what I so much desire to know. 'Tis in vain to press me, reply'd she, I have the power to be silent in what I think I ought not to tell; the Confession I made to you was not owing to any Weakness, and it requir'd more Courage to declare such a Truth, than it would have done to conceal it.

THE Duke *de Nemours* did not lose a Word of this Conversation, and what Madam *de Cleves* had said gave him no less Jealousy than her Husband; he was so desperately in Love with her, that he believed all the World was so too; it is true, he had many Rivals, yet he fancied 'em still more, and his Thoughts wander'd to find out who it was Madam *de Cleves* meant: He had often thought he was not disagreeable to her, but the Grounds of his Judgment on this Occasion appear'd so slight, that he could not imagine he had rais'd in her Heart a Passion violent enough to oblige her to have recourse to so extraordinary a Remedy; he was so transported, that he scarce knew what he saw, and he could not pardon Monsieur *de Cleves* for not having press'd his Wife enough to tell him the Name of the Person she conceal'd from him.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves* nevertheless us'd his utmost Endeavours to know it; and having urg'd her very much on the Subject; I think, answer'd she, that you ought to be satisfy'd with my Sincerity; ask me no more about it, and don't give me cause to repent of what I have done; content your self with the Assurance which I once more give you, that my Sentiments have never appear'd by any of my Actions, and that no Address hath been made to me that could give me Offence. Ah! Madam, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves* on a sudden, I cannot believe it; I remember the Confusion you was in when your Picture was lost; you have given away, Madam, you have given away that Picture, which was so dear to me, and which I had so just a Right to; you have not been able to conceal your Inclinations, you are in Love; it is known; your Virtue has hitherto saved you from the rest. Is it possible, cry'd Madam *de Cleves*, you can imagine there was any reserve or disguise in a Confession like mine, which I was no way obliged to? Take my Word, I purchase dearly the Confidence I desire of you; I conjure you to believe I have not given away my Picture; it is true, I saw it taken, but I would not seem to see it, for fear of subjecting

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jecting myself to hear such things as no one as yet dar'd to mention to me. How do you know then that you are lov'd, said Monsieur *de Cleves*? What Mark, what Proof of it has been given you? Spare me the Pain, reply'd she, of repeating to you Circumstances which I am asham'd to have observ'd, and which have convinced me but too much of my own Weakness. You are in the right, Madam, answer'd he, I am unjust; always refuse me when I ask you such things, and yet don't be angry with me for asking 'em.

JUST then several of the Servants, who had staid in the Walks, came to acquaint Monsieur *de Cleves*, that a Gentleman was arriv'd from the King, with Order for him to be at *Paris* that Evening. Monsieur *de Cleves* was oblig'd to go, and had only time to tell his Wife, that he desired her to come to *Paris* the next Day; and that he conjur'd her to believe, that, however afflicted he was, he had a Tenderness and Esteem for her, with which she ought to be satisfy'd.

WHEN he was gone, and Madam *de Cleves* being alone, consider'd what she had done, she was so frighten'd at the Thought of it, she could hardly believe it to be true. She found she had depriv'd herself of the Heart and Esteem of her Husband, and was involv'd in a Labyrinth she should never get out of; she ask'd herself why she had ventur'd on so dangerous a Step, and perceiv'd she was so engag'd in it almost without having design'd it; the Singularity of such a Confession, for which she saw no Precedent, made her fully sensible of her Danger.

BUT on the other hand, when she came to think that this Remedy, however violent it was, was the only effectual one she could make use of against Monsieur *de Nemours*, she found she had no Cause to repent, or to believe she had ventur'd too far; she pass'd the whole Night full of Doubts, Anxiety and Fear; but at last her Spirits grew calm again; she even felt a Pleasure arise in her Mind, from a Sense of having given such a Proof of Fidelity to a Husband,

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band, who deserv'd it so well, who had so great a Friendship and Esteem for her, and had so lately manifested it by the manner in which he receiv'd the Confession she had made him.

In the mean time Monsieur *de Nemours* was gone away from the Place, in which he had overheard a Conversation which so sensibly affected him, and was got deep into the Forest; what Madam *de Cleves* said of her Picture had reviv'd him, since it was certain from thence that he was the Person she had an Inclination for; at first he gave a loose to Joy, but his Raptures were at an end as soon as he began to reflect, that the same thing that had convinced him he had touch'd the Heart of Madam *de Cleves*, ought to convince him also that he should never receive any Marks of it, and that it would be impossible to engage a Lady who had recourse to so extraordinary a Remedy; and yet he could not but be sensibly pleas'd to have reduced her to that Extremity; he thought it glorious for him to have gain'd the Affections of a Woman so different from the rest of her Sex; in a word, he thought himself very happy and very unhappy at the same time. He was benighted in the Forest, and was very much put to it to find his Way again to his Sister's, the Dutchess of *Merceur*; he arriv'd there at Break of Day, and was extremely at a loss what Account to give of his Absence, but he made out the matter as well as he could, and return'd that very day to *Paris* with the Viscount.

THE Duke was so taken up with his Passion, and so surpriz'd at the Conversation he had heard, that he fell into an Indiscretion very common, which is, to speak ones own particular Sentiments in general Terms, and to relate one's proper Adventures under borrow'd Names. As they were travelling he began to talk of Love, and exaggerated the Pleasure of being in Love with a Person that deserv'd it; he spoke of the fantastical Effects of this Passion, and at last not being able to contain within himself the Admiration he was in at the Action of Madam *de Cleves*, he related it to the Viscount without naming the Person.

Person, or owning he had any share in it; but he told it with so much Warmth and Surprise, that the Viscount easily suspected the Story concern'd himself. The Viscount urg'd him very much to confess it, and told him he had known a great while that he was violently in Love, and that it was unjust in him to shew a Distrust of a Man, who had committed to him a Secret on which his Life depended. The Duke de Nemours was too much in Love to own it, and had always conceal'd it from the Viscount, tho' he valued him the most of any Man at Court; he answer'd that one of Friends had told him this Adventure, and made him promise not to speak of it; and he also conjured the Viscount to keep the Secret: The Viscount assur'd him he would say nothing of it; but notwithstanding Monsieur de Nemours repented that he had told him so much.

IN the mean time Monsieur de Cleves was gone to the King, with a Heart full of Sorrow and Affliction. Never had Husband so violent a Passion for his Wife, or so great an Esteem; what she had told him did not take away his Esteem for her, but made it of a different Nature from that he had had before; what chiefly employed his Thoughts, was a Desire to guess who it was that had found out the Secret to win her Heart; the Duke de Nemours was the first Person he thought of on this Occasion, as being the handsomest Man at Court; and the Chevalier de Guise, and the Mareschal de St. André occur'd next, as two Persons who had made it their Endeavour to get her Love, and who were still very assiduous in courting her, so that he was fully persuaded it must be one of the three. He arriv'd at the Louvre, and the King carried him into his Closet to inform him he had made Choice of him to conduct Madame to Spain, and that he believ'd no body could acquit himself better of that Charge, nor that any Lady would do France greater Honour than Madame de Cleves. Monsieur de Cleves receiv'd the Honour the King had done him by this Choice with the Respect he ought, and he consider'd it also as what would take

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his Wife from Court, without leaving room to suspect any Change in her Conduct; but the Embarrassment he was under requir'd a speedier Remedy than that Journey, which was to be deferr'd a great while, could afford; he immediately writ to *Madam de Cleves* to acquaint her with what the King had told him, and gave her to understand he absolutely expected she should return to *Paris*. She return'd according to his Orders, and when they met, they found one another overwhelm'd with Melancholy.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves* spoke to her, as a Man of the greatest Honour in the World, and the best deserving the Confidence she had repos'd in him; I am not alarm'd as to your Conduct, said he, you have more Strength and Virtue than you imagine; I am not alarm'd with Fears of what may happen hereafter; what troubles me is, that I see you have those Sentiments for another which you want for me. I don't know what to answer you, said she, I die with Shame when I speak of this Subject; spare me, I conjure you, such cruel Conversations; regulate my Conduct, and never let me see any body; this is all I desire of you; but take it not ill of me, if I speak no more of a thing which makes me appear so little worthy of you, and which I think so unbecoming me. You are in the right, *Madam*, reply'd he, I abuse your Goodness and your Confidence in me; but have some Compassion also on the Condition you have brought me to, and think that whatever you have told me, you conceal from me a Name, which creates in me a Curiosity I cannot live without satisfying; and yet I ask you not to satisfy it; I cannot however forbear telling you, that I believe the Man I am to envy is the *Marschal de St. André*, the *Duke de Nemours*, or the *Chevalier de Guise*. I shall make you no Answer, says she blushing, nor give you any ground from what I say, either to lessen or strengthen your Suspicions; but if you endeavour to inform your self by observing me, you will throw me into a Confusion all the World will take notice of; for God's sake, continu'd she,
allow

allow me under Pretence of an Indisposition to see no body. No, Madam, said he, 'twill quickly be discover'd to be a feign'd Business; and besides, I am unwilling to trust you to any thing but your self; my Heart tells me this is the best way I can take, and my Reason tells me so also, considering the Temper of Mind you are in, I cannot put a greater Restraint upon you, than by leaving you to your Liberty.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves* was not mistaken; the Confidence he shew'd he had in his Wife, fortify'd her the more against Monsieur *de Nemours*, and made her take more severe Resolutions than any Restraint could have brought her to. She went to wait on the Queen-Dauphin at the *Louvre* as she us'd to do, but avoided the Presence and Eyes of Monsieur *de Nemours* with so much Care, that she depriv'd him of almost all the Joy he had in thinking she lov'd him; he saw nothing in her Actions but what seem'd to shew the contrary; he scarcely knew if what he had heard was not a Dream, so very improbable it seem'd to him; the only thing which assur'd him that he was not mistaken, was Madam *de Cleves's* extreme Melancholy, which appear'd, whatever Pains she took to hide it; and perhaps kind Words and Looks would not have encreas'd the Duke *de Nemours's* Love so much as this severe Conduct did.

ONE Evening, as Monsieur and Madam *de Cleves* were at the Queen's Apartment, it was said there was a Report that the King wou'd name another great Lord to wait on *Madame* into Spain. Monsieur *de Cleves* had his Eye fix'd on his Wife, when it was further said, the Chevalier *de Guise*, or the Marechal *de St. André*, was the Person; he observ'd she was not at all mov'd at either of those Names, nor the Discourse of their going along with her; this made him believe it was not either of them whose Presence she fear'd: In order to clear up his Suspicions, he went into the Queen's Closet, where the King then was, and after having staid there some time came back to his

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Wife, and whisper'd her, that he had just heard the Duke *de Nemours* was the Person design'd to go along with them to *Spain*.

THE Name of the Duke *de Nemours*, and the Thought of being expos'd to see him every Day, during a very long Journey, in her Husband's Presence, so affected *Madam de Cleves*, that she could not conceal her Trouble: And being willing to give other Reasons for it, No Choice, says she, cou'd have been made more disagreeable for you; he will share all Honours with you, and I think you ought to endeavour to get some other chosen. It is not Honour, *Madam*, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, that makes you apprehensive of the Duke *de Nemours's* going with me, the Uneasiness you are in proceeds from another Cause; and from this Uneasiness of yours I learn, that which I should have discover'd in another Woman, by the Joy she wou'd have express'd on such an Occasion; but be not afraid; what I have told you is not true, it was an Invention of mine to assure my self of a thing which I already believ'd but too much. Having said this, he went out, being unwilling to encrease, by his Presence, the Concern he saw his Wife in.

THE Duke *de Nemours* came in that Instant, and presently observ'd *Madam de Cleves's* Condition; he came up to her, and told her softly, he had that Respect for her, he durst not ask what it was made her more pensive than usual. The Voice of the Duke *de Nemours* brought her to herself again, and looking at him, without having heard what he had said to her, full of her own Thoughts, and afraid lest her Husband shou'd see him with her, For God's Sake, says she, leave me to my self in quiet. Alas, *Madam*, answer'd he, I disturb you too little; what is it you can complain of? I dare not speak to you, I dare not look upon you, I tremble whenever I approach you. How have I drawn upon myself what you have said to me, and why do you shew me, that I am in part the Cause of the Trouble I see you in? *Madam de Cleves* was very sorry
to

to have given the Duke an Opportunity of explaining himself more clearly than ever he had done before; she left him without making any Answer, and went home with her Mind more agitated than ever. Her Husband perceiv'd her Concern was encreas'd, and that she was afraid he would speak to her of what had pass'd, and follow'd her into her Closet; Do not shun me, Madam, says he, I will say nothing to you that shall displease you; I ask Pardon for the Surprize I gave you a while ago; I am sufficiently punish'd by what I have learnt from it; the Duke *de Nemours* was of all Men he whom I most feared; I see the Danger you are in; command your self for your own sake, and, if 'tis possible, for mine; I do not ask this of you as a Husband, but as a Man whose Happiness wholly depends on you, and who loves you more violently and more tenderly than he whom your Heart prefers to me. Monsieur *de Cleves* was melted upon speaking these Words, and cou'd scarce make an end of 'em; his Wife was so mov'd, she burst into Tears, and embraced him with a Tenderness and Sorrow that put him into a Condition not very different from her own; they continu'd silent a-while, and parted without having the Power to speak to one another.

ALL things were ready for the Marriage of *Madame*, and the Duke of *Alva* was arriv'd to espouse her; he was receiv'd with all the Ceremony and Magnificence that could be display'd on such an Occasion; the King sent to meet him the Prince of *Conde*, the Cardinals of *Lorain* and *Guise*, the Dukes of *Lorain* and *Ferrara*, *d'Anmale*, *de Boiüillon*, *de Guise*, and *de Nemours*; they had a great number of Gentlemen, and a great many Pages in Livery; the King himself, attended with two Hundred Gentlemen, and the Constable at their Head, receiv'd the Duke of *Alva* at the first Gate of the *Louvre*; the Duke would have kneel'd down, but the King refus'd it, and made him walk by his Side to the Queen's Apartment, and to *Madame's*, to whom the Duke of *Alva* had brought a magnificent Present from his Master; he

went

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went thence to the Apartment of Madam *Margaret* the King's Sister, to compliment her on the Part of the Duke of *Savoy*, and to assure her he would arrive in a few Days; there were great Assemblies at the *Louvre*, to shew the Duke of *Alva*, and the Prince of *Orange* who accompany'd him, the Beauties of the Court.

MADAM *de Cleves* could not dispense with going to these Assemblies, however desirous she was to be absent, for fear of disobliging her Husband, who absolutely commanded her to be there; and what yet more induced her to it, was the Absence of the Duke *de Nemours*; he was gone to meet the Duke of *Savoy*, and after the Arrival of that Prince, he was obliged to be almost always with him, to assist him in every thing relating to the Ceremonies of the Nuptials; for this Reason Madam *de Cleves* did not meet him so often as she us'd to do, which gave her some sort of Ease.

THE Viscount *de Chartres* had not forgot the Conversation he had had with the Duke *de Nemours*: It still ran in his Mind, that the Adventure the Duke had related to him, was his own; and he observ'd him so carefully, that 'tis probable he would have unravell'd the Business, if the Arrival of the Duke of *Alva* and of the Duke of *Savoy* had not made such an Alteration in the Court, and fill'd it with so much Business, as left no Opportunities for a Discovery of that Nature; the Desire he had to get some Information about it, or rather the natural Disposition one has to relate all one knows to those one loves, made him acquaint Madam *de Martignes* with the extraordinary Action of that Person, who had confessed to her Husband the Passion she had for another; he assur'd her, the Duke *de Nemours* was the Man who had inspir'd so violent a Love, and beg'd her Assistance in observing him. Madam *de Martignes* was glad to hear what the Viscount told her, and the Curiosity she had always observ'd in the Queen-Dauphin for what concern'd the Duke *de Nemours*, made her yet more desirous to search into the Bottom of the Affair.

A few Days before that which was fix'd for the Ceremony of the Marriage, the Queen-Dauphin entertain'd at Supper the King her Father-in-Law, and the Dutchess of *Valentinois*. Madam *de Cleves*, who had been busy in dressing herself, went to the *Louvre* later than ordinary; as she was going, she met a Gentleman, that was coming from the Queen-Dauphin to fetch her; as soon as she enter'd the Room, that Princess, who was sitting upon her Bed, told her aloud, that she had expected her with great Impatience. I believe, Madam, answer'd she, that I am not obliged to you for it; and that your Impatience was caus'd by something else, and not your Desire to see me. You are in the right, answer'd the Queen-Dauphin; but nevertheless, you are obliged to me; for I'll tell you an Adventure, which I am sure you'll be glad to know.

MADAM *de Cleves* kneel'd at her Bed-side, and, very luckily for her, with her Face from the Light: You know, said the Queen, how desirous we have been to find out what had caus'd so great a Change in the Duke of *Nemours*; I believe I know it, and 'tis what will surprize you; he is desperately in Love with; and as much belov'd by, one of the finest Ladies of the Court. It is easy to imagine the Grief Madam *de Cleves* felt upon hearing these Words, which she could not apply to herself, since she thought no Body knew any thing of her Passion for the Duke; I see nothing extraordinary in that, reply'd she, considering how Young and Handsome a Man the Duke *de Nemours* is. No, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, there is nothing extraordinary in it; but what will surprize you is, that this Lady, who is in Love with the Duke *de Nemours*, has never given him any Mark of it, and that the Fear she was in lest she should not always be Mistress of her Passion, has made her confess it to her Husband, that he may take her away from Court; and 'tis the Duke *de Nemours* himself, who has related what I tell you.

IF Madam *de Cleves* was griev'd at first thro' the Thought that she had no Concern in this Adventure, the

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Queen-Dauphin's last Words threw her into an Agony, by making it certain she had too much in it; she could not answer, but continued leaning her Head on the Bed; mean while the Queen went on, and was so intent on what she was saying, that she took no Notice of her Embarrassment. When Madam *de Celves* was a little come to herself, This Story, Madam, says she, does not seem very probable to me, and I should be glad to know who told it you. It was Madam *de Martigues*, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, and she heard it from the Viscount *de Chartres*; you know the Viscount is in Love with her; he entrusted this Matter to her as a Secret, and he was told it by the Duke *de Nemours* himself; it is true, the Duke did not tell the Lady's Name, nor acknowledge that he was the Person she was in love with, but the Viscount makes no manner of question of it. When the Queen-Dauphin had done speaking, somebody came up to the Bed; Madam *de Celves* was so placed that she could not see who it was, but she was presently convinced, when the Queen-Dauphin cry'd out with an Air of Gaiety and Surprize, Here he is himself, I'll ask him what there is in it. Madam *de Celves* knew very well it was the Duke *de Nemours*, without turning herself, as it really was; upon which she went up hastily to the Queen-Dauphin, and told her softly, that she ought to be cautious of speaking to him of this Adventure, which he had entrusted to the Viscount *de Chartres* as a Secret, and that it was a thing which might create a Quarrel between 'em. You are too wise, said the Queen-Dauphin smiling, and turn'd to the Duke *de Nemours*: He was dress'd for the Evening-Assembly, and taking up the Discourse with that grace which was natural to him, I believe, Madam, says he, I may venture to think you were speaking of me as I came in, that you had a design to ask me something, and that Madam *de Celves* is against it. It is true, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, but I shall not be so Complaisant to her on this occasion as I was us'd to be; I would know of you, whether a Story I have been told

told is true, and whether you are not the Person who is in love with, and belov'd by a Lady of the Court, who endeavours to conceal her Passion from you, and has confess'd it to her Husband.

THE Concern and Confusion Madam *de Cleves* was in was above all that can be imagin'd, and if Death it self could have drawn her out of this Condition, she would have gladly embraced it; but the Duke *de Nemours* was yet more embarrass'd, if possible: The Discourse of the Queen-Dauphin, by whom he had reason to believe he was not hated; in the Presence of Madam *de Cleves*, who was confided in by her more than any body of the Court, and who confided more in her, threw him into such Confusion and Extravagance of Thought, that 'twas impossible for him to be Master of his Countenance: The Concern he saw Madam *de Cleves* in through his fault, and the thought of having given her just Cause to hate him, so shock'd him, he could not speak a word. The Queen-Dauphin, seeing how Thunderstruck he was, Look upon him, look upon him, said she to Madam *de Cleves*, and judge if this Adventure be not his own.

IN the mean time the Duke *de Nemours*, finding of what Importance it was to him to extricate himself out of so dangerous a Difficulty, recover'd himself from his first Surprise, and became at once Master of his Wit and Looks. I acknowledge, Madam, said he, it is impossible to be more surpriz'd and concern'd than I was at the Treachery of the Viscount *de Chartres*, in relating an Adventure of a Friend of mine, which I had in Confidence imparted to him. I know how to be reveng'd of him, continu'd he, smiling with a calm Air, which remov'd the Suspicion the Queen-Dauphin had entertain'd of him: He has entrusted me with things of no very small Importance; but I don't know, Madam, why you do me the Honour to make me a Party in this Affair: The Viscount can't say I am concern'd in it, for I told him the contrary; I may very well be taken to be a Man in Love, but

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I cannot believe, Madam, you will think me of the number of those who are lov'd again. The Duke was glad to say any thing to the Queen-Dauphin, which alluded to the Inclination he had express'd for her formerly, in order to divert her Thoughts from the Subject in Question. She imagin'd she understood well enough the Drift of what he said, but without making any Answer to it, she continu'd to rally him upon the Embarrassment he was in. I was concern'd, Madam, said he, for the Interest of my Friend, and on account of the just Reproaches he might make me for having told a Secret which is dearer to him than Life. He has nevertheless entrusted me but with one half of it, and has not told me the Name of the Person he loves; all I know is, that he's the most deeply in love of any Man in the World, and has the most reason to complain. Do you think he has reason to complain, reply'd the Queen-Dauphin, when he is lov'd again? Do you believe he is, Madam, reply'd he, and that a Person who had a real Passion could discover it to her Husband? That Lady, doubtless, is not acquainted with Love, and has mistaken for it a slight Acknowledgement of the Fondness her Lover had for her. My Friend can't flatter himself with the least Hopes; but, unfortunate as he is, he thinks himself happy at least in having made her afraid of falling in love with him, and he would not change his Condition for that of the happiest Lover in the World. Your Friend has a Passion very easie to be satisfied, said the Queen-Dauphin, and I begin to believe it is not yourself you are speaking of; I am almost, continued she, of the Opinion of *Madam de Cleves*, who maintains that this Story cannot be true. I don't really believe it can be true, answer'd *Madam de Cleves*, who had been silent hitherto; and tho' it were possible to be true, how should it have been known? It is very unlikely that a Woman, capable of so extraordinary a Resolution, would have the Weakness to publish it; and surely her Husband would not have told it neither, or he must be a Husband very unworthy to have been dealt with

with in so generous a manner. The Duke *de Nemours*, who perceiv'd the Suspicions Madam *de Cleves* had of her Husband, was glad to confirm her in 'em, knowing he was the most formidable Rival he had to overcome. Jealousy, said he, and a Curiosity perhaps of knowing more than a Wife has thought fit to discover, may make a Husband do a great many imprudent things.

MADAM *de Cleves* was put to the last proof of her Power and Courage, and not being able to endure the Conversation any longer, she was going to say she was not well, when by good Fortune for her the Dutchess of *Valentinois* came in, and told the Queen-Dauphin that the King was just coming; the Queen-Dauphin went into the Closet to dress herself, and the Duke *de Nemours* came up to Madam *de Cleves* as she was following her. I would give my Life, Madam, said he, to have a Moment's Conversation with you; but tho' I have a world of important things to say to you, I think nothing is more so, than to entreat you to believe, that if I have said any thing in which the Queen-Dauphin may seem concern'd, I did it for Reasons which do not relate to her. Madam *de Cleves* pretended not to hear him, and left him without giving him a Look, and went towards the King, who was just come in. As there were abundance of People there, she trod upon her Gown, and made a false Step, which serv'd her as an Excuse to go out of a Place she had not the power to stay in, and so pretending to have received some Hurt she went home.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves* came to the *Louvre*, and was surpriz'd not to find his Wife there; they told him of the Accident that had befallen to her, and he went immediately home to enquire after her; he found her in Bed, and perceiv'd her Hurt was not considerable. When he had been some time with her, he found her so excessive Melancholly that he was surpriz'd at it; What ails you, Madam? says he; you seem to have some other Grief than that which you complain of. I feel the most sensible Grief I

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can ever experience, answer'd she; what Use have you made of that extraordinary, or rather foolish Confidence which I placed in you? Did not I deserve to have my Secret kept? and tho' I had not deserved it, did not your own Interest engage you to it? Shou'd your Curiosity to know a Name it was not reasonable for me to tell you, have obliged you to make a Confident to assist you in the Discovery? Nothing but that Curiosity could have made you guilty of so cruel an Indiscretion; the Consequences of it are as bad as they possibly can be. This Adventure is known, and I have been told it by those who are not aware that I am principally concern'd in it. What do you say, Madam? answer'd he; you accuse me of having told what pass'd between you and me, and you inform me that the thing is known; I don't go about to clear myself from this Charge, you can't think me guilty of it; without doubt you have apply'd to yourself what was told you of some other. Ah! Sir, reply'd she, the World has not an Adventure like mine, there is not another Woman capable of such a thing: The Story I have heard could not have been invented by Chance; no body could imagine any like it; an Action of this nature never enter'd any Thoughts but mine. The Queen-Dauphin has just told me Story; she had it from the Viscount *de Chartres*, and the Viscount from the Duke *de Nemours*. The Duke *de Nemours*! cry'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, like a Man transported and desperate: How! does the Duke *de Nemours* know that you are in love with him, and that I am acquainted with it? You are always for singling out the Duke *de Nemours* rather than any other, reply'd she; I have told you I will never answer you concerning your Suspicions: I am ignorant whether the Duke *de Nemours* knows the part I have in this Adventure, and that which you have ascribed to him; but he told it to the Viscount *de Chartres*, and said he had it from one of his Friends, who did not name the Lady: This Friend of the Duke *de Nemours* must needs be one of yours, whom you entrusted the Secret to, in order to clear up

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your Suspicions. Can one have a Friend in the World, in whom one would repose such a Confidence, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, and would a Man clear his Suspicions at the price of informing another with what one would wish to conceal from ones self? Think rather, Madam, to whom you have spoken; it is more probable this Secret should have escaped from you than from me; you was not able alone to support the Trouble you found yourself in, and you endeavour'd to comfort yourself by complaining to some Confident who has betray'd you. Do not wholly destroy me, cry'd she, and be not so hard-hearted as to accuse me of a Fault you have committed your self: Can you suspect me of it? and do you think, because I was capable of informing you of this Matter, I was therefore capable of informing another?

THE Confession which Madam *de Cleves* had made to her Husband was so great a Mark of her Sincerity, and she so strongly denied that she had entrusted it to any other, that Monsieur *de Cleves* did not know what to think. On the other hand he was sure he had never said any thing of it; it was a thing that could not have been guess'd, and yet it was known; it must therefore come from one of them two; but what griev'd him most was, to know that this Secret was in the Hands of somebody else, and that in all probability it would be soon divulg'd.

MADAM *de Cleves* thought much after the same manner; she found it equally impossible that her Husband should, or should not have spoken of it. What the Duke *de Nemours* had said to her, that Curiosity might make a Husband do indiscreet things, seem'd so justly applicable to Monsieur *de Cleves's* Condition, that she could not think he said it by Chance, and the Probability of this made her conclude that Monsieur *de Cleves* had abus'd the Confidence she had placed in him. They were so taken up, the one and the other, with their respective Thoughts, that they continu'd silent a great while; and when they
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broke from this Silence, they only repeated the same things they had already said very often; their Hearts and Affections grew more and more estranged from each other.

IT is easie to imagine how they pass'd the Night; Monsieur *de Cleves* could no longer sustain the Misfortune of seeing a Woman, whom he ador'd, in love with another; he grew quite heartless, and thought he had reason to be so in an Affair where his Honour and Reputation were so deeply wounded: He knew not what to think of his Wife, and was at a loss what Conduct he shou'd prescribe to her, or what he shou'd follow himself; he saw nothing on all Sides but Precipices and Rocks; at last, after having been long toss'd to and fro in suspense, he consider'd he was soon to set out for *Spain*, and resolv'd to do nothing which might encrease the Suspicion or Knowledge of his unfortunate Condition. He went to his Wife, and told her that what they had to do was not to debate between themselves who had discover'd the Secret; but to make it appear, that the Story which was got Abroad, was a business in which she had no Concern; that it depended upon her to convince the Duke of *Nemours* and others of it; that she had nothing to do but to behave herself to him with that Coldness and Reserve which she ought to have for a Man who profess'd Love to her; that by this Proceeding she would easily remove the Opinion he entertain'd of her being in Love with him; and therefore she needed not to trouble herself as to what he might hitherto have thought, since if for the future she discover'd no Weakness, his former Thoughts would vanish of themselves; and that especially she ought to frequent the *Louvre* and the Assemblies as usual.

HAVING said this, Monsieur *de Cleves* left his Wife without waiting her Answer; she thought what he said very reasonable, and the Resentment she had against the Duke of *Nemours* made her believe she should be able to comply with it with a great deal of ease; but it seem'd a hard task to her to appear at the Marriage with that Freedom and

Tranquility of Spirit as the occasion requir'd. Nevertheless as she was to carry the Queen-Dauphin's Train, and had been distinguish'd with that Honour in preference to a great many other Princesses, it was impossible to excuse herself from it, without making a great deal of Noise, and putting People upon enquiring into the Reasons of it. She resolv'd therefore to do her utmost, and employ'd the rest of the Day in preparing herself for it, and endeavouring to forget the Thoughts that gave her so much Uneasiness; and to this purpose she lock'd herself up in her Closet: Of all her Grievs the most violent was, that she had reason to complain of the Duke *de Nemours*, and could find no Excuse to urge in his favour; she could not doubt but he had related this Adventure to the Viscount *de Chartres*; he had own'd it himself, nor could she any more doubt from his manner of speaking of it, but that he knew the Adventure related to her; how could she excuse so great an Imprudence? and what was become of that extreme Discretion which she had so much admir'd in this Prince? He was discreet, said she, while he was unhappy; but the thought of being happy, tho' on uncertain grounds, has put an end to his Discretion; he could not consider that he was lov'd, without desiring to have it known; he said every thing he could say; I never acknowledg'd it was he I was in love with; he suspected it, and has declar'd his Suspicions; if he had been sure of it, he might have acted as he has; I was to blame for thinking him a Man capable of concealing what flatter'd his Vanity; and yet it is for this Man, whom I thought so different from other Men, that I am become like other Women, who was so unlike 'em before. I have lost the Heart and Esteem of a Husband who ought to have been my Happiness; I shall soon be look'd upon by all the World as a Person led away by an idle and violent Passion; he for whom I entertain this Passion is no longer ignorant of it; and it was to avoid these Misfortunes that I hazarded my Quiet, and even my Life. These sad Reflections were follow'd

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by a Torrent of Tears; but however great her Grief was, she plainly perceiv'd she should be able to support it, were she but satisfied in the Duke *de Nemours*.

THE Duke was no less uneasy than she; the Indiscretion he had been guilty of in telling what he did to the Viscount *de Chartres*, and the mischievous Consequences of it, vex'd him to the Heart; he could not represent to himself the Affliction and Sorrow he had seen Madam *de Cleves* in, without being pierced with Anguish; he was inconsolable for having said Things to her about this Adventure, which, tho' gallant enough in themselves, seem'd on this Occasion too gross and unpolite, since they gave Madam *de Cleves* to understand he was not ignorant that she was the Woman who had that violent Passion, and that he was the Object of it. It was before the utmost of his Wishes to have a Conversation with her, but now he found he ought rather to fear than desire it. What shou'd I say to her! says he; shou'd I go to discover further to her what I have made her too sensible of already! Shall I tell her I know she loves me; I, who have never dar'd to say I lov'd her? Shall I begin with speaking openly of my Passion, that she may see my Hopes have inspir'd me with Boldness? Can I even think of approaching her, and of giving her the Trouble to endure my Sight? Which way could I justify my self? I have no Excuse, I am unworthy of the least Regard from Madam *de Cleves*, and I even despair of her ever looking upon me: I have given her by my own Fault better means of defending herself against me than any she was searching for, and perhaps searching for to no Purpose. I lose by my Imprudence the Glory and Happiness of being lov'd by the most beautiful and deserving Lady in the World; but if I had lost this Happiness, without involving her in the most extreme Grief and Sufferings at the same time, I should have had some Comfort; for at this Moment I am more sensible of the Harm I have done her, than of that I have done my self in forfeiting her Favour.

THE Duke *de Nemours* continued turning the same Thoughts over and over, and tormenting himself a great while: the Desire he had to speak to *Madam de Cleves* came constantly into his Mind; he thought of the Means to do it; he thought of writing to her; but at last he found, considering the Fault he had committed and the Temper she was in, his best Way was to shew her a profound Respect by his Affliction and his Silence, to let her see he durst not present himself before her, and to wait for what Time, Chance, and the Inclination she had for him might produce to his Advantage: He resolv'd also not to reproach the Viscount *de Chartres* for his Unfaithfulness, for fear of confirming his Suspicions.

THE Preparations for the Espousals and Marriage of *Madame* on the next Day so entirely took up the Thoughts of the Court, that *Madam de Cleves* and the Duke *de Nemours* easily conceal'd from the Publick their Grief and Uneasiness. The Queen-Dauphin spoke but slightly to *Madam de Cleves* of the Conversation they had had with the Duke *de Nemours*; and Monsieur *de Cleves* industriously shunn'd speaking to his Wife of what was past; so that she did not find herself under so much Embarrassment as she had imagin'd.

THE Espousals were solemniz'd at the *Louvre*; and after the Feast and Ball all the Royal Family went to lie at the Bishop's Palace, according to Custom. In the Morning, the Duke of *Alva*, who always had appear'd very plainly Drest, put on a Habit of Cloth of Gold, mix'd with flame-colour, yellow and black, all cover'd over with Jewels, and wore a close Crown on his Head. The Prince of *Orange* very richly drest also, with his Liveries, and all the *Spaniards* with theirs, came to attend the Duke of *Alva* from the *Hôtel de Villeroy* where he lodg'd, and set out, marching Four by Four, 'till they came to the Bishop's Palace. Assoon as he was arriv'd, they went in Order to the Church; the King led *Madame*, who wore also a close Crown, her Train being born by *Madam d'Es-*
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les de Montpensier and *Longueville*; the Queen came next, but without a Crown; after her follow'd the Queen-Dauphin, *Madame* the King's Sister, the Dutchess of *Lorraine*, and the Queen of *Navarre*, their Trains being born by the Princesses; the Queens and the Princesses were all of 'em attended with their Maids of Honour, who were richly dress'd in the same Colour which they wore themselves; so that it was known by the Colour of their Habits whose Maids they were: They mounted the Place that was prepar'd in the Church, and there the Marriage Ceremonies were performed; they return'd afterwards to dine at the Bishop's, and went from thence about five a-Clock to the Palace where the Feast was, and where the Parliament, the Sovereign Courts, and the Corporation of the City were desir'd to assist. The King, the Queens, the Princes and Princesses sat at the Marble Table in the great Hall of the Palace; the Duke of *Alva* sat near the new Queen of *Spain*, below the Steps of the Marble Table, and at the King's Right Hand was a Table for the Embassadors, the Archbishops, and the Knights of the Order, and on the other Side one for the Parliament.

THE Duke of *Guise*, dress'd in a Robe of Cloth of Gold freez'd, serv'd the King as Great Chamberlain; the Prince of *Condé* as Steward of the Household, and the Duke of *Nemours* as Cup-bearer. After the Tables were remov'd the Ball began, and was interrupted by Interludes and a great deal of extraordinary Machinery; then the Ball was resum'd, and after Midnight the King and the whole Court return'd to the *Louvre*. However full of Grief *Madam de Cleves* was, she appear'd in the Eyes of all Beholders, and particularly in those of the Duke of *Nemours*, incomparably beautiful. He durst not speak to her, tho' the Hurry of the Ceremony gave him frequent Opportunities; but he express'd so much Sorrow and so respectful a Fear of approaching her, that she no longer thought him to blame, tho' he had said nothing in his Justification; his Conduct was the same the following Days, and

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wrought the same Effect on the Heart of Madam *de Cleves*.

AT last the Day of the Tournament came; the Queens were placed in the Galleries that were prepar'd for them; the four Champions appear'd at the end of the Lists with a number of Horses and Liveries, the most magnificent Sight that ever was seen in *France*.

THE King's Colours were white and black, which he always wore in Honour of the Dutchess of *Valentinois*, who was a Widow. The Duke of *Ferrara* and his Retinue had yellow and red. Monsieur *de Guise's* Carnation and white. It was not known at first for what Reason he wore those Colours, but 'twas soon remembred that they were the Colours of a beautiful young Lady whom he had been in Love with, while she was a Maid, and whom he yet lov'd tho' he durst not shew it. The Duke *de Nemours* had yellow and black; why he had 'em could not be found out: Madam *de Cleves* only knew the Reason of it; she remembred to have said before him she lov'd yellow, and that she was sorry her Complexion did not suit that Colour. As for the Duke, he thought he might take that Colour without any Indiscretion, since not being worn by Madam *de Cleves* it could not be suspected to be hers.

THE four Champions shew'd the greatest Address that can be imagin'd; tho' the King was the best Horseman in his Kingdom, it was hard to say which of 'em most excell'd. The Duke *de Nemours* had a Grace in all his Actions which might have inclin'd to his Favour Persons less interest'd than Madam *de Cleves*. She no sooner saw him appear at the end of the Lists, but her Heart felt uncommon Emotions, and every Course he made she could scarce hide her Joy, when he had successfully finish'd his Career.

IN the Evening, when all was almost over, and the Company ready to break up, so it was for the Misfortune of the State, that the King would needs break another
Lance;

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Lance; he sent Orders to the Count *de Montgomery*, who was a very dexterous Combatant, to appear in the Lists. The Count beg'd the King to excuse him, and alledged all the Reasons for it he could think of; but the King, almost angry, sent him Word he absolutely commanded him to do it. The Queen conjur'd the King not to run any more, told him he had perform'd so well that he ought to be satisfied, and desired him to go with her to her Apartments; he made Answer, it was for her Sake that he would run again; and enter'd the Barrier; she sent the Duke of *Savoy* to him to entreat him a second Time to return, but to no Purpose; he ran; the Lances were broke, and a Splinter of the Count *de Montgomery's* Lance hit the King's Eye, and stuck there. The King fell; his Gentlemen and Monsieur *de Montmorency*, who was one of the Mareschals of the Field, ran to him; they were astonish'd to see him wounded, but the King was not all dishearten'd; he said, that it was a slight Hurt, and that he forgave the Count *de Montgomery*. One may imagine what Sorrow and Affliction so fatal an Accident occasion'd, on a Day set apart to Mirth and Joy. The King was carried to Bed, and the Surgeons having examin'd his Wound found it very considerable. The Constable immediately call'd to Mind the Prediction which had been told the King, That he should be kill'd in single Fight; and he made no doubt but the Prediction would be now accomplish'd.

THE King of *Spain*, who was then at *Brussels*, being advertis'd of this Accident, sent his Physician, who was a Man of great Reputation, but that Physician judged the King past Hope.

A Court so divided, and fill'd with so many opposite Interests, could not but be in great Agitation on the breaking out of so grand an Event; nevertheless all Things were kept quiet, and nothing was seen but a general Anxiety for the King's Health: The Queens, the Princes and Princesses hardly ever went out of his Antichamber.

MADAM *de Cleves* knowing that she was obliged to be there, that she should see there the Duke *de Nemours*, and that she could not conceal from her Husband the Disorder she should be in upon seeing him, and being sensible also that the meer Presence of that Prince would justify him in her Eyes and destroy all her Resolutions, thought proper to feign herself ill. The Court was too busy to give Attention to her Conduct, or to enquire whether her Illness was real or counterfeit; her Husband alone was able to come at the Truth of the Matter, but she was not at all averse to his knowing it. Thus she continu'd at home, altogether heedless of the great Change that was soon expected, and full of her own Thoughts, which she was at full Liberty to give herself up to. Every one went to Court to enquire after the King's Health, and Monsieur *de Cleves* came home at certain Times to give her an Account of it; he behav'd himself to her in the same manner he us'd to do, except when they were alone, and then there appear'd something of Coldness and Reserve: He had not spoke to her again concerning what had past, nor had she Power, nor did she think it convenient to resume the Discourse of it.

THE Duke *de Nemours*, who had waited for an Opportunity of speaking to Madam *de Cleves*, was surpriz'd and afflicted not to have had so much as the Pleasure to see her. The King's Illness encreas'd so much, that the seventh Day he was given over by the Physicians; he receiv'd the News of the Certainty of his Death with an uncommon Firmness of Mind; which was the more to be admir'd, considering that he lost his Life by so unfortunate an Accident, that he died in the Flower of his Age, happy, ador'd by his People, and belov'd by a Mistress he was desperately in Love with. The Evening before his Death he caus'd Madam his Sister to be married to the Duke of *Savoy* without Ceremony: One may judge what Condition the Dutchess of *Valentinois* was in; the Queen would not permit her to see the King, but sent to demand

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mand of her the King's Signets, and the Jewels of the Crown which she had in her Custody. The Dutchess enquir'd if the King was dead, and being answer'd, No; I have then as yet no other Master, said she, and no body can oblige me to restore what he has trusted in my Hands. As soon as the King expir'd at *Chateau de Tournelles*, the Duke of *Ferrara*, the Duke of *Guise*, and the Duke de *Nemours* conducted the Queen-Mother, the New King and the Queen-Consort to the *Louvre*. The Duke de *Nemours* led the Queen-Mother. As they began to march she step'd back a little, and told the Queen her Daughter-in-Law, it was her Place to go first; but it was easy to see, that there was more of Spleen than *Decorum* in this Compliment.



T H E



T H E
Princess of C L E V E S.

P A R T I V.



HE Queen-Mother was now wholly govern'd by the Cardinal of *Lorraine*; the Viscount de *Chartres* had no Interest with her, and the Passion he had for *Madam de Margites* and for Liberty hinder'd him from feeling this Loss as it deserv'd to be felt.

The Cardinal, during the ten Days Illness of the King, was at leisure to form his Designs, and lead the Queen into Resolutions agreeable to what he had projected; so that the King was no sooner dead, but the Queen order'd the Constable to stay at *Tournelles*, with the Corps of the Deceas'd King, in order to perform the usual Ceremonies. This Commission kept him at a distance, and out of the Scene of Action; for this reason the Constable dispatch'd a Courier to the King of *Navarre*, to hasten him to Court, that they might join their Interest to oppose the great Rise of the House of *Guise*. The Command of the Army was given to the Duke of *Guise*, and the Care of the *Finances* to the Cardinal of *Lorraine*. The Dutcheſs of

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of *Valentinis* was driven from Court; the Cardinal *de Tournon*, the Constable's declar'd Enemy, and the Chancellor *Olivier*, the declar'd Enemy of the Dutchess of *Valentinis*, were both recall'd. In a word, the Complection of the Court was entirely chang'd; the Duke of *Guise* took the same Rank as the Princes of the Blood, in carrying the King's Mantle at the Funeral Ceremonies: He and his Brothers carried all before 'em at Court, not only by reason of the Cardinal's Power with the Queen-Mother, but because she thought it in her Power to remove 'em, should they give her Umbrage; whereas she could not so easily remove the Constable, who was supported by the Princes of the Blood.

WHEN the Ceremonial of the Mourning was over, the Constable came to the *Louvre*, and was very coldly receiv'd by the King; he desir'd to speak with him in private, but the King call'd for Messieurs *de Guise*, and told him before them, that he advis'd him to live at ease; that the Finances and the Command of the Army were dispos'd of, and that when he had Occasion for his Advice, he would send for him to Court. The Queen receiv'd him in a yet colder manner than the King, and she even reproach'd him for having told the late King, that his Children by her did not resemble him. The King of *Navarre* arriv'd, and was no better receiv'd; the Prince of *Condé*, more impatient than his Brother, complain'd aloud, but to no purpose: He was remov'd from Court, under pretence of being sent to *Flanders* to sign the Ratification of the Peace. They shewed the King of *Navarre* a forg'd Letter from the King of *Spain*, which charg'd him with a Design of seizing that King's Fortresses; they put him in fear for his Dominions, and made him take a Resolution to go to *Bearn*; the Queen furnish'd him with an Opportunity, by appointing him to conduct Madam *Elizabeth*, and oblig'd him to set out before her, so that there remain'd no body at Court that could balance the Power of the House of *Guise*.

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THO' it was a mortifying Circumstance for Monsieur *de Cleves* not to conduct Madam *Elizabeth*, yet he could not complain of it, by reason of the Greatness of the Person prefer'd before him; he regretted the Loss of this Employment not so much on account of the Honour he should have receiv'd from it, as because it would have given him an opportunity of removing his Wife from Court without the appearance of design in it.

A few Days after the King's Death, it was resolv'd the new King should go to *Rheims* to be crown'd. As soon as their Journey was talk'd of, Madam *de Cleves*, who had staid at home all this while under pretence of Illness, entreated her Husband to dispense with her following the Court, and to give her leave to go to take the Air at *Cologniers* for her Health: He answer'd, that whether her Health was the reason or not of her Desire, however he consented to it: nor was it very difficult for him to consent to a thing he had resolv'd upon before: As good an Opinion as he had of his Wife's Virtue, he thought it imprudent to expose her any longer to the Sight of a Man she was in love with.

THE Duke *de Nemours* was soon inform'd that Madam *de Cleves* was not to go along with the Court; he could not find in his Heart to set out without seeing her, and therefore the Night before his Journey he went to her House as late as Decency would allow him, in order to find her alone. Fortune favour'd his Intention; and Madam *de Nevers* and Madam *de Martignes*, whom he met in the Court as they were coming out, inform'd him they had left her alone. He went up in a concern and ferment of Mind to be parallel'd only by that which Madam *de Cleves* was under, when she was told the Duke *de Nemours* was come to see her; the fear lest he should speak to her of his Passion, and lest she should answer him too favourably, the Uneasiness this Visit might give her Husband, the Difficulty of giving him an account of it, or of concealing it from him, all these things presented themselves to her

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Imagination at once, and threw her into so great an Embarrassment, that she resolv'd to avoid the thing of the World which perhaps she wish'd for the most. She sent one of her Women to the Duke *de Nemours*, who was in her Antichamber, to tell him she had lately been very ill, and that she was sorry she could not receive the Honour which he design'd her. What an Affliction was it to the Duke, not to see *Madam de Cleves*, and therefore not to see her, because she had no mind he should! He was to go away the next Morning, and had nothing further to hope from Fortune. He had said nothing to her since that Conversation at the Queen-Dauphin's Apartments, and he had reason to believe that his Imprudence in telling the Viscount his Adventure had destroy'd all his Expectations; in a word, he went away with every thing that could exasperate his Grief.

NO sooner was *Madam de Cleves* recover'd from the Confusion which the thought of receiving a Visit from the Duke had given her, but all the Reasons which had made her refuse it vanish'd; she was even satisfy'd she had been to blame; and had she dared, or had it not been too late, she would have had him call'd back.

MADAM *de Nevers* and *Madam de Martignes* went from the Princess of *Cleves* to the Queen-Dauphin's, where they found Monsieur *de Cleves*: The Queen-Dauphin ask'd 'em from whence they came; they said they came from *Madam de Cleves*, where they had spent part of the Afternoon with a great deal of Company, and that they had left nobody there but the Duke *de Nemours*. These Words, which they thought so indifferent, were not such with Monsieur *de Cleves*: Tho' he might well imagine the Duke *de Nemours* had frequent Opportunities of speaking to his Wife, yet the Thought that he was now with her, that he was there alone, and that he might speak to her of his Love, appear'd to him at this Time a thing so new and insupportable, that Jealousy kindled in his Heart with greater Violence than ever. It was impossible for him to stay at the Queen's; he return'd from thence, without knowing

knowing why he return'd, or if he design'd to go and interrupt the Duke *de Nemours*. He was no sooner come home, but he look'd about him to see if there was any thing by which he could judge if the Duke was still there; it was some Comfort to him to find he was gone, and it was a Pleasure to reflect that he could not have been long there: He fancied, that, perhaps, it was not the Duke *de Nemours* of whom he had reason to be jealous; and tho' he did not doubt of it, yet he endeavour'd to doubt of it; but he was convinced of it by so many Circumstances, that he continu'd not long in that pleasing Uncertainty. He immediately went into his Wife's Room, and after having talk'd to her for some time about indifferent Matters, he could not forbear asking her what she had done, and who she had seen, and accordingly she gave him an Account: When he found she did not name the Duke *de Nemours*, he ask'd her trembling, if those were all she had seen, in order to give her an occasion to name the Duke, and that he might not have the Grief to see she made use of any Evasion. As she had not seen him, she did not name him; when Monsieur *de Cleves* with Accents of Sorrow, said, And have you not seen the Duke *de Nemours*, or have you forgot him? I have not seen him indeed, answer'd she; I was ill, and I sent one of my Women to make my Excuses. You was ill then only for him, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, since you admitted the Visits of others; Why this Distinction with respect to the Duke *de Nemours*? Why is not he to you as another Man? Why should you be afraid of seeing him? Why do you let him perceive that you are so? Why do you shew him that you make use of the Power which his Passion gives you over him? Would you dare refuse to see him, but that you knew he distinguishes your Rigour from Incivility? But why should you exercise that Rigour towards him? From a Person like you, all things are Favours, except Indifference. I did not think, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*, whatever Suspensions you have of the Duke *de*

Nemours.

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Nemours, that you could reproach me for not admitting a Visit from him. But I do reproach you, *Madam*, reply'd he, and I have good ground for so doing; why shou'd you not see him, if he has said nothing to you? but, *Madam*, he has spoke to you; if his Passion had been express'd only by Silence, it would not have made so great an Impression upon you; you have not thought fit to tell me the whole Truth; you have conceal'd the greatest part from me; you have repented even of the little you have acknowledg'd, and you have not the Resolution to go on; I am more unhappy than I imagin'd, more unhappy than any other Man in the World: You are my Wife, I love you as my Mistress, and I see you at the same time in love with another, with the most amiable Man of the Court, and he sees you every Day, and knows you are in love with him: Alas! I believ'd that you would conquer your Passion for him, but sure I had lost my Reason when I believ'd it was possible. I don't know, reply'd *Madam de Cleves* very sorrowfully, whether you was to blame in judging favourably of so extraordinary a Proceeding as mine; nor do I know if I was not mistaken when I thought you would do me Justice. Doubt it not, *Madam*, reply'd *Monsieur de Cleves*, you was mistaken; you expected from me things as impossible as those I expected from you: How could you hope I should continue Master of my Reason? Had you forgot that I was desperately in love with you, and that I was your Husband? Either of these two Circumstances is enough to hurry a Man into Extremities; what may they not do both together? Alas! what do they not do? My Thoughts are violent and uncertain, and I am not able to controul 'em; I no longer think my self worthy of you, nor do I think you are worthy of me; I adore you, I hate you, I offend you, I ask your Pardon, I admire you, I blush for my Admiration: In a word, I have nothing of Tranquility or Reason left about me: I wonder how I have been able to live since you spoke to me at *Colomiers*, and since you learn'd,

learn'd, from what the Queen-Dauphin told you, that your Adventure was known; I can't discover how it came to be known, nor what pass'd between the Duke *de Nemours* and you upon that Subject; you will never explain it to me, nor do I desire you to do it; I only desire you to remember that you have made me the most unfortunate, the most wretched of Men.

HAVING spoke these Words, Monsieur *de Cleves* left his Wife, and set out the next Day without seeing her; but he writ her a Letter full of Sorrow, and at the same time very kind and obliging: She gave an Answer to it so moving and so full of Assurances both as to her past and future Conduct, that as those Assurances were grounded in Truth, and were the real effect of her Sentiments, the Letter made great Impressions on Monsieur *de Cleves*, and gave him some Tranquility; add to this, that the Duke *de Nemours* going to the King as well as himself, he had the Satisfaction to know that he would not be in the same Place with Madam *de Cleves*. Every time that Lady spoke to her Husband, the Passion he express'd for her, the handsomeness of his Behaviour, the Friendship she had for him, and the thought of what she owed him, made Impressions in her Heart that weakned the Idea of the Duke *de Nemours*; but it did not continue long, that Idea soon return'd more lively than before.

FOR a few Days after the Duke was gone, she was hardly sensible of his Absence; afterwards it tortur'd her; ever since she had been in love with him, there did not pass a Day, but she either fear'd or wish'd to meet him, and it was a wounding Thought to her to consider that it was no more in the power of Fortune to contrive their Meeting.

SHE went to *Colomiers*, and ordered to be carried thither the large Pictures she had caus'd to be copied from the Originals which the Dutchess of *Valentinois* had procur'd to be drawn for her fine House of *Annet*. All the remarkable Actions that had past in the late King's Reign were represented in these Pieces, and among the rest was the

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the Siege of *Metz*, and all those who had distinguish'd themselves at that Siege were painted much to the Life. The Duke *de Nemours* was of this Number, and it was that perhaps which had made *Madam de Cleves* desirous of having the Pictures.

MADAM *de Martignes* not being able to go along with the Court, promis'd her to come and pass some Days at *Colomiers*. Tho' they divid'd the Queen's Favour, they liv'd together without Envy or Coldness; they were Friends, but not Confidants; *Madam de Cleves* knew that *Madam de Martignes* was in love with the Viscount, but *Madam de Martignes* did not know that *Madam de Cleves* was in love with the Duke *de Nemours*, nor that she was belov'd by him. The relation *Madam de Cleves* had to the Viscount made her more dear to *Madam de Martignes*, and *Madam de Cleves* was also fond of her as a Person who was in Love as well as herself, and with an intimate Friend of her own Lover.

MADAM *de Martignes* came to *Colomiers* according to her Promise, and found *Madam de Cleves* living in a very solitary manner: That Princess affected a perfect Solitude, and pass'd the Evenings in her Garden without being accompanied even by her Domesticks; she frequently came into the Pavillion where the Duke *de Nemours* had overheard her Conversation with her Husband; she delighted to be in the Bower that was open to the Garden, while her Women and Attendants waited in the other Bower under the Pavillion, and never came to her but when she call'd 'em. *Madam de Martignes* having never seen *Colomiers* was surpriz'd at the extraordinary Beauty of it, and particularly with the pleasantness of the Pavillion. *Madam de Cleves* and she usually pass'd the Evenings there. The Liberty of being alone in the Night in so agreeable a Place would not permit the Conversation to end soon between two young Ladies, whose Hearts were enflam'd with violent Passions, and they took great Pleasure in conversing together, tho' they were not Confidants. *Madam de Martignes* would have left *Colomiers* with great Reluctance, had she not

not quitted it to go to a Place where the Viscount was; she set out for *Chambort*, the Court being there.

THE King had been anointed at *Rheims* by the Cardinal of *Lorraine*, and the design was to pass the rest of the Summer at the Castle of *Chambort*, which was newly built; the Queen express'd a great deal of Joy upon seeing Madam de *Martigues* again at Court, and after having given her several Proofs of it, she ask'd her how Madam de *Cleves* did, and in what manner she pass'd her time in the Country. The Duke de *Nemours* and the Prince of *Cleves* were with the Queen at that time. Madam de *Martigues*, who had been charm'd with *Colomiers*, related all the Beauties of it, and enlarg'd extremely on the Description of the Pavillion in the Forest, and on the pleasure Madam de *Cleves* took in walking there alone part of the Night. The Duke de *Nemours*, who knew the Place well enough to understand what Madam de *Martigues* said of it, thought it was not impossible to see Madam de *Cleves* there, without being seen by any body but her. He ask'd Madam de *Martigues* some Questions to get further Lights; and the Prince of *Cleves*, who had ey'd him very strictly while Madam de *Martigues* was speaking, thought he knew what his Design was. The Questions the Duke ask'd still more confirm'd him in that Thought, so that he made no doubt but his Intention was to go and see his Wife; he was not mistaken in his Suspicions: This Design enter'd so deeply into the Duke de *Nemours*'s Mind, that after having spent the Night in considering the proper Methods to execute it, he went betimes the next Morning to ask the King's Leave to go to *Paris*, on some pretended Occasion.

MONSIEUR de *Cleves* was in no Doubt concerning the Occasion of his Journey; and he resolv'd to inform himself as to his Wife's Conduct, and to continue no longer in so cruel an Uncertainty; he had a Desire to set out the same Time as the Duke de *Nemours* did, and to hide himself where he might discover the Success of the Journey; but fearing his Departure might appear extraordinary,

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dinary, and lest the Duke, being advertis'd of it, might take other Measures, he resolv'd to trust this Business to a Gentleman of his, whose Fidelity and Wit he was assur'd of; he related to him the Embarrassment he was under, and what the Virtue of his Wife had been 'till that Time, and order'd him to follow the Duke *de Nemours*, to watch him narrowly, to see if he did not go to *Colomiers*, and if he did not enter the Garden in the Night.

THE Gentleman, who was very capable of this Commission, acquitted himself of it with all the Exactness imaginable. He follow'd the Duke to a Village within half a League of *Colomiers*, where the Duke stopp'd, and the Gentleman easily guess'd his Meaning was to stay there 'till Night. He did not think it convenient to wait there, but pass'd on, and placed himself in that Part of the Forest where he thought the Duke would pass: He took his Measures very right; for it was no sooner Night but he heard some body coming that Way, and tho' it was dark, he easily knew the Duke *de Nemours*; he saw him walk round the Garden, as with a Design to listen if he could hear any body, and to chuse the most convenient Place to enter: The Palisades were very high and double, in order to prevent People from coming in, so that it was very difficult for the Duke to get over, however he made a shift to do it. He was no sooner in the Garden, but he discover'd where Madam *de Cleves* was; he saw a great Light in the Bower, all the Windows of it were open; upon this, slipping along by the side of the Palisades, he came up close to it, and one may easily judge what were the Emotions of his Heart at that Instant: He took his Station behind one of the Windows, which serv'd him conveniently to see what Madam *de Cleves* was doing. He saw she was alone; he saw her so inimitably beautiful, that he could scarce govern the Transports which that Sight gave him: The Weather was hot, her Head and Neck were uncover'd, and her Hair hung carelessly about her. She lay on a Couch with a Table before her, on
which

which were several Baskets full of Ribbons, out of which she chose some, and he observ'd she chose those Colours which he wore at the Tournament; he saw her make 'em up into Knots for an *Indian* Cane, which had been his, and which he had given to his Sister; *Madam de Cleves* took it from her, without seeming to know it had belong'd to the Duke. After she had finished her Work with the greatest Grace imaginable, the Sentiments of her Heart shewing themselves in her Countenance, she took a Wax-Candle and came to a great Table over-against the Picture of the Siege of *Mets*, in which was the Pourtrait of the Duke *de Nemours*; she sat down and set herself to look upon that Pourtrait, with an Attention and Thoughtfulness which Love only can give.

'TIS impossible to express what *Monfieur de Nemours* felt at this Moment: to see, at Midnight, in the finest Place in the World, a Lady he ador'd, to see her without her knowing that he saw her, and to find her wholly taken up with Things that related to him, and to the Passion which she conceal'd from him; this is what was never tasted nor imagined by any other Lover.

THE Duke was so transported and beside himself, that he continu'd motionless, with his Eyes fix'd on *Madam de Cleves*, without thinking how precious his Time was; when he was a little recover'd, he thought it best not to speak to her 'till she came into the Garden, and he imagin'd he might do it there with more Safety, because she would be at a greater Distance from her Women; but finding she staid in the Bower, he resolv'd to go in: When he was upon the Point of doing it, what was his Confusion; how fearful was he of displeasing her, and of changing that Countenance, where so much Sweetness dwelt, into Looks of Anger and Resentment!

TO come to see *Madam de Cleves* without being seen by her had no Impudence in it, but to think of shewing himself appear'd very unwise; a thousand Things now came into his Mind which he had not thought of before:

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it carried in it somewhat extremely bold and extravagant, to surprize in the middle of the Night a Person to whom he had never yet spoke of his Passion: He thought he had no Reason to expect she would hear him, but that she would justly resent the Danger to which he expos'd her, by Accidents which might rise from this Attempt; all his Courage left him, and he was several Times upon the Point of resolving to go back again without shewing himself; yet urg'd by the Desire of speaking to her, and heartned by the Hopes which every Thing he had seen gave him, he advanced some Steps, but in such Disorder, that a Scarf he had on entangled in the Window, and made a Noise. Madam *de Cleves* turn'd about, and whether her Fancy was full of him, or that she stood in a Place so directly to the Light that she might know him, she thought it was he, and without the least Hesitation or turning towards the Place where he was, she enter'd the Bower where her Women were. On her entering she was in such Disorder, that to conceal it she was forced to say she was ill; she said it too in order to employ her People about her, and to give the Duke time to retire. When she had made some Reflection, she thought she had been deceiv'd, and that her fancying she saw Monsieur *de Nemours* was only the Effect of Imagination: She knew he was at *Chambort*; she saw no Probability of his engaging in so hazardous an Enterprize; she had a Desire several times to re-enter the Bower, and to see if there was any body in the Garden: She wish'd perhaps as much as she fear'd to find the Duke *de Nemours* there; but at last Reason and Prudence prevail'd over her Thoughts, and she found it better to continue in the Doubt she was in, than to run the Hazard of satisfying herself about it; she was a long time ere she could resolve to leave a Place to which she thought the Duke was so near, and it was almost Day-break when she return'd to the Castle.

THE Duke *de Nemours* staid in the Garden, as long as there was any Light; he was not without hopes of seeing
Madam

Madam *de Cleves* again, tho' he was convinced that she knew him, and that she went away only to avoid him; but when he found the Doors were shut, he knew he had nothing more to hope; he went to take Horse near the Place where Monsieur *de Cleves's* Gentleman was watching him; this Gentleman follow'd him to the same Village, where he had left him in the Evening. The Duke resolv'd to stay there all the Day, in order to return at Night to *Colomiers*, to see if Madam *de Cleves* would yet have the Cruelty to shun him or not expose herself to view: Tho' he was very much pleas'd to find himself so much in her Thoughts, yet was he extremely griev'd at the same time to see her so naturally bent to avoid him.

NEVER was Passion so tender and so violent as that of Monsieur *de Nemours*; he walk'd under the Willows, along a little Brook which ran behind the House, where he lay conceal'd; he kept himself as much out of the Way as possible, that he might not be seen by any body; he abandon'd himself to the Transports of his Love, and his Heart was so full of Tenderness, that he was forced to let fall some Tears, but those Tears were such as Grief alone could not shed; they had a mixture of Sweetness and Pleasure in them which is to be found only in Love.

HE set himself to recall to Mind all the Actions of Madam *de Cleves* ever since he had been in Love with her; her Cruelty and Rigour, and that Modesty and Decency of Behaviour she had always observ'd towards him, tho' she lov'd him; For, after all, she loves me, said he, she loves me, I cannot doubt of it, the deepest Engagements and the greatest Favours are not more certain Proofs than those I have had. In the mean time, I am treated with the same Rigour as if I were hated; I hoped something from Time, but I have no Reason to expect it any longer; I see her always equally on her Guard against me and against herself; if I were not loved, I should make it my Business to please; but I do please; she loves me, and

tries

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tries to hide it from me. What have I then to hope, and what Change am I to expect in my Fortune? tho' I am lov'd by the most amiable Person in the World, I am under that Excess of Passion which proceeds from the first Certainty of being lov'd by her, only to make me more sensible of being ill used; Let me see that you love me, fair Princess, cried he, make me acquainted with your Sentiments; provided I know 'em once in my Life from you, I am content that you resume for ever the Cruelties with which you oppress me; look upon me at least with the same Eyes with which I saw you look that Night upon my Picture; could you behold that with such sweet Complacency, and yet avoid me with so much Cruelty? What are you afraid of? Why does my Love appear so terrible to you? You love me, and you endeavour in vain to conceal it; you have even given me involuntary Proofs of it; I know my Happiness, permit me to enjoy it, and cease to make me unhappy. Is it possible I should be lov'd by the Princess of *Cleves*, and yet be unhappy? how beautiful was she last Night! how could I forbear throwing myself at her Feet? If I had done it, I might perhaps have hinder'd her from shunning me, my respectful Behaviour would have remov'd her Fears; but perhaps after all, she did not know it was I; I afflict my self more than I need; she was only frightened to see a Man at so unseasonable an Hour.

THESE Thoughts employ'd the Duke *de Nemours* all the Day; he wish'd impatiently for the Night, and as soon as it came he return'd to *Colomiers*. Monsieur *de Cleves's* Gentleman, who was disguis'd that he might be less observ'd, follow'd him to the Place to which he had follow'd him the Evening before, and saw him enter the Garden again. The Duke soon perceiv'd that Madam *de Cleves* had not run the Risque of his making another Effort to see her, the Doors being all shut; he look'd about on all Sides to see if he could discover any Light, but he saw none.

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MADAM *de Cleves*, suspecting he might return, continu'd in her Chamber; she had reason to apprehend she should not always have the Power to avoid him, and she would not submit herself to the Hazard of speaking to him in a manner that would have been unsuitable to the Conduct she had hitherto observ'd.

MONSIEUR *de Nemours*, tho' he had no Hopes of seeing her, could not find in his Heart soon to leave a Place where she so often was; he pass'd the whole Night in the Garden, and found some Pleasure at least in seeing the same Objects which she saw every Day; it was near Sunrise before he thought of retiring; but at last the Fear of being discover'd oblig'd him to go away.

IT was impossible for him to return to Court without seeing Madam *de Cleves*; he made a Visit to his Sister the Dutchess of *Mercoeur*, at her House near *Colomiers*. She was extremely surpriz'd at her Brother's Arrival; but he invented so probable a Pretence for his Journey, and conducted his Plot so skillfully, that he drew her to make the first Proposal of herself of visiting Madam *de Cleves*: This Proposal was executed that very Day, and Monsieur *de Nemours* told his Sister, that he would leave her at *Colomiers*, in order to go directly to the King; he formed this Pretence of leaving her at *Colomiers*, in hopes she would take her Leave before him, and he thought he had found out by that means an infallible way of speaking to Madam *de Cleves*.

THE Princess of *Cleves*, when they arrived, was walking in her Garden; the Sight of Monsieur *de Nemours* gave her no small Uneasiness, and put her out of Doubt that it was he she had seen the foregoing Night. The certainty of his having done so bold and imprudent a Thing gave her some little Resentment against him, and the Duke observ'd an Air of Coldness in her Face, which sensibly griev'd him; the Conversation turn'd upon indifferent Matters, and yet he had the Skill all the while to shew so much Wit, Complaisance, and Admiration for
Madam

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Madam *de Cleves*, that part of the Coldness she express'd towards him at first left her in Spite of herself.

WHEN his Fears were over and he began to take Heart, he shew'd an extreme Curiosity to see the Pavillion in the Forest; he spoke of it as of the most agreeable Place in the World, and gave so exact a Description of it, that Madam *de Mercœur* said he must needs have been there several Times to know all the particular Beauties of it so well. And yet, I don't believe, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*, that the Duke *de Nemours* was ever there; it has been finish'd but a little while. It is not long since I was there, reply'd the Duke, looking upon her, and I don't know if I ought not to be glad you have forgot you saw me there. Madam *de Mercœur*, being taken up in observing the Beauties of the Gardens, did not attend to what her Brother said; Madam *de Cleves* blush'd, and with her Eyes cast down, without looking on Monsieur *de Nemours*, I don't remember, said she, to have seen you there; and if you have been there, it was without my Knowledge. It is true, Madam, reply'd he, I was there without your Orders, and I pass'd there the most sweet and cruel Moments of my Life.

MADAM *de Cleves* understood very well what he said, but made him no Answer; her Care was to prevent Madam *de Mercœur* from going into the Bower, because the Duke *de Nemours*'s Picture was there, and she had no Mind she should see it; she manag'd the Matter so well, that the Time pass'd away insensibly, and Madam *de Mercœur* began to talk of going home: But when Madam *de Cleves* found that the Duke and his Sister did not go together she plainly saw to what she was going to be expos'd; she found herself under the same Embarrassment she was in at *Paris*, and took also the same Resolution; her Fear, lest this Visit should be a further Confirmation of her Husband's Suspicions, did not a little contribute to determine her; and to the end Monsieur *de Nemours* might not remain alone with her, she told Madam *de Mercœur* she

would wait upon her to the Borders of the Forest, and order'd her Chariot to be got ready. The Duke was struck with such a violent Grief to find that *Madam de Cleves* still continu'd to exercise the same Rigours towards him, that he turn'd Pale that Moment. *Madam de Merceur* ask'd him if he was ill, but he look'd upon *Madam de Cleves* without being perceiv'd by any body else, and made her sensible by his Looks that he had no other Illness besides Despair: However, there was no Remedy but he must let 'em go together, without daring to follow 'em; after what he had told his Sister, that he was to go directly to Court, he could not return with her, but went to *Paris*, and set out from thence the next Day.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves's* Gentleman had observ'd him all the while; he return'd also to *Paris*, and when he found Monsieur *de Nemours* was set out for *Chambort*, he took Post to get thither before him, and to give an Account of his Journey; his Master expected his Return with Impatience, as if the Happiness or Unhappiness of his Life depended upon it.

ASSOON as he saw him, he judg'd from his Countenance and his Silence, that the News he brought was very disagreeable; he was struck with Sorrow, and continu'd some time with his Head hung down, without being able to speak; at last he made Signs with his Hand to him to withdraw; Go, says he, I see what you have to say to me, but I have not the Power to hear it. I can acquaint you with nothing, said the Gentleman, upon which one can form any certain Judgment; it is true, the Duke *de Nemours* went two Nights successively into the Garden in the Forest, and the Day after he was at *Colmiers* with the Dutchess of *Merceur*. 'Tis enough, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, still making Signs to him to withdraw, 'tis enough; I want no further Information. The Gentleman was forced to leave his Master, abandon'd to his Despair; nor ever was Despair more violent. Few Men of so high a Spirit, and so passionately in Love, as the

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the Prince of *Cleves*, have experienced at the same time the Grief arising from the Falshood of a Mistress, and the Shame of being deceiv'd by a Wife.

MONSIEUR *de Cleves* could set no Bounds to his Affliction; he fell ill of a Fever that very Night, and his Distemper was accompanied with such ill Symptoms that it was thought very dangerous. Madam *de Cleves* was inform'd of it, and came in all haste to him; when she arrived, he was still worse; besides, she observ'd something in him so cold and chilling with respect to her, that she was equally surpriz'd and griev'd at it; he even seem'd to receive with Pain the Services she did him in his Sickness, but at last she imagin'd it was perhaps only the Effect of his Distemper.

WHEN she was come to *Blois* where the Court then was, the Duke *de Nemours* was over-joy'd to think she was at the same Place where he was; he endeavour'd to see her, and went every Day to the Prince of *Cleves's*, under Pretence of enquiring how he did, but it was to no Purpose; she did not stir out of her Husband's Room, and was griev'd at Heart for the Condition he was in. It vex'd Monsieur *de Nemours* to see her under such Affliction, a Affliction which he plainly saw reviv'd the Friendship she had for Monsieur *de Cleves*, and diverted the Passion that lay kindling in her Heart. The Thought of this shock'd him severely for some time; but the Extremity, to which Monsieur *de Cleves's* Sickness was grown, open'd to him a Scene of new Hopes; he saw 'twas probable that Madam *de Cleves* would be at Liberty to follow her own Inclinations, and that he might expect for the future a Series of Happiness and lasting Pleasures; he could not support the Ecstasy of that Thought, a Thought so full of Transport! he banish'd it out of his Mind for fear of becoming doubly wretched, if he happen'd to be disappointed in his Hopes.

IN the mean Time Monsieur *de Cleves* was almost given over by his Physicians. One of the last Days of his Illness, af-

ter having had a very bad Night, he said in the Morning, he had a Desire to sleep; but Madam *de Cleves*, who remain'd alone in his Chamber, found that instead of taking Repose he was extremely restless; she came to him, and fell on her Knees by his Bed side, her Face all cover'd with Tears; and tho' Monsieur *de Cleves* had taken a Resolution not to shew her the violent Displeasure he had conceiv'd against her, yet the Care she took of him, and the Sorrow she express'd, which sometimes he thought sincere, and at other times the Effect of her Dissimulation and Perfidiousness, distracted him so violently with opposite Sentiments full of Woe, that he could not forbear giving 'em Vent.

YOU shed plenty of Tears, Madam, said he, for a Death which you are the Cause of, and which cannot give you the Trouble you pretend to be in; I am no longer in a Condition to reproach you, added he with a Voice weaken'd by Sicknesh and Grief; I die thro' the dreadful Grief and Discontent you have given me; ought so extraordinary an Action, as that of your speaking to me at *Colomiers*, to have had so little Consequences? Why did you inform me of your Passion for the Duke *de Nemours*, if your Virtue was no longer able to oppose it? I lov'd you to that extremity, I would have been glad to have been deceiv'd, I confess it to my Shame; I have regretted that pleasing false Security out of which you drew me; Why did not you leave me in that blind Tranquility which so many Husbands enjoy? I should perhaps have been ignorant all my Life, that you was in Love with Monsieur *de Nemours*; I shall die, added he, but know that you make Death pleasing to me, and that, after you have taken from me the Esteem and Affection I had for you, Life would be odious to me. What should I live for? to spend my Days with a Person whom I have lov'd so much, and by whom I have been so cruelly deceiv'd; or to live apart from her, and break out openly into Violences so opposite to my Temper, and the Love I had for you?

That

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That Love, Madam, was far greater than it appear'd to you; I conceal'd the greatest part of it from you, for fear of being importunate, or of losing somewhat in your Esteem by a Behaviour not becoming a Husband: In a word, I deserv'd your Affection more than once, and I die without Regret, since I have not been able to obtain it, and since I can no longer desire it. Adieu, Madam; you will one Day regret a Man who lov'd you with a sincere and virtuous Passion; you will feel the Anxiety which reasonable Persons meet with in Intrigue and Gallantry, and you will know the Difference between such a Love as I had for you, and the Love of People who only profess Admiration for you to gratify their Vanity in seducing you; but my Death will leave you at Liberty, and you may make the Duke *de Nemours* happy without Guilt: What signifies any thing that can happen when I am no more, and why should I have the Weakness to trouble my self about it?

MADAM *de Cleves* was so far from imagining that her Husband suspected her Virtue, that she heard all this Discourse without comprehending the Meaning of it, and without having any other Notion about it, except that he reproach'd her for her Inclination for the Duke *de Nemours*; at last, starting all of a sudden out of her Blindness, I guilty! cry'd she, I am a Stranger to the very Thought of Guilt; the severest Virtue could not have inspir'd any other Conduct than that which I have follow'd, and I never acted any thing but what I could have wish'd you to have been Witness to. Could you have wish'd, reply'd Monsieur *de Cleves*, looking on her with Disdain, I had been a Witness of those Nights you pass'd with Monsieur *de Nemours*? Ah! Madam; is it you I speak of, when I speak of a Lady that has pass'd Nights with a Man, not her Husband? No, Sir, reply'd she, it is not me you speak of; I never spent a Night nor a Moment with the Duke *de Nemours*; he never saw me in Private, I never suffer'd him to do it, nor would give him a Hearing. I'll take all the

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Oaths——Speak no more of it, said he interrupting her; false Oaths or a Confession would perhaps give me equal Pain. Madam *de Cleves* could not answer him; her Tears and her Grief took away her Speech; at last, struggling for Utterance, Look on me at least, hear me, said she; if my Interest only were concern'd I would suffer these Reproaches, but your Life is at Stake; hear me for your own Sake; I am so innocent, Truth pleads so strongly for me, 'tis impossible but I must convince you. Would to God you could! cry'd he; but what can you say? the Duke *de Nemours*, has not he been at *Colomiers* with his Sister? And did not he pass the two foregoing Nights with you in the Garden in the Forest? If that be my Crime, reply'd she, 'tis easy to justify my self; I do not desire you to believe me, believe your Servants and Domesticks; ask 'em if I went into the Garden the Evening before Monsieur *de Nemours* came to *Colomiers*, and if I did not go out of it the Night before two Hours sooner than I us'd to do. After this, she told him, how she imagin'd she had seen somebody in the Garden, and acknowledg'd that she believ'd it to be the Duke *de Nemours*; she spoke to him with so much Confidence, and Truth so naturally persuades, even where it is not probable; that Monsieur *de Cleves* was almost convinced of her Innocence. I don't know, said he, whether I ought to believe you; I am so near Death, that I would not know any thing that might make me die with Reluctance; you have clear'd your Innocence too late; however 'twill be a Comfort to me to go away with the Thought that you are worthy of the Esteem I have had for you; I beg you I may be assur'd of this further Comfort, that my Memory will be dear to you, and that if it had been in your Power you would have had for me the same Passion which you had for another. He would have gone on, but was so weak that his Speech fail'd him. Madam *de Cleves* sent for the Physicians, who found him almost Lifeless; yet he languish'd some Days, and died at last with admirable Constancy.

MADAM

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MADAM *de Cleves* was afflicted to so violent a degree, that she lost in a manner the Use of her Reason; the Queen was so kind as to come to see her, and carried her to a Convent without her being sensible whither she was conducted; her Sisters-in-Law brought her back to *Paris*, before she was in a Condition to feel distinctly even her Grievs: When she was restor'd to her Faculty of thinking, and reflected what a Husband she had lost and consider'd that she had caus'd his Death by the Passion which she had for another, the Horror she had for herself and the Duke *de Nemours* was not to be express'd.

THE Duke in the beginning of her Mourning durst pay her no other Respects but such as Decency requir'd; he knew Madam *de Cleves* enough to be sensible that great Importunities and Eagerness would be disagreeable to her; but what he learn'd afterwards plainly convinced him that he ought to observe the same Conduct a great while longer.

A Servant of the Duke's inform'd him, that Monsieur *de Cleves's* Gentleman, who was his intimare Friend, had told him, in the Excess of his Grief for the Loss of his Master, that Monsieur *de Nemours's* Journey to *Colomiers* was the Occasion of his Death. The Duke was extremely surpriz'd to hear this; but after having reflected upon it, he guess'd the Truth in part, and rightly judg'd what Madam *de Cleves's* Sentiments would be at first, and what a Distance it would throw him from her, if she thought her Husband's Illness was occasion'd by his Jealousy; he was of Opinion that he ought not so much as to put her in Mind of his Name very soon, and he abided by that Conduct, however severe it appear'd to him,

HE took a Journey to *Paris*, nor could he forbear calling at her House to enquire bow she did. He was told, that she saw no Body, and that she had even given strict Orders that they should not trouble her with an Account of any that might come to see her; those very strict Orders, perhaps, were given with a View to the Duke, and

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to prevent her hearing him spoken of; but he was too much in Love to be able to live so absolutely depriv'd of the Sight of *Madam de Cleves*; he resolv'd to find the Means, let the Difficulty be what it would, to get out of a Condition which was so insupportable to him.

THE Grief of that Princess exceeded the Bounds of Reason; a Husband dying, and dying on her Account, and with so much Tenderness for her, never went out of her Mind: She continually revolv'd in her Thoughts what she ow'd him, and she condemn'd herself for not having had a Passion for him, as if that had been a Thing which depended on herself; she found no Consolation but in the Thought that she lamented him as he deserv'd to be lamented, and that she would do nothing during the Remainder of her Life, but what he would have been glad she shou'd have done, had he liv'd,

SHE had often been thinking how he came to know, that the Duke *de Nemours* had been at *Colomiers*; she cou'd not suspect that the Duke himself had told it; tho' it was indifferent to her whether he had or no, she thought herself so perfectly cur'd of the Passion she had had for him; and yet she was griev'd at the Heart to think that he was the Cause of her Husband's Death; and she remember'd with Pain the Fear *Monsieur de Cleves* express'd, when dying, lest she should marry the Duke; but all these Grievs were swallow'd up in that for the Loss of her Husband, and she thought she had no other but that one.

AFTER several Months the Violence of her Grief abated, and she fell into a languishing kind of Melancholy, *Madam de Martigues* made a Journey to *Paris*, and constantly visited her during the Time she staid there: She entertain'd her with an Account of the Court, and what pass'd there; and tho' *Madam de Cleves* appear'd unconcern'd, yet still she continu'd talking on that Subject in hopes to divert her.

SHE talk'd to her of the Viscount, of *Monsieur de Guise*, and of all others that were distinguish'd either in Person or Merit.

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Merit. As for the Duke *de Nemours*, says she, I don't know if State-Affairs have not taken Possession of his Heart in the room of Gallantry; he is abundantly less gay than he used to be, and seems wholly to decline the Company of Women; he often takes Journeys to *Paris*, and I believe he is there now. The Duke *de Nemours's* Name surpriz'd *Madam de Cleves*, and made her blush; she chang'd the Discourse, nor did *Madam de Martigues* take Notice of her Concern.

THE next Day *Madam de Cleves*, who employ'd herself in Things suitable to the Condition she was in, went to a Man's House in her Neighbourhood, that was famous for working Silk after a particular Manner, and she design'd to bespeak some Pieces for herself; having seen several kinds of his Work, she spy'd a Chamber Door, where she thought there were more, and desir'd it might be open'd: The Master answer'd, he had not the Key, and that the Room was taken by a Man, who came there sometimes in the Day-time to draw the Plans and Prospects of the fine Houses and Gardens that were to be seen from his Windows; he is one of the handsomest Men I ever saw, added he, and does not look much like one that works for his Living; whenever he comes here, I observe he always looks towards the Gardens and Houses, but I never see him work.

MADAM *de Cleves* listned to this Story very attentively, and what *Madam de Martigues* had told her of *Monfieur de Nemours's* coming now and then to *Paris*, she applied in her Fancy to that handsome Man, who came to a Place so near her House; and this gave her an Idea of *Monsieur de Nemours* endeavouring to see her: which rais'd a Disorder in her, of which she did not know the Cause: She went towards the Windows to see where they look'd into, and she found they overlook'd all her Gardens, and directly faced her Apartment: And when she was in her own Room, she cou'd easily see that very Window where she was told the Man came to take his Prospects. The
Thought

Thought that it was the Duke *de Nemours*, entirely chang'd the Situation of her Mind; she no longer found herself in that pensive Tranquility which she had begun to enjoy, her Spirits were ruffled again as with a Tempest: At last, not being able to stay at Home, she went abroad to take the Air in a Garden without the Suburbs, where she hop'd to be alone; she walk'd about a great while, and found no Likelihood of any one's being there.

HAVING cross'd a little Wilderness she perceiv'd at the End of the Walk, in the most remote Part of the Garden, a kind of a Bower, open on all Sides, and went towards it; when she was near, she saw a Man lying on the Benches, who seem'd sunk into a deep Contemplation, and she discover'd it was the Duke *de Nemours*: Upon this she stopp'd short; but her Attendants made some Noise, which rous'd the Duke out of his Musing: He took no Notice who the Persons were that disturb'd him, but got up in order to avoid the Company that was coming towards him, and making a low Bow, which hinder'd him from seeing those he saluted, he turn'd into another Walk.

IF he had known whom he avoided, with what Eagerness wou'd he have return'd? But he walk'd down the Ally, and Madam *de Cleves* saw him go out at a Back-Door, where his Coach waited for him. What an Effect did this transient View produce in the Heart of Madam *de Cleves*? What a Flame rekindled out of the Embers of her Love, and with what Violence did it burn? She went and sat down in the same Place from which Monsieur *de Nemours* was newly risen, and seem'd perfectly overwhelm'd; his Image immediately possess'd her Fancy, and she consider'd him as the most amiable Person in the World, as one who had long lov'd her with a Passion full of Veneration and Sincerity, slighting all for her, paying Respect even to her Grief, to his own Torture, labouring to see her without a Thought of being seen by her, quitting the Court, (tho' the Court's Delight) to come and look on the Walls where she was shut up, and to pass his melancholy Hours in Places

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where he cou'd not hope to meet her; in a Word, a Man whose Attachment to her alone merited Returns of Love, and for whom she had so strong an Inclination, that she should have lov'd him, tho' she had not been belov'd by him; and besides, one whose Quality was suitable to hers: All the Obstacles that cou'd rise from Duty and Virtue were now remov'd, and all the Trace that remain'd on her Mind of their former Condition was the Passion the Duke *de Nemours* had for her, and that which she had for him?

ALL these Ideas were new to her; her Affliction for the Death of her Husband had left her no room for Thoughts of this kind, but the Sight of Monsiuer *de Nemours* reviv'd 'em, and they crowded again into her Mind; but when she had taken her Fill of 'em, and remember'd that this very Man, whom she consider'd as a proper Match for her, was the same she had lov'd in her Husband's Life-time, and was the Cause of his Death, and that on his Death-bed he had express'd a Fear of her marrying him, her severe Virtue was so shock'd at the Imagination, that she thought it wou'd be as criminal in her to marry Monsieur *de Nemours* now, as it was to love him before: In short, she abandon'd herself to these Reflections so pernicious to her Happiness, and fortify'd herself in them by the Inconveniency which she foresaw wou'd attend such a Marriage. After two Hours Stay in this Place she return'd Home, convinced that it was indispensably her Duty to avoid the Sight of the Man she lov'd.

BUT this Conviction, which was the Effect of Reason and Virtue, did not carry her Heart along with it; her Heart was so violently fix'd on the Duke *de Nemours*, that she became even an Object of Compassion, and was wholly depriv'd of Rest. Never did she pass a Night in so uneasy a manner; in the Morning, the first Thing she did was to see if there was any Body at the Window which look'd towards her Apartment; she saw there Monsieur *de Nemours*, and was so surpriz'd upon it, and withdrew so hastily, as made him judge she knew him; he had often wish'd

wish'd to be seen by her, ever since he had found out that Method of seeing her, and when he had no Hopes of obtaining that Satisfaction, his Way was to go to muse in the Garden where she found him.

T I R E D at last with so unfortunate and uncertain a Condition, he resolv'd to attempt something to determine his Fate: What shou'd I wait for, said he? I have known long she loves me; she is free; she has no Duty now to plead against me; why shou'd I submit myself to the Hardship of seeing her, without being seen by her or speaking to her? Is it possible for Love so absolutely to have depriv'd me of Reason and Courage, and to have render'd me so different from what I have been in all my other Amours? It was fit I shou'd pay a Regard to Madam *de Cleves's* Grief; but I do it too long, and I give her Leisure to extinguish the Inclination she had for me.

A F T E R these Reflections, he consider'd what Measures he ought to take to see her; he found he had no longer any Reason to conceal his Passion from the Viscount *de Chartres*; he resolv'd to speak to him of it, and to communicate to him his Design with regard to his Niece.

T H E Viscount was then at *Paris*, the Town being extremely full, and every Body busy in preparing Equipages and Dresses to attend the King of *Navarre*, who was to conduct the Queen of *Spain*: Monsieur *de Nemours* went to the Viscount, and made an ingenuous Confession to him of all he had conceal'd hitherto, except Madam *de Cleves's* Sentiments, which he would not seem to know.

T H E Viscount receiv'd what he told him with a great deal of Pleasure, and assur'd him, that tho' he was not acquainted with his Sentiments on that Subject, he had often thought, since Madam *de Cleves* had been a Widow, that she was the only Lady that deserv'd him. Monsieur *de Nemours* entreated him to give him an Opportunity of speaking to her, and learning what Disposition she was in.

T H E Viscount propos'd to carry him to her House, but the Duke was of Opinion she wou'd be shock'd at it, be-

cause

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cause as yet she saw no body; so that they agreed, it wou'd be better for the Viscount to ask her to come to him, under some Pretence, and for the Duke to come to 'em by a private Stair-case, that he might not be observ'd. Accordingly this was executed; Madam *de Cleves* came, the Viscount went to receive her, and led her into a great Closet at the End of his Apartment; some time after, Monsieur *de Nemours* came in, as by chance; Madam *de Cleves* was in great Surprise to see him; she blush'd, and endeavour'd to hide it; the Viscount at first spoke of indifferent Matters, and then went out, as if he had some Order to give, telling Madam *de Cleves* he must desire her to entertain the Duke in his stead, and that he wou'd return immediately.

IT is impossible to express the Sentiments of Monsieur *de Nemours*, and Madam *de Cleves*, when they saw themselves alone, and at Liberty to speak to one another, as they had never been before: They continu'd silent awhile; at length said Monsieur *de Nemours*, Can you, Madam, pardon the Viscount for giving me an Opportunity of seeing you, and speaking to you, an Opportunity which you have always so cruelly deny'd me? I ought not to pardon him, reply'd she, for having forgot the Condition I am in, and to what he exposes my Reputation. Having spoke these Words, she wou'd have gone away; but Monsieur *de Nemours* stopping her, Fear not, Madam, said he; you have nothing to apprehend; no body knows I am here; hear me, Madam, hear me, if not out of Goodness, yet at least for your own sake, and to free yourself from the Extravagancies which a Passion I am no longer Master of will infallibly hurry me into. Madam *de Cleves* now first yielded to the Inclination she had for the Duke *de Nemours*, and beholding him with Eyes full of Softness and Charms, But what can you hope for, says she, from the Complaisance you desire of me? You will perhaps repent that you have obtain'd it, and I shall certainly repent that I have granted it. You deserve a happier Fortune than you have hitherto had, or than you can have
for

for the future, unless you can seek it elsewhere. I, Madam, said he, seek Happiness any where else? Or is there any Happiness for me, but in your Love? Tho' I never spoke of it before, I cannot, believe, Madam, that you are not acquainted with my Passion, or that you do not know it to be the greatest and most sincere that ever was; What Tryals has it suffer'd in Things you are a Stranger to? What Tryals have you put it to by your Rigour?

SINCE you are desirous I should open my self to you, answer'd Madam *de Cleves*, I'll comply with your Desire, and I'll do it with a Sincerity that is rarely to be met with in Personsof my Sex: I shall not tell you that I have not observ'd your Passion for me; perhaps you wou'd not believe me if I shou'd tell you so; I confess therefore to you, not only that I have observ'd it, but that I have observ'd it in such Lights as you yourself cou'd wish it might appear to me in. And if you have seen my Passion, Madam, says he, is it possible for you not to have been mov'd by it? And may I venture to ask, if it has made no Impression on your Heart? You shou'd have judg'd of that from my Conduct, reply'd she; But I shou'd be glad to know what you thought of it. I ought to be in a happier Condition, reply'd he, to venture to inform you; my Fortune wou'd contradict what I should say; All I can tell you, Madam, is, that I heartily wish'd you had not acknowledg'd to Monsieur *de Cleves* what you conceal'd from me, and that you had conceal'd from him what you made appear to me. How came you to discover, reply'd she blushing, that I acknowledged any thing to Monsieur *de Cleves*? I learn'd it from your self, Madam, reply'd he; but that you may the better pardon the Boldness I shew'd in listning to what you said, remember if I have made an ill Use of what I heard, if my Hopes rose upon it, or if I was the more encourag'd to speak to you.

HERE he began to relate how he had over-heard her Conversation with Monsieur *de Cleves*; but she interrupted him before he had finish'd; Say no more of it, said she, I see how

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how you came to be so well inform'd; I suspected you knew the Business but too well at the Queen-Dauphin's, who learn'd this Adventure from those you had entrusted with it.

UPON this Monsieur *de Nemours* inform'd her in what manner the thing came to pass; No Excuses, says she; I have long forgiven you, without being inform'd how it was brought about; but since you have learn'd from my own self what I design'd to conceal from you all my Life, I will acknowledge to you that you have inspir'd me with Sentiments I was unacquainted with before I saw you, and of which I had so slender an Idea, that they gave me at first a Surprise which still added to the Pain that constantly attends them; I am the less ashamed to make you this Confession, because I do it at a time when I may do it without a Crime, and because you have seen that my Conduct has not been govern'd by my Affections.

CAN you believe, Madam, said Monsieur *de Nemours*, falling on his Knees, but I shall expire at your Feet with Joy and Transport? I have told you nothing, said she smiling, but what you knew too well before: Ah! Madam, said he, what a Difference is there between learning it by Chance, and knowing it from your self, and seeing withall that you are pleas'd I know it. It is true, answer'd she, I would have you know it, and I find a Pleasure in telling it you; I don't even know if I do not tell it you more for my own sake, than for yours; for, after all, this Confession will have no Consequences, and I shall follow the austere Rules which my Duty imposes upon me. How! Madam; you are not of this Opinion, reply'd Monsieur *de Nemours*; you are no longer under any Obligation of Duty; you are at Liberty; and if I durst, I shou'd even tell you, that 'tis in your Power to act so, that your Duty shall one Day oblige you to preserve the Sentiments you have for me. My Duty, reply'd she, forbids me to think of any Man, but of you the last in the World, and for Reasons which are unknown to you. Those Reasons perhaps are not unknown to me, answer'd he, but they are far from being good ones. I believe

lieve that Monsieur *de Cleves* thought me happier than I was, and imagin'd that you approv'd of those Extravagancies which my Passion led me into without your Approbation. Let us talk no more of that Adventure, said she; I cannot bear the Thought of it, it giving me Shame, and the Consequences of it have been such that it is too melancholy a Subject to be spoken of; it is but too true that you were the Cause of Monsieur *de Cleves's* Death; the Suspicions which your inconsiderate Conduct gave him, cost him his Life as much as if you had taken it away with your own Hands: Judge what I ought to have done, had you two fought a Duel, and he been kill'd; I know very well, 'tis not the same thing in the Eye of the World, but with me there's no Difference, since I know that his Death was owing to you, and that 'twas on my Account. Ah! Madam, said Monsieur *de Nemours*, what Phantom of Duty do you oppose to my Happiness? What! Madam, shall a vain and groundless Fancy hinder you from making a Man happy, for whom you have an Inclination? What, have I had some ground to hope I might pass my Life with you? has my Fate led me to love the most deserving Lady in the World? Have I observ'd in her all that can make a Mistress adorable! Has she had no disliking to me? Have I found in her Conduct every thing which perhaps I could wish for in a Wife? For in short, Madam, you are perhaps the only Person in whom those two Characters have ever concurred to the Degree they are in you; those who marry Mistresses, by whom they are lov'd, tremble when they marry 'em, and cannot but fear lest they should observe the same Conduct towards others, which they observ'd towards them; but in you, Madam, I can fear nothing, I see nothing in you but matter of Admiration: Have I had a Prospect of so much Felicity for no other end but to see it obstructed by you? Ah! Madam, you forget, that you have distinguish'd me above other Men; or rather, you have not distinguish'd me; you have deceiv'd your self, and I have flatter'd my self.

YOU

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YOU have not flatter'd your self, reply'd she; the Reasons of my Duty wou'd not perhaps appear so strong to me without that Distinction of which you doubt, and it is that which makes me apprehend unfortunate Consequences from your Alliance. I have nothing to answer, Madam, reply'd he, when you tell me you apprehend unfortunate Consequences; but I own, that after all you have been pleas'd to say to me, I did not expect from you so cruel a Reason. The Reason you speak of, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*, is so little disobliging as to you, that I don't know how to tell it you. Alas! Madam, said he, how can you fear I shou'd flatter my self too much after what you have been saying to me? I shall continue to speak to you, says she, with the same Sincerity with which I begun, and I'll lay aside that Delicacy and Reserve that Modesty obliges one to in a first Conversation, but I conjure you to hear me without Interruption.

I think I owe the Affection you have for me, the poor Recompence not to hide from you any of my Thoughts, and to let you see 'em such as they really are; this in all probability will be the only Time I shall allow myself the Freedom to discover them to you; and I cannot confess without a Blush, that the Certainty of not being lov'd by you, as I am, appears to me so dreadful a Misfortune, that if I had not invincible Reasons grounded on my Duty, I could not resolve to subject myself to it; I know that you are free, that I am so too, and that Circumstances are such, that the Publick perhaps would have no Reason to blame either you or me, should we unite ourselves for ever; but Do Men continue to love, when under Engagements for Life? Ought I to expect a Miracle in my Favour? And shall I place myself in a Condition of seeing certainly that Passion come to an end, in which I should place all my Felicity? Monsieur *de Cleves* was perhaps the only Man in the World capable of continuing to love after Marriage; it was my ill Fate that I was not able to enjoy that Happiness, and perhaps

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haps his Passion had not lasted but that he found none in me; but I should not have the same way of preserving yours; I even think your Constancy is owing to the Obstacles you have met with; you have met with enough to animate you to conquer 'em; and my unguarded Actions, or what you learn'd by Chance, gave you Hopes enough not to be discourag'd. Ah! Madam, reply'd Monsieur *de Nemours*, I cannot keep the Silence you enjoin'd me; you do me too much Injustice, and make it appear too clearly that you are far from being prepossess'd in my Favour. I confess, answer'd she, that my Passions may lead me, but they cannot blind me; nothing can hinder me from knowing that you are born with a Disposition for Gallantry, and have all the Qualities proper to give Success; you have already had a great many Amours, and you will have more; I should no longer be She you placed your Happiness in; I should see you as warm for another as you had been for me; this would grievously vex me, and I am not sure I should not have the Torment of Jealousy; I have said too much to conceal from you that you have already made me know what Jealousy is, and that I suffer'd such cruel Inquietudes the Evening the Queen gave me Madam *de Themines's* Letter, which it was said was address'd to you, that to this moment I retain an Idea of it, which makes me believe 'tis the worst of all Ills.

THERE is scarce a Woman but out of Vanity or Inclination desires to engage you; there are very few whom you do not please, and my own Experience would make me believe, that there are none whom it is not in your Power to please; I should think you always in love and belov'd, nor should I be often mistaken; and yet in this case I should have no Remedy but Patience, nay I question if I should dare to complain: A Lover may be reproach'd; but can a Husband be so, when one has nothing to urge, but that he loves one no longer? But admit I could accustom myself to bear a Misfortune of this Nature, yet how could I bear that of imagining I constantly saw

Mon-

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Monfieur *de Cleves*, accusing you of his Death, reproaching me with having lov'd you, with having married you, and shewing me the Difference betwixt his Affection and yours? It is impossible to over-rule such strong Reasons as these; I must continue in the Condition I am in, and in the Resolution I have taken never to alter it. Do you believe you have the Power to do it, Madam, cry'd the Duke *de Nemours*? Do you think your Resolution can hold out against a Man who adores, and who has the Happiness to please you? It is more difficult than you imagine, Madam, to resist a Person who pleases and loves one at the same time; you have done it by an Austerity of Virtue, which is almost without Example; but that Virtue no longer opposes your Inclinations, and I hope you will follow 'em in spite of yourself. I know nothing can be more difficult than what I undertake, reply'd Madam *de Cleves*; I distrust my Strength in the midst of my Reasons; what I think I owe to the Memory of Monsieur *de Cleves* wou'd be a weak Consideration, if not supported by the Interest of my Ease and Repose; and the Reasons of my Repose have need to be supported by those of my Duty; but tho' I distrust myself, I believe I shall never overcome my Scruples, nor do I so much as hope to overcome the Inclination I have for you; that Inclination will make me unhappy, and I will deny myself the sight of you, whatever Violence it is to me: I conjure you, by all the Power I have over you, to seek no Occasion of seeing me; I am in a Condition which makes that Criminal which might be lawful at another time; Decency forbids all Commerce between us. Monsieur *de Nemours* threw himself at her Feet, and gave a loose to all the violent Motions with which he was agitated; he express'd both by his Words and Tears the liveliest and most tender Passion that ever Heart was touch'd with; nor was the Heart of Madam *de Cleves* insensible; she look'd upon him with Eyes swell'd with Tears: Why was it, cries she, that I can charge you with Monsieur *de*

Cleves's

Cleves's Death? Why did not my first Acquaintance with you begin since I have been at Liberty, or why did not I know you before I was engag'd? Why does Fate separate us by such invincible Obstacles? There are no Obstacles, Madam, reply'd Monsieur *de Nemours*; 'tis you alone oppose my Happiness; you impose on yourself a Law which Virtue and Reason do not require you to obey. 'Tis true, says she, I sacrifice a great deal to a Duty which does not subsist but in my Imagination; have Patience, and expect what Time may produce; Monsieur *de Cleves* is but just expir'd, and that mournful Object is too near to leave me clear and distinct Views; in the mean time enjoy the Satisfaction to know you have gain'd the Heart of a Person, who would never have lov'd any one, had she not seen you: Believe the Inclination I have for you will last for ever, and that it will be uniform and the same, whatever becomes of me: Adieu, said she; this is a Conversation I ought to blush for; however, give an Account of it to the Viscount; I agree to it, and desire you to do it.

WITH these Words she went away, nor could Monsieur *de Nemours* detain her. In the next Room she met with the Viscount, who seeing her under so much Concern would not speak to her, but led her to her Coach without saying a Word; he return'd to Monsieur *de Nemours*, who was so full of Joy, Grief, Admiration, and of all those Affections that attend a Passion full of Hope and Fear, that he had not the use of his Reason. It was a long time e'er the Viscount could get from him an Account of the Conversation; at last the Duke related it to him; and Monsieur *de Chartres*, without being in Love, no less admir'd the Virtue, Wit and Merit of Madam *de Cleves*, than did Monsieur *de Nemours* himself; they began to examine what Issue could reasonably be hop'd for in this Affair; and however fearful the Duke *de Nemours* was from his Love, he agreed with the Viscount, that 'twas impossible Madam *de Cleves* shou'd continue in the Resolution she was in; they were of Opinion nevertheless

that

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that 'twas necessary to follow her Orders, for fear, upon the Publick's perceiving the Inclination he had for her, she should make Declarations and enter into Engagements with respect to the World, that she would afterwards abide by, lest it should be thought she lov'd him in her Husband's Life-time.

MONSIEUR *de Nemours* determin'd to follow the King; 'twas a Journey he could not well excuse himself from, and so he resolv'd to go without endeavouring to see Madam *de Cleves* again from the Window out of which he had sometimes seen her; he beg'd the Viscount to speak to her; and what did he not desire him to say in his behalf? What an infinite Number of Reasons did he furnish him with, to persuade her to conquer her Scruples? In short, great part of the Night was spent before he thought of going away.

AS for Madam *de Cleves*, she was in no Condition to rest; 'twas a thing so new to her to have broke loose from the Restraints she had laid on herself, to have endur'd the first Declarations of Love that ever were made to her, and to have confess'd that she herself was in Love with him that made 'em, all this was so new to her, that she seem'd quite another Person; she was surpriz'd at what she had done; she repented of it; she was glad of it; all her Thoughts were full of Anxiety and Passion; she examin'd again the Reasons of her Duty, which obstructed her Happiness; she was griev'd to find 'em so strong, and was sorry that she had made 'em out so clear to Monsieur *de Nemours*: Tho' she had entertain'd Thoughts of marrying him, as soon as she beheld him in the Garden of the Suburbs, yet her late Conversation with him made a much greater Impression on her Mind; at some Moments she could not comprehend how she could be unhappy by marrying him, and she was ready to say in her Heart, that her Scruples as to what was past, and her Fears for the future, were equally groundless: At other Times, Reason and her Duty prevail'd in her Thoughts, and violently hurried her into a Resolution not to marry again, and never

to

to see Monsieur *de Nemours*; but this was a Resolution hard to be establish'd in a Heart so soften'd as hers, and so lately abandon'd to the Charms of Love. At last, to give herself a little Ease, she concluded that it was not yet necessary to do herself the Violence of coming to any Resolution, and Decency allow'd her a considerable time to determine what to do: However she resolv'd to continue firm in having no Commerce with Monsieur *de Nemours*. The Viscount came to see her, and pleaded his Friend's Cause with all the Wit and Application imaginable, but could not make her alter her Conduct, or recall the severe Orders she had given to Monsieur *de Nemours*; she told him her Design was not to change her Condition; that she knew how difficult it was to stand to that Design, but that she hop'd she should be able to do it; she made him so sensible how far she was affected with the Opinion that Monsieur *de Nemours* was the Cause of her Husband's Death, and how much she was convinced that it would be contrary to her Duty to marry him, that the Viscount was afraid it would be very difficult to take away those Impressions; he did not however tell the Duke what he thought, when he gave him an Account of his Conversation with her, but left him as much Hope as a Man who is lov'd may reasonably have.

THEY set out the next Day, and went after the King; the Viscount wrote to Madam *de Cleves* at Monsieur *de Nemours*'s Request, and in a second Letter, which soon follow'd the first, the Duke writ a Line or two in his own Hand; but Madam *de Cleves* determin'd not to depart from the Rules she had prescrib'd herself, and fearing the Accidents that might happen from Letters, inform'd the Viscount that she would receive his Letters no more, if he continu'd to speak of Monsieur *de Nemours*, and did it in so peremptory a manner, that the Duke desir'd him not to mention him.

DURING the Absence of the Court, which was gone to conduct the Queen of Spain as far as Poitou, Madam

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dam *de Cleves* continu'd at home; and the more distant she was from Monsieur *de Nemours*, and from every thing that could put her in mind of him, the more she recall'd the Memory of the Prince of *Cleves*, which she made it her Glory to preserve; the Reasons she had not to marry the Duke *de Nemours* appear'd strong with respect to her Duty, but invincible with respect to her Quiet; the Opinion she had, that Marriage would put an End to his Love, and the Torments of Jealousy, which she thought the infallible Consequences of Marriage, gave her the Prospect of a certain Unhappiness if she consented to his Desires; on the other hand, she thought it impossible, if he were present, to refuse the most amiable Man in the World, the Man who lov'd her, and whom she lov'd, and to oppose him in a thing that was neither inconsistent with Virtue nor Decency: She thought that nothing but Absence and Distance could give her the Power to do it; and she found she stood in need of 'em, not only to support her Resolution not to marry, but even to keep her from seeing Monsieur *de Nemours*; she resolv'd therefore to take a long Journey, in order to pass away the Time which Decency oblig'd her to spend in Retirement; the fine Estate she had near the *Pyrenees* seem'd the most proper Place she could make Choice of; she set out a few Days before the Court return'd, and writ at parting to the Viscount to conjure him not to think of once enquiring after her, or of writing to her.

MONSIEUR *de Nemours* was as much troubled at this Journey, as another would have been for the Death of his Mistress; the Thought of being deprived so long a time of the Sight of Madam *de Cleves* griev'd him to the Soul, especially as it happen'd at a time when he had lately enjoy'd the Pleasure of seeing her, and of seeing her mov'd by his Passion; however he could do nothing but afflict himself, and his Affliction encreas'd every Day. Madam *de Cleves*, whose Spirits had been so much agitated, was no sooner arriv'd at her Country-Seat, but she fell despe-

rately ill; the News of it was brought to Court; Monsieur *de Nemours* was inconsolable; his Grief proceeded even to Despair and Extravagance; the Viscount had much a-do to hinder him from discovering his Passion in publick, and as much a-do to keep him from going in Person to know how she did; the Relation and Friendship between her and the Viscount serv'd as an Excuse for sending frequent Messengers; at last they heard she was out of the Extremity of Danger she had been in, but continu'd in a languishing Malady that left but little Hopes of Life.

THE Nature of her Disease gave her a Prospect of Death both near, and at a Distance, and shew'd her the Things of this Life in a very different View from that in which they are seen by People in Health; the Necessity of dying, to which she saw herself so near, taught her to wean herself from the World, and the Lingringness of her Distemper brought her to a Habit in it; yet when she was a little recover'd, she found that Monsieur *de Nemours* was not effaced from her Heart; but to defend herself against him, she call'd to her Aid all the Reasons which she thought she had never to marry him; after a long Conflict in herself, she subdued the Relicks of that Passion which had been weakned by the Sentiments her Illness had given her; the Thoughts of Death had reproach'd her with the Memory of Monsieur *de Cleves*, and this Remembrance was so agreeable to her Duty, that it made deep Impressions in her Heart; the Passions and Engagements of the World appear'd to her in the Light, in which they appear to Persons who have more great and more distant Views. The Weakness of her Body, which was brought very low, aided her in preserving these Sentiments; but as she knew what Power Opportunities have over the wisest Resolutions, she would not hazard the Breach of those she had taken, by returning into any Place where she might see him she lov'd; she retir'd, under Pretence of Change of Air, into a Convent, but without declaring a settled Resolution of quitting the Court.

UPON

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UPON the first News of it, Monsieur *de Nemours* felt the Weight of this Retreat, and saw the Importance of it; he presently thought he had nothing more to hope, but omitted not any thing that might oblige her to return; he prevail'd with the Queen to write; he made the Viscount not only write, but go to her, but all to no purpose; the Viscount saw her, but she did not tell him she had fix'd her Resolution; and yet he judg'd, she wou'd never return to Court: At last Monsieur *de Nemours* himself went to her, under pretence of using the Waters; she was extremely griev'd and surpriz'd to hear he was come, and sent him Word by a Person of Merit about her, that she desir'd him not to take it ill, if she did not expose herself to the Danger of seeing him, and of destroying by his Presence those Sentiments she was oblig'd to preserve; that she desir'd he should know, that having found it both against her Duty and Peace of Mind to yield to the Inclination she had to be his, all Things else were become so indifferent to her, that she had renounced 'em for ever; that she thought only of another Life, and had no Sentiment remaining as to this, but the Desire of seeing him in the same Dispositions she was in.

MONSIEUR *de Nemours* was like to have expir'd in the Presence of the Lady who told him this; he begg'd her a thousand times to return to Madam *de Cleves*, and to get Leave for him to see her; but she told him the Princess had not only forbidden her to come back with any Message from him, but even to report the Conversation that should pass between 'em. At length Monsieur *de Nemours* was oblig'd to go back, oppress'd with the heaviest Grief a Man is capable of, who has lost all Hopes of ever seeing again a Person whom he lov'd not only with the most violent, but most natural and sincere Passion that ever was; yet still he was not utterly discouraged, but used all imaginable Methods to make her alter her Resolution; at last, after several Years, Time and Absence abated his Grief, and extinguish'd his Passion. *Madam de Cleves*

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Cleves liv'd in a manner that left no Probability of her ever returning to Court; she spent one Part of the Year in that Religious House, and the other at her own, but still continu'd the Austerity of Retirement, and constantly employ'd herself in Exercises more holy than the severest Convents can pretend to; and her Life, tho' it was short, left Examples of inimitable Virtues.

The E N D.





THE
FAIR MAID
OF THE
INN.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.



LONDON: MDCC XXIX.





THE Fair Maid of the Inn.

THERE liv'd, not many Years ago, in the noble City of *Burgos*, two Gentlemen of considerable Quality and Estates, the Name of the one was *Don Diego de Carriazo*, and of the other *Don Juan de Avendano*. *Don Diego* had a Son, whom he call'd by his own Name, and *Don John* had one call'd *Don Thomas de Avendano*. As these young Gentlemen are the principal Persons in the following Story, I shall, for Brevity's sake, call them only *Carriazo* and *Avendano*. *Carriazo* was about thirteen Years of Age, or something over, when such a strange Inclination seiz'd him to Strolling, that without any Provocation from his Parents, he broke loose from home, and went rambling up and down merely for his Fancy. This vagabond Life pleas'd him to the Heart, and amidst all the Want and Hardships which attend it, the Plenty in his Father's House gave him no Regret, neither did travelling on Foot offend him, and he bore the Cold and Heat without Complaint. All the Seasons of the Year were as agreeable to him, as the most temperate Weather. He slept as well on Straw in a Barn, as in a Feather-Bed; and was

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as contented in a Hay-Loft in an Inn, as if he had been between fine *Holland* Sheets. In short, he became so perfect in the Calling, that he might have instructed *Guerman de Alfaroche*.

DURING the three Years of his Excursion, before he return'd to his Father's, he learn'd all the cheating Games in use among the sharpening Gangs at *Madrid*, *Toledo*, and *Seville*. But tho' Baseness of Spirit and a narrow Soul are generally inseparable from this Profession, *Carriazo's* Behaviour bespoke him a Gentleman; it was visible at first Sight that he was well born, for he was generous, and well-behav'd towards his Comrades. He frequented Taverns very little, and tho' he drank Wine, it was so sparingly, that he cou'd not be reckon'd among those who are call'd Soakers, whose Faces look as glowing as if they had been painted over with Vermillion. In short, *Carriazo* shew'd the World, a virtuous, cleanly, well-bred, and very discreet Scoundrel. He took all the Degrees of the Ragamuffen College, 'till he arriv'd at the *Almadravas*, that is, the Raking Fishery of *Zahara*, which is the highest Degree among them. All the Train of Mumpers, Counterfeit Cripples, Cutpurses, Hypocritical Prayer-Sayers, Link-boys, Scullions, &c. are unworthy to be admitted in this Rank of Rakers, if they have not serv'd their Time at that Fishery. It is there that Labour and Laziness appear in their proper Colours, there Cleanliness and Nastiness are reconcil'd, and Hunger and Plenty go hand in hand: Vice is never disguis'd, Gaming never ceases, Quarrels are frequent, Murders often happen, Ribaldry flows continually, Dancing is as constant as at Weddings, Singing of all sorts is perpetual, and riming Ballads are always chanting: In one place they sing, in another they curse; in this they wrangle, and in that they play; and they steal in all. There Libertinism abounds, and Labour thrives; thither many good Parents go or send to seek their Sons, who are as concern'd to be forced away from that Course of Life, as if they were led to Execution. Yet all this Pleasure has a Sting

Sting attending it; they can never sleep in Safety, without fear of being transported on a sudden from *Zahara* into *Barbary*; and therefore at Night they retire into certain Towers on the Sea-Coast, and have their Sentinels and Patrolles, relying on whom they take their Rest; tho' sometimes the Sentinels, Patrolles, Scoundrels, Fishers, Boats, Nets, and all the Rabble Society have been in *Spain* over Night, and the next Morning at *Tetuan*.

THIS Danger did not deter our *Carriazo* from resorting thither three Summers to divert himself: In the last of which Fortune was so favourable to him, that he won about 700 Royals at Cards, with which he resolv'd to put himself in Cloaths and return to *Burgos*, to see his Mother, who had shed Tears for him incessantly. He took Leave of his trusty Friends, of whom he had good Store, promising to visit them again next Summer, if Death or Sickness did not prevent him. He left his Heart with them, and all his best Wishes, on those barren Sands, which appear'd to him more beautiful and charming than the *Elysian* Fields. Being us'd to travel on Foot, he set out in that Manner, and, with no better Accommodation than a pair of hempen Buskins, trudg'd it from thence to *Valladolid*, as merry as a Prince. He stay'd there a Fortnight, to get the Tan off his Face, or bring his Skin, which was like a Mulatto, to a wholesome Complexion, and metamorphose himself from a Scoundrel into a Gentleman. He manag'd as thriftily as possible out of 500 Royals, which he brought with him to *Valladolid*, reserving an Hundred of them to hire a Mule and a Man, and arriv'd at his Father's in a decent Garb, and in very good Condition. His Parents were overjoy'd to see him, and all their Friends and Relations came to congratulate them on the safe Arrival of their Son; who, it must be observ'd, had chang'd the Name of *Carriazo*, in his Rambles, into that of *Urdiales*, which was the Name he always went by among Strangers.

AMONG those who came thither on this Occasion, were *Don John de Avendano* and his Son *Don Thomas*, with whom *Carriazo* had contracted an extraordinary Friendship, they being of the same Age, and Neighbours. *Carriazo* told his Parents and the rest of the Company a thousand Lies of his Adventures, but never so much as mention'd the *Almadraças*, or the Fishery; tho' his Thoughts were continually there, especially when the Time at which he had promised his dear Companions to return, drew near. The Country Sports, with which his Father endeavour'd to divert him, afforded him no Pleasure; nor did he find any Satisfaction in the many genteel Entertainments used in *Burgos*; all Diversions were dull to him, and he preferr'd those of the *Almadraças* to the best he cou'd meet with at home.

HIS Friend *Avendano*, observing him often melancholy and thoughtful, relying on his Friendship, took the Liberty to ask him the Occasion, offering to assist him if possible, tho' it were at the Expence of his Blood. *Carriazo* wou'd not conceal it from him, lest he should wrong the Intimacy there was between them, and therefore told him every Title of his late Exploits, and that all his Discontent arose from the ardent Desire he had to resume that Life. He describ'd it after such a manner, that when he had done, *Avendano* rather commended than condemn'd his Fancy. The End of the Conference was, that *Carriazo* wrought so upon *Avendano*, that he resolv'd to bear him Company, and take a Taste for one Summer of that delicious Life which *Carriazo* had describ'd. *Carriazo* was extremely pleas'd, as thinking he had gain'd one Witness of Credit to justify his mean Resolution. They agreed, at the same time, to furnish themselves with all the Money they cou'd, and this was their Expedient: Within two Months *Avendano* was to go to *Salamanca*, where he had been three Years before for his Pleasure, perfecting himself in the *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, and his Father was willing he shou'd proceed to the Study of such Sciences as he

most fancy'd; and the Money his Father was to give him for that Service, they concluded, would be sufficient to serve them both. *Carriazo* told his Father also, he had a Mind to go with *Avendano* to study at *Salamanca*. His Father lik'd it so well, that speaking to *Don Juan de Avendano* about it, they resolv'd to provide their Sons proper Lodgings together in that University.

THE Time for them to set out being come, they supply'd them with Money, and sent a Tutor along with them, who was an honest Man, but not over discreet. Both the Fathers documented their Sons very soberly, advising them how to conduct themselves in order to advance in Learning and Virtue, the End which all Students ought to propose in their Labours, especially such as are well-born. The two Youths express'd much Obedience and Submission, their Mothers dropp'd some Tears, gave them their Blessing, and they set out on Mules of their own, attended by two Servants besides the Tutor, who had let his Beard grow, to make him look the graver. When they came to *Valadolid*, they told their Tutor they design'd to stay there two Days to take a View of the City, because they had never been there before. The Tutor reprov'd them with great Austerity, telling them that Persons who were going in Haste to their Studies, ought not to lose an Hour, much less two Days in seeing Trifles, and it wou'd be against his Conscience, if he allow'd them to stay one Moment, and therefore they must proceed immediately, or he wou'd take another Course. The Youths, who had already done their Business, having stolen four hundred Crowns in Gold, which their Governour was intrusted with for them, desir'd, he wou'd let them stay but that Day, because they had a Mind to see the Spring of *Argales*, which was then conveying to the City by a stately Aqueduct. He consented, tho' fore against his Will; for he wou'd fain have spar'd the Expence of that Night, to have serv'd them at *Valdeastillas*, and thereby have divided the eighteen Leagues from *Valdeastillas* to *Salamanca* into two Days

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Days Journey, rather than ride two and twenty, the Distance between *Valladolid* and the University, in the same Time. But as he reckon'd without his Host, all Things fell out contrary to his Expectation. His Pupils, mounted on two sturdy Mules, and attended only by one Servant, set out for the Spring of *Argales*, famous for its Antiquity and Waters, and not inferior to any other in *Spain*. Being arriv'd there, the Servant seeing *Avendano* taking something out of his Bags, imagin'd it might be a Cup to taste the Waters, instead of which he saw him pull out a Letter seal'd. He bid him return immediately to the City, and deliver it to their Tutor, and then wait for them at the Field-Gate. The Servant did as he was order'd, he took the Letter, and return'd; while his young Masters rode off as speedily as they cou'd, and lay that Night at *Mojados*, and two Days after at *Madrid*, and within four Days more the Mules were publikly sold in the Market-Place, where they wanted not Buyers. The next Thing they did was, to cloath themselves like Country Fellows; they sold their own Habits to a Broker, and metamorphos'd themselves so that it was impossible to know them. Being thus equip'd they set out for *Toledo*, upon the Hoof, and without Swords, which they had also dispos'd of to the Broker.

AND now let us leave them a while to travel on well pleas'd and merry, and return to the Tutor, who opening the Letter, found it to this Effect:

S I R,

BE pleas'd to arm yourself with Patience, and return to *Burgos*, where you may tell our Fathers, that their Sons having taking into their serious Consideration, that the Army is much fitter for Gentlemen than the Schools, have left *Spain* to go into *Flanders*, and may be heard of at *Brussels* instead of *Salamanca*; the 400 Crowns you brought out with you, are in our Hands, and we design to sell the Mules. Our honourable Design, and the Length of the Journey, are a sufficient Excuse for the Fault we have committed, tho'

none

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none but a Coward can think us guilty of any. We are now on the Road, and shall return when God pleases, to whose Protection we your poor Pupils commit you.

From the Spring of *Argales*,
just mounting for *Flanders*.

Carriazo and Avendano.

PETER *Alonso* was astonish'd at the Letter, and ran directly to the Portmanteau, and finding it empty, was fully convinced of the Truth of the Contents: Upon which he set out that Moment, on the Mule they had left him, for *Burgos*, to carry the News with all possible Expedition to his Masters, that they might give Orders for stopping their Sons. But concerning those Particulars, the Author of this Relation says no more, but leaving *Peter Alonso* on his Way to *Burgos*, returns to his Pupils, as follows.

CARRIAZO and *Avendano*, as they enter'd the Town *Illescas*, met two Muletiers, who seem'd to be of the Province of *Andaluzia*: They were dress'd in wide-knee'd Linnen Breeches, and Canvas slash'd Doublets, Buff Breast-Pieces, and had Daggers with Cross Holes, and Swords, but no Belts. One of them seem'd to come from *Seville*, and the other to be going thither.

IF my Masters were not got so far before, said he who was going to *Seville*, I wou'd have staid a little longer to ask you a thousand Questions I desire to have resolv'd, for you have surpriz'd me prodigiously with the Account you have given, that the Earl has hang'd *Alonso Genis* and *Ribera*, without allowing their Appeal. Troth, answer'd the other, the Earl laid a Trap for them, and took them within his own Jurisdiction, for they were Soldiers, and he try'd them by a Court Martial, so that the Judges cou'd not oppose it. I must tell you, Friend, this Earl of *Punno en Rostro* is the Devil, for he lays his Clutches upon us every where. He has clear'd *Seville* and all the Country for ten Leagues about

bout it, of Bullies, Rakes, and Sharpers, and not a Thief can harbour there. They all dread him, as a burnt Child dreads the Fire; but they say he will soon quit the Post of Governour, not having Patience to be thwarted at every Turn by the Judges. A thousand Blessings attend those Judges, said the first, for they are Parents to the wretched, and Protectors to the unfortunate. How many poor Fellows are sent to their Graves by the Peevishness of a positive Judge, or a Governour either ill-inform'd or passionate? Four Eyes see more than two; Injustice does not so soon take Possession of many Hearts as it does of one. You begin to preach, reply'd the Comer from *Seville*, and now your Hand is in, will not have done in Haste, and I cannot stay to hear you; but pray remember not to lie To-night at your old Inn, but at the *Sevillian's*, where you will see the loveliest Cook-Maid that ever Eyes beheld. *Marinilla* at *Tejada* is nothing to her. I will say no more, but that it is reported the Governour's Son is stark wild for her. One of my Masters swears that when he returns into *Andalveria*, he will stay two Months at *Toledo* in that very Inn, only to gaze his Fill at her. I ventur'd to give her a Pinch at parting, and she saluted me with a smart Box on the Ear; she is as hard-hearted as a Flint, as coy as a Country Girl, and stings like a Nettle; but she has a Face like an Angel, and a bewitching Presence; she is made up of all the Suns, Stars and Flowers that the Poets bestow on their Ladies: But enough; go see her, and you will own that all I have said is nothing, in Comparison of what I might tell you of her Beauty. I would with all my Heart settle the two grey Mules you know I have of my own, upon her, if I could get her for my Wife; but I am sensible that is impossible; for she is a Jewel fit for an Archdeacon, or a Lord. But, as I said, you will see her yourself, and so Farewel, for I must vanish.

AT this the Muletiers separated, leaving the two Friends astonish'd at their Discourse, which they had listen'd to attentively, especially *Avendano*, in whom the bare Relation
of

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of the Cook-Maid's Beauty had kindled a most ardent Desire to see her; nor was *Carriazo* void of that Curiosity, yet was it not so prevalent with him, but he had more Mind to proceed to his beloved Fishery at *Almadravas*, than to stop to behold the Pyramids of *Egypt*, or any of the seven Wonders of the World, or all of them together: They diverted themselves on the Road to *Toledo* with repeating the Discourse between the two Muletiers, and acting their Manner of expressing themselves; and *Carriazo* leading the Way, because he had been there before, they came to the *Sevillian's* Inn, but durst not lodge there, because it was inconsistent with their shabby Dress. It was dusk, and *Carriazo* press'd *Avendano* to go to some other Place to get a Lodging, but cou'd not drag him from the Door, where he planted himself in Hopes of getting a Sight of the celebrated Maid. Night came on, and the Wench did not appear; *Carriazo* fretted, and *Avendano* stood still as a Statue, 'till, hoping to speed that Way, he went into the Yard of the Inn, on Pretence of enquiring after some Gentlemen of *Burgos*, who were travelling to *Seville*. No sooner was he in the Yard, when he spy'd a Maid, about fifteen Years of Age, clad like a Country Girl, coming out of a large Room with a lighted Candle in her Hand. *Avendano* did not fix his Eyes on her Habit, but on her Face, and thought he had beheld no less than an Angel. He stood as it were in a Rapture, and was so far transported beside himself, that he knew not how to ask her any Question.

THE Maid seeing the Man standing in the Yard, What is it you want, Friend, said she? Are you Servant to any of the Guests in the House? I am no Servant of theirs, answer'd *Avendano* in a strange Consternation, but yours. Walk about your Business, reply'd the Wench very smartly, for we who are in Service our selves have no Occasion for Servants; and calling her Master, Pray, Sir, said she, see what this young Man wants. The Master came out, and asked him, what he was looking for; he answer'd, He was in quest of certain Gentlemen of the City of *Burgos*,
who

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who were going to *Seville*, one of whom was his Master, and had sent him before by the Way of *Alcala de Henares*, where he was to do some Business for him, and ordered him to go on from thence to *Toledo*, and there to wait for him in the *Sevillian's Inn*, where he intended to lye, and he expected his Master there that Night, or the next at farthest. *Avendano* utter'd his Lye so plausibly, that the Host believ'd it to be true, and told him, he might stay in the Inn 'till his Master came. I give you many Thanks, Landlord, reply'd *Avendano*; pray let some Body shew me a Room for myself and a Comrade that is with me, for we have Money to pay for what we use, as well as others. With all my Heart, reply'd the Host; and turning to the Maid, *Con*, said he, bid *Arguello* shew these Sparks into the Corner-Room, and give them clean Sheets. Yes, Sir, answer'd *Constance*, for that was the Maid's Name; and making her Master a Curtsy, went away, leaving *Avendano* as disconsolate as the weary Traveller is, when dark Night surprizes him. However he stepp'd out to acquaint *Carriazo* with what he had seen, and how he had sped. *Carriazo* plainly discover'd his Friend was in Love, but wou'd not take notice of it, 'till he had seen the Object, which he so extravagantly extoll'd in magnifying the Beauty of *Constance*.

THEY went into the Inn, and *Arguello*, who was a Woman about Forty five Years of Age, and had Charge of the Beds and Chambers, as Chamberlain, conducted them to one that was neither good enough for Gentlemen, nor mean enough for their Servants, but was just fit to entertain the middling sort of People. They ask'd for something for Supper, and *Arguello* told them, it was not the Custom of that House to find Meat, but they dress'd any thing the Guests were pleas'd to buy; however there were Cooks-Shops and Ordinaries close by, where they might have what they wou'd. They took her Advice, and went out to a Cook's Shop, where *Carriazo* suppd upon such as he found, and *Avendano* filld
his

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his Belly with ruminating on what he had seen. *Carriazo* admir'd to see *Avendano* eat little or nothing, and therefore to discover his Friend's Designs, when they return'd to their Quarters, We must rise, says he, very early To-morrow, to be at *Orgaz* before the Heat of the Day comes on. I am not of that Mind, answer'd *Avendano*, for I design, before I leave this City, to see all that is remarkable in it, as the Sacred Chapel, *Juanelo's* Water-work, the Curiosities at *St. Augustin's*, the King's Gardens, and the famous Plain. With all my Heart, reply'd *Carriazo*, this may be seen in two Days. By my troth, rejoyn'd *Avendano*, I shall do it at my Leisure, for we are not going to *Rome* to sollicite a vacant Benefice. Enough, quoth *Carriazo*, I'll be hang'd, Friend, if you have not more mind to stay in *Toledo*, than to proceed on our intended Ramble. This is the very Truth, said *Avendano*, and I can no more be drawn away from this beautiful Maid, than a Miser from his Gold. A Resolution, answer'd *Carriazo*, worthy a Gentleman of your Quality! It is very suitable for *Don Thomas de Avendano*, the Son of *Don John de Avendano*, a Gentleman of Birth, wealthy, a sprightly Youth, and discreet to Admiration, to be in Love with a Cook Wench, that lives in the *Sevillian's* Inn. It is much the same in my Opinion, reply'd *Avendano*, to observe *Don Diego Carriazo*, Son to a Father of the same Name, and Knight of the Order of *Alcantara*, ready to inherit his great Estate, no less amiable in his Person, than in the Endowments of his Mind, to see him, I say, in Love; and with whom? with the Queen of *Sheba*? no, but the *Almadravas*, or Scoundrel Fishery of *Zahara*, which is an Emblem of Hell: I protest, rejoyn'd *Carriazo*, you have hit me home; but let the Controversy end here, and let us go to sleep; when To-morrow comes, we shall think better of it. Consider *Carriazo*, said *Avendano*, that you have not yet seen *Constance*; when you have once seen her, I give you Leave to reproach me as much as you please. I know what will be the End of it, said *Carriazo*.

What?

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What? answer'd *Avendano*. That I shall go away to my *Almadravas*, reply'd *Carriazo*, and you will stay behind with your Cook Wench. I shall not be so happy, said *Avendano*; nor I so unwise, answer'd *Carriazo*, as to forbear following my Pleasure to comply with your irregular Appetite.

IN this and such like Discourse they spent half the Night; and when they had slept, as near as they could guess, something above an Hour, they were wak'd by the Sound of many Instruments playing in the Street. They sat up in the Bed, and listned. I dare lay a Wager, said *Carriazo*, it is Day, and that some Festival is celebrated in the Monastery of our Lady of *Mount Carmel*, which is just by, and that is the Occasion of this Musick. No such thing, answer'd *Avendano*, for we have not slept so long that it can be Day yet. Whilst they were thus debating, they heard a knocking at their Chamber Door, and asking, Who was there, were answer'd, Young Men, if you have a mind to hear some excellent Musick, rise, and look out at a grated Window next the Street, in the great Room opposite to yours, for there is no body at it. They both rose, and opening the Door, saw no body, nor could they tell who had given them that Intelligence; but hearing the Sound of an Harp, they concluded there was some Serenade, and ran into the great Room in their Shirts, where three or four other Guests were already got to the Windows. However they found Room, and soon after they heard the following Sonnet sweetly sung to an Harp and a Lute, and *Avendano* remember'd every Word of it.

*Surprising Fair, whose lovely Face
To Beauty's self imparts a Grace,
In whose enchanting Shape and Mein
The Sovereign Skill of Nature's seen!*

*Whether you speak, or laugh, or sing,
Or smile, or frown, or rest, or move,
Such Charms your Actions sweetly bring,
All Hearts are fir'd, and sigh with Love.*

No

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No longer in a base Impley
Such Glories and such Virtues hide;
For Kings and Monarchs wou'd, with Joy,
Attend obsequious at your Side.

THERE was no need to inform the two Friends, that the Serenade was design'd for *Constance*, for that was evident enough by the Song, which sounded so disagreeably in *Avendano's* Ears, that he cou'd have wish'd he had been born Deaf, and continu'd so all his Days, rather than have heard it; his Heart was mortally wounded with Jealousy, and the worst of it was, that he knew not of whom he was, or ought to be jealous. But his Doubt was soon remov'd by one of those that stood at the Window, who cry'd out, How ridiculous is it in the Governor's Son to go about serenading a Cook Wench? It is true, she is one of the most beautiful Girls I have seen, and I have seen many; but yet he ought not to make Love to her in this publick manner. Yet have I been told for certain, added another, that she takes no more notice of him than if he were not worth a Groat. I dare swear, she is now fast asleep, behind her Mistress's Bed, where they say she lyes, without the least regard to Musick or Songs. That is very true, answer'd the other, for she is the modestest Creature in the World; and it is wonderful, that tho' she lives in a House where there is so much Hurly-Burly, and Crouds of new Guests are coming every Day, and she must be about in all the Rooms, she has never been known to have been guilty of the least Slip.

THESE Words gave fresh Life to *Avendano*, and he recover'd himself to hear several other Songs which were all directed to *Constance*, who, as the Guest had said, was found asleep, regardless of what was doing. Day approaching the Musicians drew off, taking their Leave with a Flourish. *Avendano* and *Carriazo* return'd to their Chamber, where he that cou'd, slept 'till the Morning, when they

they both got up, and were both of them impatient to see *Constance*, but the Desire of the one proceeded from Curiosity, and the other's from Love. *Constance* satisfy'd them both; she came out of her Master's Chamber, and appear'd so beautiful, that they jointly agreed all the Commendations bestow'd on her by the Muletier were far short of her Merit. She had on a full Petticoat, and a short Waistcoat of green Cloth, edg'd with the same. The Waistcoat was low before, her Shift high about the Neck; the Neckband was wrought with black Silk; and a Necklace of Jeat Stars surrounded her Neck, which look'd like a Piece of clear Alabaster. She was girt about with a Cord of the Order of St. *Francis*, and on her right Side hung by a String a large Bunch of Keys. Her Shoes were double-soal'd, and a small Edge of her Stockings, which just appear'd, show'd they were red. Her Hair was platted with white Tape, and hung down at her Back below her Wasse; the Colour of it was a bright Chestnut, but it was so clean, so smooth and neatly comb'd, that it cou'd not have look'd finer, if it had been of Gold. At her Ears hung two little Glas Colabashes, which look'd like Pearls, the Hair itself serv'd instead of a Net Cap, and Headcloaths. When she came into the Court, she made the Sign of the Cross and bless'd herself, and devoutly bow'd before an Image of the Virgin *Mary* that was against the Wall; and looking up, and seeing the two young Men who gaz'd at her, she immediately drew back into the Room from whence she came, and call'd out to *Arguello* to rise.

IT remains now to mention what *Carriazo* thought of *Constance's* Beauty; for what *Avendano's* Thoughts were was declar'd the first time that he saw her. I shall only say, that *Carriazo* lik'd her as well as his Comrade, but he was less in Love with her, and indeed so little, that he would willingly not have lain another Night in the Inn, but have gone away immediately for his *Almadras*. By this Time, at the Call of *Constance*, *Arguello* came

came out into the Gallery, with two strapping Lasses, who also serv'd in the House, and are said to have been of the Kingdom of *Galicia*; for the continual Resort to the Inn, which is one of the best and most frequented of any in *Toledo*, made it necessary to keep such a Number of Servants. Out came the Servants of the Guests also, to ask for Corn for their Horses and Mules; and out came the Landlord cursing his Maids, because they had been the Occasion of losing an Hostler who was a very trusty orderly Fellow, and he was satisfy'd had never wrong'd him. *Avendano* hearing him, Don't let that trouble you, Landlord, said he, give me your Book, and as long as I stay, I will keep so exact an Account of what I deliver, that you shall have no Reason to repent the Loss of your Man. I shall be thankful to you, young Man, answer'd the Host, for I can't attend this Business myself, having my Hands full enough abroad. Come down, and I will give you the Book, and pray have your Eyes about you, for these Muletiers are the Devil himself, and will cheat you of a Peck of Corn before your Face, without any Conscience.

AVENDANO went down into the Yard, and took Possession of the Book, and began to measure out the Corn, and enter'd it so that the Host, who look'd on, was pleas'd to the Heart. I wish in my Soul, said he, your Master wou'd not come, and that you wou'd take a Fancy to stay here; on my Word, you wou'd find the Benefit of it; for the Fellow that has left me, came into my House about eight Months since, ragged and half-starv'd, and now he has two or three very good Suits to his Back, and is as fat as a Bear; for you must know, Child, there are special Vails here, besides the Wages. If I were to stay, reply'd *Avendano*, I shou'd not much concern myself about the Profit, I shou'd be satisfy'd with any thing, so I might live in this City, which I am told is the best in *Spain*. It is, said the Host, one of the best and most plentiful at least; but I have another Want still, that is, of
a Man,

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a Man to fetch Water from the River, for another Fellow has left me also, who with a sturdy Ass I have, kept my Vessels always full, and this is the Reason why the Mule-tiers love to bring their Masters to my House, because they have Plenty of Water in it, and are not forced to carry their Cattle down to the River to drink. *Carriazo* heard the whole, and perceiving *Avendano* was provided with an Employment in the House, resolv'd not to be left idle, especially considering how highly he shou'd oblige *Avendano*, if he comply'd with his Humour; he took the Hint therefore, and offer'd himself to the Host; Let me have the Ass, Landlord, said he, for I can manage him as dexterously as my Comrade can keep his Accounts. Right, said *Avendano*, my Comrade, *Lopez the Asturian*, will fetch Water like a Prince, and I will be bound for his Honesty.

ARGUELLO, who stood in the Gallery listning to all that pass'd, hearing *Avendano* say, he would be bound for his Comrade, But pray, Friend, quoth she, who will be bound for you? for by my Troth, I think you have more need of having some body bound for you, than of being yourself bound for another. Hold your Tongue, *Arguello*, answer'd the Landlord, don't you meddle where you are not concern'd; I'll be bound for them both, and I desire you and the rest of the Trollops may have no Bickerings with the Men Servants in the House, for they are always going away on your Account. Heyday, said another Wench, are these Fellows to stay in the House then? on my Conscience, if I were to travel with them, I wou'd not trust them with the Bottle. Leave off your Witticisms, my Lady of *Galicia*, reply'd the Host, and mind your own Business, and don't trouble your Head with these young Men, or I shall make your Bones rattle in your Skin. By my Faith, rejoyn'd the Wench, they are pretty Jewels to be fond of. I was never forward to Toy with young Fellows at home or abroad, that you need have so ill an Opinion of me. They are Rakes and Rogues,

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and go away when they think fit, without any Occasion given them by us. Yes surely, 'tis more than likely such precious Varlets want an Excuse to give their Master the Slip. Your Tongue is very glib, Huffy, said her Master; cease your Babbling, and about your Business. By this Time *Carriazo* had made ready the Ass, and mounting nimbly on him, took to the Way to the River, leaving *Avendano* highly pleas'd at his generous Resolution.

THUS was *Avendano* in a trice turn'd into an Hostler, by the Name of *Thomas Peter*; and *Carriazo* by the Name of *Lopez* the *Asturian*, into a Water-Carrier. *Metamorphoses* much beyond any in *Ovid* the Poet. No sooner was *Arguello* satisfy'd that they were both to stay in the House, than she set her Heart upon *Lopez*, and mark'd him out for her own; resolving to make so much of him, that tho' he were ever so coy and reserv'd, she would bring him to her Lure. The *Galician* Wench had an Eye upon *Avendano*; and as these two were great Cronies, being Bed-Fellows and Confidants, they immediately told one another their amorous Designs, and from that Moment decreed to pursue this important Affair very briskly. The first Thing they agreed on was to enjoin their Gallants not to be Jealous at any Thing in their Behaviour; because it was impossible for Wenches of their Condition to be able to treat the young Men at home, unless they rais'd Contributions abroad. Hold your Peace, Lads, said this Couple of Ladies, (as if their Lovers had been present, and already in a League with them,) hold your Peace, and shut your Eyes; let those play on the Musick that understand it, and those lead up the Dance who know it best, and the fattest Churchmen in the City shall not be better treated than you shall be by us your Admirers.

THIS and such like Discourse pass'd between the *Galician* Wench and *Arguello*, whilst honest *Lopez* the *Asturian* was going down the *Carmelite's* Hill towards the River, with his Thoughts fix'd on the *Almadravas*, and the sudden Change of his Condition. Whether this was the Oc-

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casion of it, or that Fate had so ordain'd it, as he went down the Hill in a narrow Passage, he met a Water-Carrier's Afs coming up loaded, and his Afs being strong, and not over-work'd, jostled against the poor Afs that was coming up, and tumbled him over, and two of the Pitchers being broke, the Water was spilt; upon which the old Water-Carrier in a mighty Passion flew at *Lopez*, who was mounted on his Afs, and before he could alight and bestir himself, gave him a dozen Strokes with a Cudgel, so well laid on, that the *Asturian* did not like them. He alighted, but in such an ill Humour, that seizing his Adversary with both Hands, he threw him down, and gave his Head such a Jolt upon a Stone, that he perfectly crack'd his Skull, and the Blood gush'd out so plentifully, that he concluded he had kill'd him. Several other Water-Carriers that were just by, seeing their Companion in that bad Condition, ran all at *Lopez*, and held him fast, crying out, Justice! Justice! this Fellow has kill'd a Man; and all the time they cry'd out, they thresh'd him like Stockfish. Others ran to the Man that lay on the Ground, and bawl'd out that his Skull was flit, and he was at the last Gasp. The Cry from one to another was carry'd up the Hill to the *Carmelites Square*, where it reach'd the Ears of an *Alguazil*, who, with two of his Followers, flew to the Place where the Quarrel had happned, and came thither just as the wounded Man was set upon an Afs, and *Lopez's* Afs was seiz'd, and he himself beset by at least twenty Water-Carriers, who would not allow him room to stir, but maul'd him so unmercifully, that his Life seem'd to be in no less Danger than the other's. The *Alguazil*, at his Arrival, put away the People, deliver'd the *Asturian* to his Followers, and driving his Afs and the other on which the wounded Man was set, before him, carried them to the Jail, attended by such a Multitude of Mob and Boys, that he could hardly get along the Street.

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THE Noise of the People brought out *Thomas Peter* and his Master, to the Inn-Door, to know the Occasion of the Hubbub, and there they spy'd *Lopez* between the *Alguazil's* Officers, with his Face and Mouth all in Gore Blood. The Landlord look'd about for his As, and saw him led along by another Officer; he ask'd the Cause of their being seiz'd, and was terribly concern'd for his As, fearing he should lose him, or be obliged to pay more for him than he was worth. *Peter* follow'd his Comrade, but could not get to speak to him, by reason of the Throng, and the great Precaution of the Officers. In fine, he never left him 'till he saw him put into a Dungeon, in Fetters, and the wounded Man into the Infirmary, where he stay'd to see him dress'd, and perceiv'd that the Wound was very dangerous, and the Surgeon said the same. The *Alguazil* carry'd both the Ases to his own House, and two Pieces of Eight, which his Followers had taken from *Lopez*.

PETER return'd to the Inn full of Grief and Vexation, and found his new Master no less disturb'd. He acquainted him how he had left his Comrade, and with the Danger of Death the wounded Man was in, and what was become of his As. And farther, that to add to his Misfortune, he had met a great Friend of his Master's by the Way, who told him his Master being in great Haste, to save two Leagues of the Road from *Madrid*, had pass'd over the Ferry at *Azeca*, and was to lie that Night at *Orgaz*, and had sent him ten Crowns by him, with Orders to go away to *Sevil*, and meet him there. But this, added *Peter*, is impossible; for it is not reasonable for me to leave my Comrade in the Jail in such Hazard of his Life; my Master must excuse me at this Time; besides, he is so worthy a Gentleman, that he will forgive my Absence, rather than I should forsake my Fellow-Servant in his present Condition. Be so kind therefore, Sir, as to take these few Crowns, and do what you can for us in this unlucky Affair; and before these are gone, I will give my Master

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an Account of the Matter, and am sure of having Money enough from him to bring us off with Safety. The Host, perceiving there was some Hope of Amends for the Loss of his Ass, cheer'd up, and taking the Crowns, bid *Peter* never fear, for he had some Friends in the City of such Note, that they had a great Interest with the Magistrates, and particularly a Lady Nun, the Governor's Kinswoman, who did what she wou'd with him; and that a Laundress of the same Monastery had a Daughter, who was a very great Friend of a Fryar's Sister, who was a familiar Acquaintance of the Nun's Confessor, and this Laundress wash'd for his House, and if she shou'd desire her Daughter, as undoubtedly she wou'd, to speak to the Fryar's Sister, to speak to her Brother, to speak to the Confessor, and the Confessor to the Nun, and the Nun will please to write a Letter, which is easily done, to the Governor, desiring him to take Care of *Lopez's* Affair, there is no Question to be made but all will go well. *Peter* cou'd not forbear smiling at the Favour the Host promis'd to do him, and the many by-ways he had contriv'd to bring it about; and tho' he cou'd perceive there were more of the Knave in it than the Fool, he thank'd him for his Kindness, and gave him the Money, promising there shou'd be no want, for he cou'd depend on his Master. *Arguello* finding her Spark was in Tribulation, hasten'd away to the Jail to carry him something to eat; they refus'd to let her see him, which sorely afflicted her; however she did not despair, nor give over her Passion. To conclude; within a Fortnight the wounded Man was out of Danger, and the Surgeon in a few Days after declared, that he was perfectly well. By this time *Peter* had procured twenty Crowns to be sent him from *Sevil*, and taking them out of his Bosom deliver'd them to the Host, who never stood to examine the Truth of *Peter's* pretended Correspondence, but laid hold on the Money, which pleas'd him the better, because it was in Gold. For six Ducats the wounded Man put up the Quarrel; the *Asturian* was adjudged

judged to pay Ten more, with Costs, and to forfeit the Ass. He was discharg'd out of Prison, but would by no means return to live with his Comrade, informing him, that during his Imprisonment *Arguello* had visited and made Love to him, which was so hideous a Circumstance, that he had rather be hang'd than comply with so odious a Crone; and therefore since he was resolv'd to persist in the Profession he had lately embrac'd, he design'd to buy an Ass of his own, and be a Water-Carrier, as long as they stay'd in *Toledo*, which wou'd prevent his being observ'd, or taken up for a Vagabond; and thus with one Load of Water he cou'd range about the City all the Day, gazing at foolish Women.

YOU are more likely to see Beauties than Fools, said *Peter*, for this City is famous for producing the discreetest Women in all *Spain*, as Beautiful, as Prudent; of the Truth of which little *Constance* may convince you, who has Beauty enough to supply not *Toledo* only, but the whole World. Fair and softly, Master *Peter*, answer'd *Lopez*, let us use Moderation in praising my Lady Cook, unless you would have me think you an Heretick as well as a mad Man. Did you call *Constance* a Cook-Wench, Friend *Lopez*? quoth *Peter*: God forgive you, and grant you may repent. Why, is she not a Cook-Wench? rejoyn'd *Lopez*. I never saw her wash a Dish, said *Peter*. No matter for that, answer'd *Lopez*, if she has wash'd an Hundred: What is that to me? I tell you, Friend, reply'd *Peter* in a Heat, she does not wash Dishes; all her Business is to work at her Needle, and look after the Plate in the House, which is not a little. Why then, said *Lopez*, do they call her all over the City, *The Noble Cook-Wench*, if she does not wash Dishes? Without doubt, it is because she scours nothing but Plate. But to let this pass, what Hopes have you, *Peter*? None at all, said he; for the Time you were in Prison, I never had the Opportunity to speak one Word to her; and when the Guests talk to her, all the Notice she takes of it, is to look down, and say nothing; her Modesty is such, that all Men are as much

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in love with that, as with her Beauty. That which puts me quite out of Patience is, that I understand the Governor's Son, who is a mettlesome Youth, and somewhat daring, is Mad for her, and courts her with Serenades; seldom a Night passes without them, and that so bare-faced, that they expressly name her in the Songs, and extol her to the Skies. But she hears nothing of it, for from Evening 'till Morning she never stirs out of her Mistress's Chamber, which is all the Defence I have against dying with Jealousy. What then do you design to do in this desperate Case, answer'd *Lopez*, to prevail upon this chaste *Penelope*, this *Porcia*, this Goddess, who in the Shape of a Servant, and of a Cook-Wench, distracts you with Love and Despair? Ridicule me as much as you please, *Lopez*, reply'd *Peter*, I know I am in Love with the most beautiful Face Nature ever produced, and with the strictest Virtue that the World affords: Her Name is *Constance*, she is no *Penelope*, nor *Porcia*, nor Goddess; she is a Servant in an Inn, I confess it; but I am persuaded some secret Power of Fate constrains me, and my own Choice inclines me to doat on her. What shall I do? I can't express to you, *Lopez*, how far Love exalts and magnifies the Meanness of this Cook-Wench, as you call her; for tho' I see and know it, I do not give Credit to my Eyes and Reason. Tho' I endeavour it, I am not able one Moment to reflect on the Baseness of her Condition; for the Instant I attempt it, her Beauty, her Air, her Virtue and her Modesty, present themselves to my Mind, and put all those Thoughts to Flight, and persuade me that under this sordid Habit there lies conceal'd a Treasure of inestimable Value. In short, be it as it will, I love her, and not with that common Affection I have had for others, but in a manner so Chaste and Pure, that it has no other End than to induce her to love me, and make a blameless Return to my Innocent Passion. O Platonick Love! exclaim'd *Lopez* at this disinterested Declaration of *Peter*: O renown'd Cook-Wench! O most happy Times we live

live in, where Beauty we see produces Love without design; Modesty enflames without burning; Sprightliness pleases without provoking; and the Meanness of a low Condition has the Power to raise itself to the highest Fortune. Alas for my poor Fishery, which is in Danger of not being visited this Year by its sincere Admirer! But next Year I will make such amends, that the Heads of my dear *Almadravas* shall have no just Cause of Complaint. I am sensible, *Lopez*, reply'd his Friend, that you make a Jest of me directly; pray don't let me detain you against your Inclination: You may go away to your Fishery, and I will stay here to follow my Desires, and here you will find me at your Return. If you will take your Share of the Money with you, I will give it you this Moment. Go in Peace, and let every Man follow the Track of Life his Fate assigns him. I had a better Opinion of your Judgment, reply'd *Lopez*; don't you perceive that what I say is in jest? But since I find you are in earnest, I will in earnest serve you to the utmost of my Power. I only beg one thing of you in return, that you do not oblige me to be where *Arguello* may make Love to me, for I will rather break Friendship with you, than suffer her Addresses. On my Conscience she chatters like a Magpye, and her Breath smells like Lees of sour Wine at a Mile's Distance; all her upper Teeth are false, and I fancy her Hair is so too; and to conceal these Defects, since she has declar'd her Mind to me, she has began to wash and varnish her Face so, that she looks like a new Vizor, or a painted Wall. All this is very true, answer'd *Peter*; and the *Galician* Girl who pesters me is little better. You may stay in the Inn To-night, and To-morrow you may buy the Ass you talk of, and find out some other Place to lodge in, by which you will avoid *Arguello*, whilst I am left expos'd to the Assaults of the *Galician* Wench, and to the irresistible Charms of my *Constance*.

HAVING thus agreed the Matter, they both went to the Inn, where the *Asturian* was receiv'd by *Arguello* with

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with extraordinary Tokens of Affection. That Night several Muletiers, who quarter'd there and at Inns hard by, met and danced before the Door, and the *Asturian* play'd to them on the Guitar; the Female Dancers were *Arguello* and the Wenches of that and the neighbouring Inns. Several Persons resorted thither muffled up in their Cloaks, rather to see *Constance* than the Dance, but were disappointed, for she did not appear. *Lopez* handled the Guitar so dexterously, that the Company swore he made it speak. The Maids, and particularly *Arguello*, intreated him to sing, which he promis'd, provided they would dance to his Singing, as is done at the Theater, and do just what he directed in the Song, and no more. There were skilful Dancers as well among the young Men as the Maids. *Lopez* clear'd his Throat, and cough'd, to gain Time to consider what he should sing; and being of a ready Invention, he presently began, and sung as follows:

*Arguello first, who hath been Young,
And art not now, lead up the Pack,
Thou daintiest Nymph of all the Throng,
And cur'sying, fall three Paces back.*

*Then let the lusty Muletier,
Barabbas, famous thro' the Land
For stoutly roping and good Cheer,
Take sweet Arguello by the Hand.*

*Next let the plump Galician Maid,
One of the Beauties in our Inn,
With Apron off and Face display'd,
Step out, and merrily begin.*

*And let Torota hold by her,
And all the Four frisk bravely round
A Cross-Dance, and with jocund Air
And merry Gestures shift their Ground.*

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THE Lads and Lasses perform'd what he order'd in his Song to a Tittle; but when he mention'd a *Cross-Dance*, *Barabbas*, which was a Nickname given to one of the Musicians, call'd out, Take heed what you Sing, good Mr. Musician, and do not jear any Man for his Cloaths, nobody here is Cross-clouted, and every one wears such Cloaths as God is pleas'd to afford him. The Host knowing the Fellow's Ignorance, told him a Cross-Dance was a Foreign Dance, and no Jear upon bad Cloaths. If it be so, reply'd the Fellow, there is no need of puzling us with hard Words: let them play a Zaraband, a Chacone, or an Antick-Dance, such as are us'd here, and do as they will, for here are those that can give them their Belly-full. The *Asturian*, without answering one Word, proceeded as follows.

*Let the Lasses and Lads strike merrily in,
And the jolly Chacone in brisk Order begin;
The Dance takes in all; then trip it around;
Let the Castanets rattle, and traverse the Ground.
Rarely done, my brave Hearts, your Skill I commend.
Now bless your selves thrice, and a Fig for the Fiend:
Spit at him, to chase him away from our Cheer,
For whene'er the Chacone is perform'd, you may swear,
He owes it a spite and is constantly there.
Arguello Divine, most amazingly Fine,
More 'wicking than Lazars in Hospitals shine,
I change now my Note, expecting that you
Will mend my poor Song with something that's new.
The jolly Chacone, so pleasant and airy,
Is the Type of a Life all jocund and merry:
This Exercise Health does always promote,
Cures Sloth in the Limbs, and hinders the Gout.
Mirth and Laughter provokes, and tickles the Breast
Of Dancers and Singers, and every Guest;
For they who perform, and those who attend,
The Dance and the Musick delighted commend.*

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*Fresh Vigour and Strength in the Old it renews,
The Young with gay Courage and Briskness indues.
The jolly Chacone, so pleasant and airy,
Is the Type of a Life all jocund and merry.
Let the fat Indian Wench, so talk'd of, be fin'd,
So teasing, so filching, so coming, and kind;
With the Cook-Maids, and Train of Footmen and Pages;
Who fleece the poor Wench of her Vails and her Wages.
The Chacone alone, so pleasant and airy,
Is the Type of a Life, all jocund and merry.*

ALL the while Lopez sung, the Dancing-Muletiers and Lasses, being a compleat Dozen, jump'd and skipp'd as if they wou'd have shaken their Limbs off; but while Lopez was preparing to sing something more solid, one of the Persons that stood muffled up to see the Dance, without uncovering his Face, said, Give over you Sot, cease Drunkard, you Wine-Bag, cobling Poet and Musician for the Devil; and others seconded him with so much ill Language, that Lopez thought fit to hold his Peace; but the Muletiers resentedit so highly, that if the Host had not appeas'd them with fair Words, a bloody Fray would have follow'd; nor had they yet forborn making a Scuffle, had not the Watch appear'd just then, and oblig'd them all to withdraw. No sooner were they gone, than all the People of the Neighbourhood, that were awake, heard the Voice of a Man, who sitting on a Stone before the *Sevilian's Inn* Sung so sweetly that they were astonish'd, and listen'd 'till he had done. He who gave the greatest Attention was *Peter*, as being the most concern'd, both as to the Words and the Musick, which to him had no Charms, but was rather grating to his Soul; for the Song was this:

*Where art thou, Beauty's radiant Sphere?
Why dost thou not, sweet Maid, appear?
Whose Graces so illustrious shine,
They seem not human, but divine.*

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*Empyreal Heav'n, where Love resides,
Thou Primum Mobile, which rolls
The Dance of Hearts, and smoothly guides,
Enchanting all Beholders Souls.*

*Chrystalline Seat, from whence proceed
Transparent Waters, which refine
The Flames of Love, and richly feed,
And make the rising Passion shine.*

*Gay Firmament, where fairly blaze
Two glitt'ring Stars, for ever bright,
On Heav'n and Earth they cast their Rays,
Rich with their own unborrow'd Light;*

*Goddeſs of Joy, whoſe bliſſome Pow'r
O'er-rules the ſullen Saturn's Hour,
And ſcorns, with ſtrange Humility,
The Grandeur Jove deſign'd for thee.*

*Fair Vanquiſher of Warrior Mars,
Thou nobler Sun, whoſe keener Ray
So fierce and full a Luſtre bears,
Ev'n Phœbus brings a weaker Day.*

*Celeſtial Meſſenger, to whom
The God of Eloquence muſt yield,
Thy Silence will it ſelf o'ercome
All florid Figures he can wield.*

*Nothing of Venus thou doſt own,
Except her Beauty and her Grace;
And of the changefull Moon alone
The Luſtre has in thee a Place;*

Thou

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*Thou Constance, art this wond'rous Sphere;
But while, by Fortune's Malice cross'd,
This sordid Work you follow here,
The Beauties you possess are lost.*

*For sake then such a base Imploy,
Admit Addresses, be not coy,
And high-born Ladies will repine
To see their Charms depress'd by thine.*

*Ev'n now I offer from my Heart
A Love sincere, untaught by Art:
A Flame so pure, so strong a Fire,
Did never yet a Breast inspire.*

THE very Moment the last Word was out of his Mouth, down came two Brick-bats, which had they lighted on his Head, as they fell at his Feet, he had never more been guilty of playing the Poet or the Musician. The poor Man was scar'd, and ran up the Hill so swiftly, that a good Greyhound wou'd scarce have overtaken him. Unhappy Condition of serenading Musicians, always expos'd to such Misfortunes! All who heard the Song approv'd that and the Voice extremely, particularly *Peter*, who cou'd have wish'd it had been address'd to any other than *Constance*, tho' she heard not a Note of it. *Barabbas* the Muletier, who had lent an Ear to the Song, was of another Mind; for as soon as he saw the Songster take to his Heels, Go thy way thou Blockhead, says he, Rhymer for the Devil; ill Luck haunt thee; who, the Plague, put you upon singing Songs to a Cook-Wench of Spheres and Heav'ns, of Moons and Stars, and Wheels of Fortune? a Murrain on you, and all that lik'd your Ballad; You might have told her she was as straight as an Arrow, as light as a Feather, as white as Curds, as modest as a new Nun, as skittish as a Colt, and as hard-hearted as a Flint; she

she wou'd have understood this, and lik'd it hugely: But to talk to her of *Mercury* and *Saturn*, and high and low, and the Lord knows what; such Words are fitter for a School-Book, than for a Cook-Wench. Well, there are Poets in the World that make Ballads the Devil himself can't understand: For my Part, tho' I am *Barabbas*, I do not know what this Fellow has sung; then how should little *Con*? but she is wiser, for she is warm in her Bed, and cares not one Fig for *Prefter John*. This Scraper is none of the Governor's Son's Musicians, that's certain; for tho' there are enough of them, yet taking one time with another, a Man may come at their Meaning; but by the Mass, this Fellow is a Buffel-headed Dog, and I can't bear him. All that heard *Barabbas* were well pleas'd, and agreed that his Reflections were just. They went to Bed; and no sooner was all hush'd, than *Lopez* heard somebody knock gently at his Door; and asking, who was there, was answer'd, We are *Arguello*, and the *Galician* Maid, let us in, for we are very cold. How so, said *Lopez*, when we are just in the middle of the Dog-Days. Leave your jesting, *Lopez*, reply'd the *Galician*, and open the Door, for we are like two Archdutchesses. Archdutchesses at this time of Night! cry'd *Lopez*; I have no Faith in them; I rather fancy you are Witches, or some scrub Jades of the Street. Be gone in a Moment, or I swear, by the Lord *Harry*, if I get up I will so discipline you with my Girdle, that you shall not be able to sit this Week. This scurvy Reception, so unlike what they look'd for, terrify'd them; they wear afraid of the *Asturian's* Anger and being disappointed of their Expectations, withdrew to their own Beds in a Rage; but before they went from the Door, *Arguello*, clapping her Mouth to the Key-hole, Something, said she, is as good for a Sow as a Pancake; and thinking she had left a Flea in their Ears, return'd to take her Rest. *Lopez* perceiving they were gone, call'd to *Peter*, who was awake. Look you *Peter*, says he, order me to fight a brace of Giants, or to engage a dozen of Lyons to serve you,

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and I will do it with all the ease in the World; but sooner than you shall bring me in *Arguello's* Way, I will chop off my Head. Heav'n's, what a Pair of Damsels Fortune had thrown upon us this Night. Well, the Day will come, and then we will shift for our selves. I have told you already, Friend, answer'd *Peter*; that you are free to do your own Will, either to proceed on your Progress, or to buy the Ass and turn Water-Carrier, as you resolv'd. I hold my Mind, said *Lopez*, and will be a Water-Carrier; but let us sleep the small Remainder of the Night, for my Head is quite out of Order, and I am not in a Condition to talk.

THEY slept; the Day came; they rose; *Peter* went to deliver out Corn, and *Lopez* to buy an Ass, the best he could find. It happen'd that *Peter*, giving way to his Love, and having spare Time in the heat of the Day, when most People were napping, had made some amorous Verses, and written them in the same Book where he kept his Accounts, intending to transcribe them, and tear out the Leaves. But before he could have an Opportunity to do so, when he was gone out, and had left his Book on the Bin, his Master took it up, and looking into it to see how the Account stood, met with the Verses, and having read them, was strangely surpriz'd. He carry'd them to his Wife, and before he read them call'd *Constance*, and question'd her very home, with threat'nings, whether *Peter* the Hostler had made Love to her, or said any thing unhandsome, or shew'd any Sign of Affection. *Constance* protested he had never utter'd one Word of that sort, and that his very Looks had never given the least Token of any ill Design. Her Master and Mistress believ'd her, because they had never found her in a Lie. They bid her be gone, and then the Host said to his Wife, I know not what to think of this Matter. You must understand, Wife, that *Peter* has writ some Verses in this Book, which give me Cause to suspect he is in Love with little *Con*. Pray let me hear the Verses, Husband, quoth she, and I will tell you

you the Meaning of them. Undoubtedly, answer'd the Host, for you being a piece of a Poet your self, will find it out immediately. I am no Poet, said she, but you know I am a Clerkly Woman, and can say four Prayers in *Latin*. You would do better, reply'd the Husband, to say them in *Spanish*, for your Unkle the Clergyman has told you, you make a thousand Blunders when you pray in *Latin*, and that in short it is not praying. His Neice's God-Daughter, quoth the Wife, has spit that Venom, because she is mad to see me take the *Latin* Prayer-Book and read as if it were *Spanish*. Be it as you will, said the Host, give Ear, the Verses run thus.

Who is fortunate in Love?

*He that's silent. Who subdues
Its Cruelty? He that can prove
Constant, and faithfully pursues.*

Who does its pleasing Joys obtain?

*The dauntless, persevering Man.
Success then I can never fear
Since I am silent, fix'd, and persevere.*

What feeds the Flame, and what repels?

*Smiles nourish it, and Frowning quells.
Since then nor Smiles nor Frowns I see,
My Flame must sure immortal be.*

What is th' Event of black Despair?

*Death. Then it is best to die.
Live rather, and thy Fortune try,
And trust the Kindness of the Fair.*

Since gentle Calms a Tempest close,

Shall I my secret Love expose?

At a fit Time thou may'st. But still

If that shou'd never come? It will

*It will! Alas! more speedy Death
Will come before, and stop my Breath.*

*These sad Surmises all are vain;
Still cherish Hope, and Truth maintain.
So brightly let thy Virtues shine,
That Constance when she knows thy Pain,
May crown thy Passion, and be thine.*

IS there any more, said the Hostess? No, reply'd the Husband; but what do you think of these Verses? In the first Place, said she, we must be convinced, whether they are made by *Peter*. There is no Question to be made of that, answer'd the Host; because the Accounts and the Verses are all in the same Hand, as plainly appears. Take Notice, Husband, said she, that tho' the Verses name *Constance*, which is some Reason to believe they were made on her, yet we cannot affirm it as certainly, as if we had seen them writ; besides, there are more *Constances* in the World; but supposing they are for her, there is nothing said to disgrace her, nor is any thing of Moment ask'd of her. Let us be upon the Watch, and give Notice to the Girl; for if he is in Love with her, there is no doubt but he will make more Songs, and endeavour to put them into her Hand. Were it not better, said the Husband, to make our selves easy, and turn him out of Doors? That is in your Power, reply'd the Landlady; but in Truth, you say he is so good a Servant, that it would be a Sin to turn him away, for so slight a Cause. Well, said the Husband, we will be upon the Watch, as you say, and time will shew us what we are to do.

THIS was concluded on, and the Host laid the Book again where he had found it. *Peter* came back in a Fright to look for his Book, and finding it, to avoid any Mischief, transcrib'd the Song, and tore out the Leaf, resolving to let *Constance* know his Mind the first Opportunity that offer'd.

fer'd. But she being always reserv'd and modest, scarcely gave a Man time to look on her, much less to discourse her; and there being generally so much Company, and so many observing Eyes in the Inn, the Difficulty of speaking to her was so great, that the poor Lover was almost reduced to Despair. But *Constance* going about that Day, with her Jaws muffled up, told one that ask'd her, that she was troubled with the Tooth-ach; *Peter*, whose Wit was sharpen'd by Love, presently concluded what to do; *Mrs. Constance*, says he, I will write you a Prayer, which if you read it but twice over, will certainly cure your Tooth-ach. With all my Heart, answer'd *Constance*, I'll say the Prayer, for I can read. It must be on Condition, said *Peter*, that you shall not show it to any Body, because I value it highly, and would not have it made common. I promise you, *Peter*, reply'd *Constance*, that I will shew it to no Body. But let me have it quickly, for I am in a world of Pain. I will write it out, and give it you immediately, said *Peter*. These were the first Words that had pass'd between *Peter* and *Constance*, all the time he had been in the House, which was above four and twenty Days. *Peter* went his way, writ down the Prayer, and found an Opportunity to deliver it to *Constance*, without being seen; and she with much Pleasure and more Devotion went into a Room by her self, and opening the Paper, found in it these Words.

LADY of my Soul, I am a Gentleman of the City of *Burgos*, and Heir to 6000 Ducats a Year. The Fame of your Beauty, which is spread abroad, caus'd me to quit my Country, to change my Habit, and come to serve your Master in the Garb you see. If you please to admit me for your Servant in such a Manner as shall be most agreeable to your Virtue, I will use what Methods you please to convince you of the Truth of what I write; and upon my satisfying you, if you will accept me for your Husband, I shall think my self the most fortunate Man in the World. All I beg of you at present is, not
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' to reject my chaste Love; for if my Master shou'd know
 ' it, and not believe me, he will punish me with Banish-
 ' ment from your Presence, which will be as bad to me
 ' as Death. Permit me to see you, 'till you can believe
 ' me, considering, that he who is guilty of no other
 ' Crime than admiring you, does not deserve so great a
 ' Punishment as being depriv'd of your Sight. You may
 ' answer me with your Eyes, and steal a Look in spite of
 ' your many Observers, for such are those Eyes, that their
 ' Anger kills, and their Compassion revives.

WHILE *Peter* thought *Constance* was reading his Bil-
 let-Doux, his Heart was beating betwixt Hope and Fear,
 as if he had been expecting the Sentence of Death or
 Life. At length *Constance* came out, so charming, tho'
 muffled up, that if any Accident were capable of adding to
 her Beauty, it was the Surprize of what she had so contrary
 to her Expectation found in *Peter's* Paper. She had the
 Paper in her Hands, all torn into small Bits; and told *Peter*,
 who was scarcely able to stand upon his Legs, Friend,
 this Prayer of yours looks to me more like a Spell, or a
 Charm, than a Piece of Devotion, and therefore I will
 not believe, nor use it, and I have torn it, that no Per-
 son more credulous than my self may see it; learn some
 easier Prayers, for it is impossible that this shou'd ever do you
 any Service. Having said this, she went in to her Mistress,
 and left *Peter* in a Consternation, tho' somewhat comfort-
 ed, to think, that his secret Love was known to her alone;
 and concluding, that since she had not discover'd it to her
 Master, he was in no danger of being turn'd out of the
 House. He was of Opinion, that he had surmounted the
 greatest Difficulties by this Step, and that in uncertain Af-
 fairs the Beginning is the most difficult.

WHILE this hapned at the Inn, *Lopez* the *Asburian*
 was looking out for an Ass in the Market; he saw several,
 but none pleas'd him, tho' a Gipsy took much Pains to
 put one into his Hands that was very full of Motion, be-
 cause he had clapp'd Quick-silver in his Ears; but he was

too small, and *Lopez* wou'd have one that was able to carry him and his Barrel both upon Occasion. After this a young Fellow came up to him, and whisper'd in his Ear, If you want a Beast fit for a Water-Carrier, I have an Ass in a Field close by, as good and as large as any in the City, but never deal with a Gipsy, for they are all Cheats; follow me, and say nothing. The *Asturian* believ'd him, and bid him lead to the Place where the Ass was he so highly commended. They went as far as the King's Garden, where they found several Water-Carriers under the Shade of a great Water-Wheel, and their Asses were grazing in a Meadow. The Fellow produced his Ass, which pleas'd *Lopez*, and they all prais'd him for his Strength, and serviceable Qualities. The Bargain was struck, the Water-Carriers passing between them, and *Lopez* gave sixteen Ducats for the Ass, and all the Furniture belonging to the Trade. The Money was paid down in Crowns of Gold; the Company wish'd him Joy of the Beast, and told him he had bought a very lucky Ass, for that the Man who own'd him before, without over-working him, had, in less than a Year, over and above his Expences, honestly earn'd enough to buy himself two or three good Suits of Cloaths, besides sixteen Ducats, which were to carry him home to his own Country, where he was to be marry'd. There were four other Water-Carriers lying on the Ground playing at Cards upon their Cloath: The *Asturian* went to look at them, and thought they play'd more like Men of Substance, than Labourers, for every one had a considerable Quantity of Money before him. In short, two of them were soon broke, and he who had sold the Ass, said, he wou'd willingly play if there were a fourth, but he could not endure to play with three Hands. The *Asturian*, who was of a sociable Temper, told him he wou'd make a fourth. They sat down, and being more sparing of Time than Money, *Lopez* presently lost six Crowns, which were all his Stock; after which he offer'd to play upon the Credit of his Ass. They agreed. He set a Quarter of the Ass, saying he wou'd venture him by

by Quarters. He was so unlucky, that he lost the four Quarters successively; which were won by the same Man that had sold him, who rising to take Possession of him, *Lopez* bid them take Notice, that he had lost only the four Quarters of the Afs; but he wou'd take off the Tail. The Demand of the Tail set them all a laughing. Some cry'd out he was in the Wrong, for Sheep and all other Beasts are sold with the Tail. *Lopez* reply'd, that the *Barbary* Sheep have generally five Quarters, the Tail being the fifth, and when they are cut out into Quarters, the Tail is worth as much as any of them; that as for the Tail's going with the Beast that is sold alive, and not cut into Quarters, he granted it; but his had not been sold, but lost at Play, and he never intended to play away the Tail, and therefore he wou'd have it with its whole Apurtenances, namely from the first Joint up at the Skull to the last Joint downward. If it be as you say, answer'd one of the Jury, and they give you the Tail as you require, then sit you down by what remains of the Afs. Since it is so, said *Lopez*, give me my Tail, or by the Mass you shall not take away the Afs, tho' all the Water-Carriers in the World shou'd come for him; and don't think you shall put upon me, because there are so many of you here, for I dare look any Man in the Face, and make him swallow two Handfulls of my Dagger before he knows how or whence it comes; besides, I do not ask to be paid for the Tail in Proportion to the rest, but I will have it in Kind, and cut out cleverly from the Afs in Length. He that had won the Afs, and the rest of them, did not think fit to decide the Difference by Force, looking upon the *Asturian* as a desperate Fellow, and that it wou'd be tough Work to deal with him. He had been us'd to the Customs of the *Almadravas*, where all sorts of bullying and wrangling are common, as well as Swearing and ill Language; and twisting his Court about his Arm, drew a Dagger he wore under his Jerkin, and set himself in such a Posture, that he struck a Terror into the whole Gang. At length, one of them, who seem'd to

be

be the discreetest among them, made up the Matter, and propos'd that the Tail shou'd be set against another Quarter of the As. It was agreed. They fell to Play, and *Lopez* won back the whole As, Quarter after Quarter. The Loser was for playing for Money, *Lopez* was unwilling; but they all importun'd him so much, that he was forced to comply; and making a good Hand of it, he left the Fellow without a Cross, which so enrag'd him, that he threw himself all along, and began to knock his Head against the Ground. *Lopez*, who was a Gentleman and of a generous and compassionate Temper, stood up, and return'd him all the Money he had won, and the sixteen Ducats he had given for the As, distributing something also among the rest. This wonderful Generosity amaz'd them all. *Lopez* return'd to the City with a great Retinue, where he acquainted *Peter* with his Adventures, and *Peter* requited him with an Account of his. Every Tavern, Victualling House, and Meeting of Scoundrells, was presently full of the Story of the As, the Challenge of the Tail, and the *Asturian's* Generosity; but the Rabble, being always inclin'd to censure rather than commend, never took Notice of *Lopez's* gallant Bounty, but only of the Story of the Tail; so that he had not gone about the City two Days with his Water, when they pointed at him, crying, This is the Water-Carrier with the Tail. The Boys got it by the End; and as soon as ever *Lopez* appear'd, some in one Place, and some in another, bawl'd out, *Asturian*, give me the Tail. *Lopez* finding the Cry so universal, held his Peace, thinking it wou'd hush the Noise; but this avail'd him nothing, for the silester he was, the more the Boys hooted him; and therefore he try'd to quiet them by Force, and alighting from his As, pursu'd them with a Cudgel, which was adding Fuel to the Fire, or cutting off the Heads of *Hydra*; for if he stopp'd one Boy's Mouth by thrashing, there started up Ten more who incessantly follow'd after him for the Tail. In short, he was oblig'd to retire to his Inn, where he lay apart from his Friend to be rid of

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Arguello, and to keep within 'till the Story was forgot. For six Days he never stirr'd out but by Night, to enquire of *Peter* how his Affairs stood; who told him, that he had not had the Opportunity to say one Word to *Constance* since he gave her the *Billet-Doux*, and that he thought she was more shy than usual, because having once had an Opportunity to speak to her, she call'd to him at a Distance, as she saw him coming towards her. I am in no Pain, and have no Occasion for your Charms, or your Prayers. Be satisfy'd, that I do not discover you to the Inquisition, and give over. But she spoke these Words without expressing the least Anger in her Looks, or giving any other token of Displeasure. *Lopez* inform'd him, how he was plagu'd by the Boys about the Tail; *Peter* advis'd him not to go abroad, or at least not with the As's, and if he did, to use the By-Streets and Lanes, and if that wou'd not do, to lay down his Employment. *Lopez* ask'd him, whether the *Galician* Wench had attack'd him again. He answer'd No; but that she still endeavour'd to gain his Affection, making him Presents of what she filch'd from the Guests in the Kitchen. *Lopez* went back to his Lodging, resolving not to come abroad in six Days more, or at least not to carry out the As's.

ABOUT eleven at Night, on a sudden, there came into the *Sevilian's* Inn, where *Peter* lay, several *Alguaziles*, and after them the *Corregidor*, or Governor of the City. The Host was amaz'd, and so were his Guests; for as Comets, when they appear, fright People with the Apprehension of approaching Misfortunes, so the Magistrates and Officers of Justice rushing into an House unexpectedly, put the most Innocent into a Consternation. The *Corregidor* went into a Room and call'd for the Host, who came quaking to know his Pleasure. As soon as the *Corregidor* saw him, he ask'd, Are you the Host? Yes my Lord, answer'd he, at your Service. The *Corregidor* order'd all the Company to withdraw, and to leave him alone with the Host. They did so; and when they were by themselves, the *Corregidor*,

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regidor said to the Host, What Servants have you in your Inn? My Lord, answer'd the Host, I have two *Galician* Maids, an House-keeper, and an Hostler. No more, said the *Corregidor*? No, my Lord, reply'd the Host. Where then, said the *Corregidor*, is the young Girl said to be a Servant in this House, who is so beautiful that all the City calls her the *Fair Maid of the Inn*, or the *Noble Cook*? nay I have been told, that my Son *Peter* is in Love with her, and Serenades her every Night. My Lord, said the Host, that pretty Girl is indeed in my House, but she is and is not my Servant. I do not understand what you mean, reply'd the *Corregidor*, by her being and not being your Servant. It is true, and please your Honour, rejoin'd the Host; and if your Worship pleases, I will tell you how, tho' I have never discover'd it to any Body. I will see her, said the *Corregidor*, before I hear any more; call her hither. The Host stepp'd to the Chamber-Door, and call'd out, Do you hear, Wife, send little *Constance* hither. When the Hostess heard that the *Corregidor* ask'd for *Constance*, she was surpriz'd, and wringing her Hands, Unhappy Woman that I am! cry'd she, the *Corregidor* wants to see *Constance* in private; some fearful Mischief has happen'd, for this Girl's Beauty makes the Men all Mad. Let nothing trouble you, Mistress, said *Constance*, for I will go and see what the *Corregidor* wants, and if any Evil has happen'd, assure your self I am in no Fault. Then taking up a lighted Candle in a Silver Candlestick, without saying any more, she went away to the *Corregidor*, blushing, but not daunted. As soon as the *Corregidor* saw her, he order'd the Host to lock the Door, and standing up took the Candle out of *Constance's* Hand, and held it to her Face, and began to gaze at her from Head to Foot. *Constance* being somewhat surpriz'd, her Face was cover'd with a lovely Blush, which render'd her so beautiful, together with her Modesty, that the *Corregidor* thought he had seen an Angel upon Earth. Landlord, said he, this Jewel is not fit to be kept in an Inn; I own my Son *Peter* has a good Fancy, since he has settled

tled his Affections on so deserving an Object. I declare, Child, you not only deserve to be call'd Noble, but Most Noble; but these Titles do not suit with the Name of a Cook-Wench, but of a Dutcheß. She is no Cook-Wench, my Lord, said the Host, for she has no other Business than to take Care of the Plate, which God be prais'd I have, for the Service of the better sort of Guests. For all that, said the *Corregidor*, I tell you Landlord, it is not decent, nor convenient, that this Maiden shou'd be in an Inn. Is she related to you? She is neither my Relation nor my Servant, said the Host; and if your Worship pleases to know who she is, provided she be not by, you shall hear that which will surprize, as well as entertain you. Let little *Constance* then go out, said the *Corregidor*, and be assur'd I will do for her as if I were her Father, for her extraordinary Beauty and Modesty deserve to be respected by every one. *Constance* did not answer one Word, but having paid due Respect to the *Corregidor*, went away to her Mistress, who impatiently waited for her, to know what it was that the *Corregidor* wanted. She told her what had happen'd, and that she had left her Master with the *Corregidor*, to tell him something which he wou'd not have her hear. The Hostess was uneasy, and went to her Prayers 'till the *Corregidor* was gon, and she saw her Husband come out free, who had given the *Corregidor* the following Relation.

THIS Day, my Lord, according to my reckoning, is just fifteen Years, one Month, and four Days, since a Lady came to this Inn, habited like a Pilgrim, in an Horse-Litter, attended by four Men-Servants on Horseback, and two old Matrons, and a Maid in a Coach. She had also two Sumpture Mules richly harness'd, and loaden with a costly Bed, and Necessaries for dressing Meat. In short, her Equipage was great, and the Pilgrim-Lady appear'd to be a Person of more than ordinary Quality; and tho' she seem'd to be turn'd of Forty, she was exceeding beautiful. She was sick, and so fatigu'd, that she order'd her Bed to be got ready

ready immediately, which was accordingly done by her own Servants, in this very Room. They ask'd me which was the most celebrated Physician in this City. I told them Doctor *de la Fuente*. He was sent for, and she acquainted him with her Distemper in private, and the Result was, that the Doctor order'd her to have a Bed in another Room, where she might be remote from Noise. She was instantly remov'd up Stairs. None of the Men Servants went into the Lady's Chamber, but the two old Matrons and her Woman waited on her. My Wife and I ask'd the Servants, who this Lady was, her Name, whence she came, and whither she was going? Whether a Wife, Widow, or Maid? And why she was in the Habit of a Pilgrim? All the Answer we cou'd get, tho' we put these Questions several times, was, that she was a wealthy Person of Quality of *Old Castile*, a Widow, and had no Children to inherit her Estate; and that having been some Months ill of a Dropsie, she had made a Vow to go in Pilgrimage to the Church of our Lady at *Guadalupe*; and this was the Reason of her wearing the Habit. As for her Name, they had Orders to call her by no other than *the Pilgrim*. This was what we cou'd then learn; but when the Lady had been three Days in the House, on account of her Indisposition, one of the old Matrons came from her to call me and my Wife. We went to her, and the Door being lock'd, before her Maids, with Tears in her Eyes, to the best of my Remembrance, she spoke these very Words: Landlord and Landlady, Heaven is my Witness, that it is without any Fault of mine that I am brought into the wretched Condition I am in. I am with Child, and begin to feel the Throws of Labour. None of the Men-Servants that attend me know any thing of my Misfortune; but I cou'd not conceal it from my Women. I made a Vow to go to our Lady of *Guadalupe*, to shun the Observation of malicious Persons in my own Country, and to avoid being brought to Bed there. It becomes you to assist me with as much Secrecy as I deserve, by having en-

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trusted you with my Honour. If the Reward for the Favour you shall shew me is not altogether answerable to the Courtesy I expect, it will at least be a Demonstration of my Gratitude, and let these two Hundred Gold Crowns in this Purse be the first Token of my good Will. Then drawing a Green Purse from under the Pillow, she deliver'd it to my Wife, who like a silly Woman, never considering what she did, was so surpriz'd, that she took the Purse, without the least return of Thanks or good Manners. I remember, I told the Lady it was needless, for it was our Inclinations to do good out of Charity rather than for Interest. The poor Lady went on, My Friends, you must immediately provide a Place to conceal the Child, and invent some Story to tell the Person to whom you deliver it; for the present it must be in the City, but afterwards I will have it remov'd into the Country. If it shall please God to spare my Life, and grant me to perform my Vow at *Guadalupe*, at my Return I shall give you farther Directions, for then I shall have had Time to consider what is fittest to be done. I will not have a Midwife, for the Assistance of my Maids will be sufficient, and I shall save exposing my self to another Witness.

THUS she ended her Discourse, and began to shed a bundance of Tears. My Wife, who was come something better to herself, endeavour'd to comfort her in the best manner she was able. In short, I went away immediately to get a Place for the Infant, when it shou'd come into the World; and that very Night, between Twelve and One, when all the House was hush'd, the good Lady was deliver'd of the most beautiful Girl my Eyes ever beheld, which is the same your Honour has now seen. Neither the Mother nor the Child made any Cries; all was wonderfully silent; which was requisite for the Secrecy of that strange Accident. She kept her Bed six Days; the Physician visited her constantly, not that she had acquainted him with the Cause of her Distemper, or took the Medicines he order'd, for it was only to amuse her Men-Servants.

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This she told me her self, when she perceiv'd she was pass'd Danger; and the eighth Day she got up, as burly about the Belly as when she lay down. She proceeded on her Pilgrimage, and return'd twenty Days after. When she came back the Child was given out to Nurse by me, as my Niece, in a Village two Leagues from this City. When she was Christ'ned, she was call'd *Constance*, for so her Mother had order'd; and when she took her leave, she gave me a Gold Chain, which I have to this Hour, but she took six Links from it, which she said, the Person that was to come for the Child wou'd bring as a Token. She also indented a Piece of Vellum, upon which was some Writing, which when the two Parts are put together may be read, but not when they are asunder; this I have also, as well as the Chain, and have been expecting the Counterpart ever since, tho' she told me she wou'd send for her Daughter within two Years, charging me to bring her up, not like her self, but as Country Girls are wont to be bred; and in case any Accident prevented her sending for her Daughter, before she arriv'd at Years of Discretion, that I shou'd not acquaint her with the manner of her Birth: She also begg'd I wou'd excuse her for not telling me her Name, or who she was, which she reserv'd to a more proper Opportunity. To conclude, she gave me four Hundred Gold Crowns more, embraced my Wife tenderly with Tears in her Eyes, and went away, leaving us astonish'd at her Discretion, Goodness, Beauty, and reserv'd Behaviour. *Constance* was two Years at Nurse in the Village, and then I brought her home, and have always kept her in the Habit of a Country-Girl, as her Mother order'd me. I have waited fifteen Years, one Month, and four Days, for some Messenger to demand her; but hearing nothing in all this Time, I no longer expect it, and have resolv'd, if no body calls before this Year is out, to adopt her, and give her all I have, which is, I bless God, above six Thousand Ducates. It remains now to tell your Honour how virtuous a Girl she is, if it were possi-

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ble for me to express it. In the first place, she is mighty Devout, she receives the Sacrament every Month, she can Read and Write, and there is not a better Lace-Maker in the City of *Toledo*. She sings like an Angel, while she plies her Bobbins; and for Modesty, there is none like her. As to her Beauty, you have seen it. *Don Pedro*, your Son, has never spoke one word to her; it is true he now and then Serenades her, but she never hears it. Several Lords and Persons of Quality have lain in this Inn, and have stay'd Day after Day only to gaze at her; but I am certain none of them can pretend she ever gave them the least Opportunity to talk to her, more or less. This, my Lord, is the real History of this pretty Maid, and I have not departed from the Truth a Tittle.

WHEN the Host had done, the *Corregidor* was so thoughtful on what he had heard, that he sat a considerable Time before he utter'd a Word. At last he order'd him to bring the Chain and the Parchment, for he had a mind to see them. The Host fetch'd them, and the *Corregidor* found every Thing as he had said. The Chain was divided at Distances, and most curiously wrought. On the Parchment were written in the Tallyings, the following Letters, *E. T. E. L. S. N. V. D. D. R.* which cou'd not be understood without being join'd to the others on the Counter-part. He judg'd the Token very ingenious, and concluded the Pilgrim Lady must be rich, by her having left such a Chain with the Host; and resolv'd to have the beautiful Girl remov'd from thence to a Monastery; but at present he took with him only the Parchment, charging the Host, that if any Body came for *Constance*, he shou'd let him know what sort of Person it was, before he produced the Chain. After this he went away, no less admiring the Story, than the Beauty of the Girl.

ALL the while the Host was with the *Corregidor*, and particularly when *Constance* was call'd for, *Peter* was besides himself, revolving a Thousand uneasy Conjectures in his Mind;

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Mind; but when he saw the *Corregidor* go away, and leave *Constance* behind, he recover'd new Life. He durst not ask the Host, what the *Corregidor* came about; nor did the Host tell any body but his Wife, who then took Heart again, and bless'd her self, that she was thus deliver'd from her Fright.

THE next Day two ancient Gentlemen of a comly Presence came to the Inn, about one of the Clock, with four Servants on Horseback, and two on Foot, one of whom first ask'd, whether that was the *Sevilian's* Inn; and being answer'd Yes, they all went in. The first four alighted, and ran to help the ancient Gentlemen; by which it appear'd they were their Masters. *Constance* came out with her usual Modesty, to see the new Guests, and no sooner had one of the old Gentlemen cast his Eyes on her, but says he to the other, I believe, *Don John*, we have found what we came for. *Peter*, who came to look to the Horses, at first Sight knew two of his Father's Servants, and that the old Gentlemen were his own and *Carriazo's* Father; and tho' he was surpriz'd at their coming, he fancy'd they were going to the *Almadras* to look for *Carriazo* and himself, somebody having told them they were there, and not in *Flanders*. He durst not be known in that Garb, but putting all to the Hazard, he held his Hand on his Face and pass'd by them, to find out *Constance*, and had the good Luck to meet her alone; when trembling for fear she shou'd not hear him out, *Constance*, said he, one of these two ancient Gentlemen, that are just come in, is my Father, and you will hear him call'd *Don John de Avendano*; enquire of his Servants, whether he has not a Son call'd *Don Thomas de Avendano*, for I am he; and by this you may be convinced I have told you nothing but the Truth, as to my Quality, and will do so in all I have promis'd you; and so farewell; for till they are gone, I do not design to be seen in this House. *Constance* made no Answer, nor did he stay for any; but going out again, with his Hand before his Face, went to acquaint *Carriazo* that

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that their Fathers were at the Inn. The Host call'd out to *Peter*, to come to give the Horses Corn; but not finding him, serv'd them himself. One of the ancient Gentlemen took the *Galician* Wench aside, and ask'd her the Name of that beautiful Girl he had seen, and whether she was any Relation to the Host or Hostess. Her Name, answer'd the Wench, is *Constance*; she is no Kin either to the Host or his Wife, nor do I know what she is. I can only say, I cou'd wish her farther, for none of the Maids in the House can be look'd on because of her; and yet we are as God made us. Where is the Beauty? cries every Guest that comes; and the Moment she appears, She looks well, by my Troth she is not amiss; a Fig for the fine Dames of Quality, I'fackins I had rather fix here. But as for us, poor Wretches, not a Soul aks us, whether we are Women or Devils. Then it is likely, answer'd the old Gentleman, the Girl allows the Guests to make Love to her, and toy with her. You may as well hold a vicious Mule's Foot to be shod, reply'd the *Galician*. Toy with her, quotha! by the Mass, Sir, if she wou'd but allow People to look at her, she might wallow in Gold. She is as skittish as a Colt, a meer Mumbler of Prayers, for she is either working or praying all Day long. I wish I were to have a thousand Crowns the Day after she begins to work Miracles. My Mistress says she wears a Hair Cloth next her Skin; there's for you. What d'ye say to that, Sir?

THE Gentleman, overjoy'd at what he had heard, call'd for the Host, before he wou'd take off his Boots; and withdrawing with him into a Room, Landlord, said he, I am come to rob you of a Jewel that belongs to me, and which you have had some Years in your Custody. To justify my taking it from you, I bring you a thousand Gold Crowns, this Piece of a Chain, and this indented Parchment. Having so said, he pull'd out the fix Links of the Chain, and the Parchment. The Host was

in Raptures at the Offer of the thousand Crowns. The Jewel you come for, Sir, said he, is in the House, but not the Chain nor the Parchment, which are to make out your Title to it; therefore I desire you to have a little Patience, and I will return immediately. This said, he hastened away to acquaint the *Corregidor* with what had happen'd; and that there were two Gentlemen at his Inn, who came for *Constance*. The *Corregidor* had just din'd, and being very desirous to know the end of the Story, mounted on Horseback that Moment, and went to the *Sevilian's* Inn, taking the Parchment along with him. As soon as he spy'd the two Gentlemen, he ran to embrace one of them with open Arms, saying, Heaven bless me, what good Luck has brought you hither? *Don John de Avendano*, my Kinsman and Friend? No doubt, Cousin, answer'd the Gentleman, embracing him again, but my coming will be fortunate, since I am so happy as to see you in Health, which I ever wish you. Cousin, added he, turning to his Companion, embrace this Gentleman, who is *Don Diego Carriazo*, a Gentleman of great Quality and my Friend. I am acquainted with *Don Diego*, reply'd the *Corregidor*, and very much his Servant.

AFTER many Demonstrations of Affection, they went into a Room, with only the Host, who had brought the Chain. *Don Diego de Carriazo*, said he, my Lord the *Corregidor* knows what you are come about. Do you, Sir, take out the Links that are wanting to this Chain, and the *Corregidor* will produce the Parchment, which is in his Custody, and so we shall put an end to what I have expected so many Years. If so, answer'd *Don Diego*, it will be needless to acquaint the *Corregidor* with the Occasion of our coming, since you have told him already. Something, said the *Corregidor*, he has told me, but there is much more I shou'd be glad to know. Here is the Parchment. *Don Diego* took out the Counterpart, and being apply'd, they answer'd exactly; and to the Letters on

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that Part which the Host had, which, as has been said, were E, T, E, L, S, N, V, D, D, R, the Counterpart added, S, A, S, A, E, L, A, E, R, A, E, A, which made these Words, *Esta es la fennal Verdadera, This is the true Token.* Then they compar'd the two pieces of the Chain, and found they answer'd punctually. Thus far is clear, said the *Corregidor*; it remains now to know, who are the Parents of this beautiful Creature.

AS for the Father, answer'd *Don Diego*, I am he; the Mother is not living; it is enough to say, she was of such high Quality, that I might have been her Servant. And since her Name is conceal'd, that her Reputation may not suffer, nor she be condemn'd for that which at first sight looks like a Crime, I must acquaint you, that this Beauty's Mother, being a great Man's Widow, retir'd to live in a Village of her own, where she pass'd her Days in Privacy among her Servants and Tenants. It happen'd that as I was hunting one Day in the Neighbourhood, I had a mind to visit her. It was at the Time, when People take their Afternoon Nap, that I came to her Palace-House, which was grand enough to deserve that Title. I alighted, leaving a Servant of my own to hold my Horse, and without being seen by any body, went into her Chamber, where she lay asleep on a Mourning *Estrade*. She was exceeding beautiful; and the Stilness, our being alone, and the Opportunity, prompted my Rudeness, so that without staying to consider, I lock'd the Door, and wak'd her: Madam, said I holding her fast, do not cry out, for your Cries will only serve to expose your Honour. No Creature has seen me come into this Room, for my good Fortune has lull'd all your Servants asleep, and shou'd they come at your Call, all they can do will be to kill me, and that they shall do in your Arms; and my Death will not clear your Reputation. In short, I enjoy'd her against her Will, and by meer Force. She being inrag'd and in Confusion, either cou'd not or wou'd not say one Word to me; and leaving her astonish'd, and beside herself,

herself, I went out the same way I came in, and rid to another Village two Leagues from thence, where a Friend of mine liv'd. The Lady remov'd from that Village to another, and two Years pass'd wherein I never saw her, nor attempted it; at the End of which I was inform'd, that she was dead; and about twenty days since, a Steward of hers sent for me, assuring me in his Letter, that the Business he had with me wou'd be very acceptable, and much concern'd my Honour. I went to see what he wanted, little thinking of what it was. I found him at the Point of Death; and in short he told me, that when his Lady died, she had told him all I had done, that she had prov'd with Child upon that Rape, and that to conceal it, she had gone in Pilgrimage to our Lady of *Guadalupe*, and been deliver'd in this House of a Daughter, whom she had order'd to be nam'd *Constance*. He gave me the Tokens by which to find her, which are the same you have here seen, he also deliver'd me thirty thousand Gold Crowns, his Lady had left for her Daughter's Portion. He added, that it was meer Avarice that had obstructed his acquainting me with that Affair sooner; but that being now to answer for all his Actions before God, he could not but discharge his Conscience, giving me the Money, and telling me how I might find my Daughter. I took the Money and the Tokens, and relating the whole to *Don John de Avendano*, we set out for this City.

DON DIEGO had spoke thus far, when they heard some body call out at the Street Door, Tell *Thomas Peter* that his Friend the *Asturian* is carry'd away to Prison. The *Corregidor* hearing them talk of the Jail, order'd the Officer to be call'd in with his Prisoner. The *Alguazil* being told, that the *Corregidor* was there, and sent for him, went in. The *Asturian's* Jaws were all bloody, and the *Alguazil* held him fast; and as soon as he came into the Room he knew his own, and *Avendano's* Father. He was surpriz'd, and cover'd his Face with a Cloth he had to wipe off the Blood.

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The *Corregidor* ask'd what the young Man had done, that he had been so ill treated? The *Alguazil* answer'd, the Fellow was a Water-Carrier, call'd the *Asturian*, whom the Boys follow'd about the Streets, crying out, *Asturian, give me the Tail*; and then briefly told them the Occasion of their teasing him, which set them all a laughing. He added, that as he was going over the Bridge of *Alcantara*, the Boys pursuing him, he had leap'd off his Ass, and running after them, catch'd one of them, and almost beat him to Death; and farther, that when they wou'd have seiz'd him, he resisted, and that was the Reason of his being so roughly handled. The *Corregidor* order'd him to shew his Face; and he refusing, the *Alguazil* pull'd away his Handkerchief, and his Father immediately knew him, and in a great Consternation, Son, said he, how came you into this Condition? What Habit is this? Have you not yet laid aside your Roguish Pranks? *Carriazo* kneel'd down before his Father, and embraced him some Time with Tears in his Eyes. *Don John de Avendano*, knowing that *Don Diego* went away with his Son *Don Thomas*, enquir'd after him; to which he answer'd, that *Don Thomas de Avendano* was the Hostler in that Inn. All that were present were astonish'd at these Adventures. The *Corregidor* order'd the Host to call in the Hostler. I believe he is not within, answer'd the Host, but I will look for him; and went out to do so. *Don Diego* ask'd his Son, what they meant by metamorphosing themselves after this manner, and what it was that had mov'd him to turn Water-Carrier, and *Don Thomas*, Hostler. *Carriazo* answer'd, That he could not satisfy him before so much Company, but wou'd do it in private. *Thomas Peter* lay hid in his own Room, to discover, without being seen, what his own and *Carriazo's* Father did there. He was amaz'd at the *Corregidor's* coming, and to see what an Hurly-burly all the House was in. Some Body told the Host, that he was skulking there, and he wou'd have made him come down against his Will; but cou'd not have prevail'd, had not the *Corregidor*

gidor himself come out into the Court and call'd him by his Name, Come down, Kinsman, for here are no Bears, nor Lions to devour you. *Thomas* came down, and with a submissive Countenance, and great Respect kneel'd to his Father, who embraced him with much Satisfaction, like the Father of the Prodigal Son, when he return'd.

BY this time, one of the *Corregidor's* Coaches waited to carry him home, the Weather being too hot to ride. He caus'd *Constance* to be call'd, and taking her by the Hand, presented her to her Father: *Don Diego*, said he, receive this Jewel, and value her as the richest you cou'd possess; and you, beautiful Maid, kiss your Father's Hand, and bless Providence which has so honourably rais'd you from the low Condition you were in. *Constance*, who cou'd not understand the Meaning of all this Affair, was confounded, and falling down at her Father's Knees, and taking him by the Hands, kiss'd them most affectionately, bathing them with Abundance of Tears, which flow'd from her charming Eyes. The *Corregidor* having prevail'd with his Kinsman *Don John*, that the whole Company wou'd accept of the Accommodations of his House; they went accordingly into the Coach. When the *Corregidor* order'd *Constance* to go into the Coach, her Heart relented, and the Hostess and she embracing each other, began such a doleful Lamentation, that it griev'd all who saw them: My dearest Child, said the Hostess, do you go and leave me? How can you find in your Heart to leave this Mother, that has bred you up with such Affection? *Constance* wept in no less loving a manner: The *Corregidor* being mov'd to Compassion, desir'd the Hostess to go with them, and not to leave her Daughter, since she call'd her so, while she staid in *Toledo*. They went to the Governor's House together, where they were handsomely receiv'd by his Wife, who was a Lady of Quality. After a plentiful Entertainment, *Carrizxo* inform'd his Father that *Thomas* had made himself Hostler of the Inn for the Love of *Constance*,
and

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and was so enamour'd of her, that he wou'd have married her in the Quality of a Cook-Wench as she was, tho' she had not been discover'd to be so well born. The *Corregidor's* Lady presently dress'd *Constance* in some Cloaths of a Daughter of her own, who was of her Age and Stature. She who was so beautiful in the Plainness of a Country Girl, cou'd not but be Angelical in a rich Court Dress: It became her as well as if she had been us'd to it all her Life. Among so many joyful Persons, there was one who thought himself Unfortunate, and that was *Don Pedro* the *Corregidor's* Son, who presently concluded that *Constance* wou'd not be his, and so it prov'd; for the *Corregidor*, *Don Diego Carriazo*, and *Don John de Avendano* agreed, that *Don Thomas* shou'd marry *Constance*, her Father giving her the Thirty Thousand Crowns left by her Mother: That the Water-Carrier, *Don Diego de Carriazo* the younger, shou'd have the *Corregidor's* Daughter, and *Don Pedro* the *Corregidor's* Son, the Daughter of *Don John de Avendano*. Thus they were all pleas'd. The News of the Cook Wench's good Fortune was soon spread thro' the City, and abundance of People came to see *Constance* in her new Dress, in which she look'd like a Lady. They saw *Thomas Peter* the Hostler converted into *Don Thomas de Avendano*, and cloath'd like a Man of Quality; and *Lopez* the *Asturian* was a perfect Gentleman, since he had chang'd his Garb, and laid down his Afs; yet for all that, as he pass'd along the Street, some unlucky Rogue or other wou'd call after him for the Tail.

THEY staid a Month in *Toledo*, after which young *Don Diego de Carriazo*, with his Father and his Wife, and *Constance* and her Husband *Don Thomas*, and the *Corregidor's* Son, who long'd to see his Bride, set out for *Burgos*. The Inn-keeper was enrich'd with the thousand Crowns he had of *Don Diego*, and *Constance* gave several things of Value to her Mistress, whom she always call'd by that Title, because she had bred her up. The History of the
noble

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noble Cook-Wench became a Subject for the Poets, and she liv'd long and happy with her honest Hostler; as did the Water-Carrier *Carriazo* with his Wife, who renounced for ever his dear *Almadravas*, tho' he cou'd never see an Ass without calling to mind his own Employment at *Toledo*, and was in continual Apprehension, the Vulgar Jeer, *Asturian, give me the Tail*, shou'd be play'd upon him in some Lampoon.

The E N D.



THE



J. Goupy Inv.

H. G. Guichet

THE
FORCE
OF
FRIENDSHIP.

Written Originally in *French*.



L O N D O N: MDCCXXIX.

THE
BOOK



Written Originally in French.



L O A T O M M D C C X I X



THE Force of Friendship.



Young Gentleman of *Toledo*, attended by his Servant, went several Days Journey from the Place of his Birth, to avoid the Consequences of a certain tragical Adventure. About two short Leagues from the City of *Valencia*, at the Entrance of a Wood, he saw a Lady alighting out of a Coach in violent Hurry. She had no Vail over her Face, which was very beautiful, and seem'd so troubled, and in such Confusion, that the Gentleman apprehending she stood in need of Succour, readily offer'd her his Assistance. Generous Unknown, said the Lady, I shall not refuse the Offer you make me. Heaven seems to have sent you hither to help me to prevent the Evil I fear. Two Gentlemen are met in this Wood by Appointment; I saw them go in this Moment; I cannot tell you more; but if you will be pleas'd to follow me, you shall know the Affair. Having said these Words, she rush'd into the Wood, and the *Toledan* leaving his Horse with his Servant, hasten'd to overtake her.

THEY had scarcely gone a hundred Steps, when they heard the Clashing of Swords, and presently discover'd
between

between the Trees two Men fighting furiously. The *Toledan* ran up to part them, and having effected it by his Prayers and Representations, he ask'd the Cause of their Quarrel. Brave Unknown, said one of the two Gentlemen, I am call'd *Don Fadrique de Mendoza*, and my Enemy's Name is *Don Alvaro Ponce*. We love *Donna Theodora*, the Lady whom you accompany. She has always slighted our Addresses, and notwithstanding any Gallantries we could invent to please her, the cruel Creature treated us no better. For my Part, I design to continue her Servant and Admirer, in spite of her Indifference; but my Rival, instead of taking the same Resolution, has thought fit to Challenge me.

IT is true, interrupted *Don Alvaro*, for I believe if I had no Rival *Theodora* wou'd hear me. It is for this Reason, I wou'd endeavour to take away *Don Fadrique's* Life, to rid my self of a Man who opposes my Happiness. Gentlemen, said the *Toledan*, I approve not of your Combat. It is an Insult to *Theodora*; it will soon be known in the Kingdom of *Valencia*, that you fight for her; and the Honour of your Lady ought to be dearer to you, than your own Repose and Life. Besides, what Fruit can the Conqueror expect from his Victory? After having expos'd the Reputation of his Mistress, does he think she will look upon him with a more favourable Eye? What Stupidity is this. Be advis'd by me, and rather do what is more becoming the Names you bear. Suppress your furious Transports, and engage your selves by an inviolable Oath, to submit to the Accommodation I am going to propose. Your Quarrel may be terminated without Blood-shed. Ay, cry'd *Don Alvaro*, in what Manner? This Lady, reply'd the *Toledan*, must declare herself, and chuse either *Don Fadrique*, or you; and the rejected Lover, instead of arming against his Rival, must leave him the Field free. I consent, said *Don Alvaro*; and swear by all that is most sacred. Let *Donna Theodora* determine herself; let her, if she pleases, prefer my Rival; that Preference will be less insup-

insupportable to me than the dreadful Uncertainty I am in. And I, said *Don Fadrique* in his Turn, call Heaven to Witness; if this lovely Object I admire, does not pronounce in my Favour, I will instantly absent my self from her Charms, and if I cannot forget them, at least I will behold them no more.

THE *Toledan* turning then to *Donna Theodora*, Madam, said he, you are now to speak. You are able by a single Word to disarm both these Rivals. All you have to do, is to name him whose Constancy you design to recompence. Pray, Sir, answer'd the Lady, contrive some other Method to reconcile them; for why shou'd I be sacrificed to their Agreement? I esteem, indeed, *Don Fadrique* and *Don Alvaro*; but I do not love them; and it is not just that to prevent the Blemish their Fighting may cast upon my Honour, I shou'd give them Hopes which my Heart cannot ratify. Madam, reply'd the *Toledan*, there is no farther room for Dissimulation; you must, if you please, declare. Tho' the two Gentlemen are equally handsome, I am certain you have more Inclination for one than the other: I am convinced of it by the mortal Fright, in which I saw you. You misconstrue that Fright, said *Donna Theodora*, the Loss of one or other of these Gentlemen wou'd affect me undoubtedly, and I shou'd always reproach my self with it, tho' I shou'd be only the innocent Cause; but if I seem'd to you in an Allarm, it proceeded wholly from the Danger with which my Reputation was threatened.

DON ALVARO PONCE, who was naturally brutal, lost at last all Patience: Enough, cry'd he in a fierce Tone; Since she refuses to decide the Question peaceably, the Chance of Arms shall do it. And thus saying, he put himself in a Posture to push at *Don Fadrique*, who on the other hand made ready to give him a good Reception; when the Lady, more terrify'd by this Action, than led by her Inclination, call'd out earnestly, Hold, Gentlemen, I am going to satisfy you: If there is no other way

way to hinder a Combat in which my Honour is concern'd, I declare I give the Preference to *Don Fadrique de Mendoza*.

AS soon as she had said this, the disgraced *Alvaro*, without saying a Word, ran to his Horse, which was ty'd to a Tree, and posted away, casting back a raging Look at his Rival and his Mistress. The happy *Mendoza*, on the contrary, was overwhelm'd with Joy. He threw himself now on his Knees before *Donna Theodora*, and then embraced the *Toledan*, and was not able to find Expressions strong enough to utter the grateful Sentiments he felt in his Soul. The Lady, who was more compos'd after the Departure of *Don Alvaro*, reflected with some Concern, that she had engag'd to suffer the Addresses of a Lover, whose Merit she indeed esteem'd, but for whom her Heart was not touch'd. *Don Fadrique*, said she, I hope you will not abuse the Preference I have given you. You owe it to the Necessity I was under, to declare between your self and *Don Alvaro*. Not but I have always had a greater Value for you than for him; for I know he has not the good Qualities which you have: You are the compleatest Gentleman of *Valencia*: This is a Piece of Justice I do you. I will add also, that the Suit of such a Man as you may flatter a Woman's Vaniry; but as honourable as it may be for me, I will own to you, that I look upon it with so little Desire, that you are to be pity'd for loving me so tenderly as you seem to do. However I wou'd not take from you all Hopes of moving my Heart. My Indifference, perhaps, is only the Effect of my Grief for the Loss I sustain'd a Year ago in *Don Andre de Cifuentes* my Husband. Tho' we had not liv'd long together, and he was of an advanced Age when my Relations, blinded by his Riches, oblig'd me to marry him, his Death has afflicted me extremely. I lament it continually; and he well deserv'd I shou'd. He was not like those uneasy jealous old Men, who not being able to persuade themselves that a young Wife has good Sense enough to forgive their

Weakness,

Weakness, watch her incessantly, or cause her to be ob-
serv'd by a *Dueña*, who is devoted to their Tyrannical
Humour. Alas! He had a Confidence in my Virtue, of
which a Husband, who was doated on, was scarcely ca-
pable. Besides, his Complaisance was so great, that I may
say he made it his Care to prevent me in every thing I
seem'd to wish. Such was *Don Andre de Cifuentes*. You
may be sensible, *Mendoza*, that it is not easy to forget a
Man of so amiable a Character. He is ever present to my
Thoughts, and this undoubtedly contributes not a little to
turn off my Attention from any thing that is done to please
me.

DON FADRIQUE cou'd not forbear interrupting
Theodora: Ah, Madam, cry'd he, how glad am I to learn
from your own Mouth, that it is not out of an Aversion
to my Person that you have despis'd my Vows. I hope
you will one Day yield up your self to my Constancy. It
will not be my Fault, answer'd the Lady, if that does not
happen, since I permit you to visit me, and talk to
me sometimes of your Love. Endeavour to bring me to
relish your Gallantries, and to make me love you. I will
not conceal from you the favourable Sentiments I shall
have for you; but if in Spite of all your Attempts, you
are not able to succeed, remember, *Mendoza*, you will have
no ground to blame me. *Don Fadrique* wou'd have re-
ply'd, but he had not time, because the Lady took the
Toledan by the Hand, and turn'd suddenly to go back to
her Servants. He took his Horse, and leading him by the
Bridle, follow'd *Donna Theodora*, who went into her Coach
in as great Agitation as she had alighted. But the Cause
was very different. The *Toledan* and he accompany'd her
on Horseback to the Gates of *Valencia*, where they parted.
The Lady went to her own House, and *Don Fadrique*
carry'd the *Toledan* to his.

HE caus'd him to rest himself, and having refresh'd
him very handsomely, he ask'd him in private what had
brought him to *Valencia*, and whether he design to stay
there

there long. I shall continue here, reply'd the *Toledan*, as short a Time as may be. I only came hither to go down to the Sea, and embark on the first Vessel which shall sail from *Spain*, for I care not in what Part of the World I finish the Course of an unfortunate Life, provided it be remote from this fatal Country. What is it you say? answer'd *Don Fadrique* with Surprise; what can set you against your Native Soil, and make you hate what all Men naturally love? After that which has befallen me, said the *Toledan*, my Country is become odious to me, and all my Wishes are to leave it for ever. How impatient am I, cry'd *Mendoza* touch'd with Compassion, to know your Misfortunes! If I cannot relieve your Sorrows, I am, at least, willing to share them with you. Your Looks have at first Sight prepossess'd me in your Favour; your Manners charm me, and I feel my self already interested very sensibly in your Condition.

THIS is the highest Consolation, *Don Fadrique*, answer'd the *Toledan*, I am capable of receiving; and to requite, in some degree, the Goodness you express to me, I must acquaint you also, that as soon as I saw you with *Alvaro Ponce*, I was engag'd to take your Part. An Impulse of an Inclination which I had never known before for any one at the first View, made me afraid *Donna Thedora* wou'd prefer your Rival to you, and I was overjoy'd when she determin'd in your Behalf. You have since fortify'd this Impression so well, that instead of desiring to conceal my Sufferings, I am eager to unbosom my self to you, and find a secret Pleasure in opening all my Soul. Hear therefore my Misfortunes.

I was born at *Toledo*, and *Don Juan de Zarate* is my Name. I lost, almost from my Infancy, those who gave me Life; so that I enter'd very early upon an Estate of four thousand Ducats a Year, which they left me. As I was free to dispose of my self as I pleas'd, and thought I was rich enough to consult only my Inclination in the Choice of a Wife, I marry'd a Lady of extraordinary Beauty,

Beauty, without hesitating at the Smallness of her Fortune, or the Inequality of our Conditions. I was transported with my Happiness; and to taste the Pleasure of possessing the Person I lov'd more compleatly, a few Days after my Marriage I carry'd her to a Seat I had some Leagues from *Toledo*.

WE liv'd there with a most delightful Union, when the Duke *de Naxera*, whose Castle was near my Seat, call'd in one Day as he was hunting, to refresh himself at my House. He saw my Wife, and fell in Love with her; at least I thought so, and that which convinced me was his, courting my Acquaintance immediately very pressing, which before he had extremely slighted. He join'd me in his Hunting Matches, and forced several Presents upon me, and made me also wonderful Offers of Service. I was instantly allarm'd at his Passion. I design'd to go back to *Toledo* with my Wife, and Heaven undoubtedly inspir'd me with this Thought. For if I had utterly depriv'd the Duke of all Occasions of seeing my Wife, I shou'd have avoided the Calamity which befell me; but the Confidence I had in her, kept me easy. I believ'd it impossible that a Woman whom I had marry'd without Portion, and from an obscure Rank, shou'd be ungrateful enough to forget my Kindness. Alas! how little did I know her? Ambition and Vanity, which are both so natural to Women, were her greatest Faults.

WHEN the Duke had found means to inform her of his Sentiments, she was wonderfully delighted with so important a Conquest. The Addresses of a Man who was styl'd *his Excellence*, sooth'd her Pride, and fill'd her Mind with aspiring *Chimera's*. She esteem'd him more, and lov'd me less. What I had done for her, instead of exciting her Gratitude, drew on me her Contempt. She regarded me as a Husband unworthy of her Beauty, and imagin'd that if this great Lord had seen her before our Marriage, he wou'd certainly have espous'd her. Elevated with those foolish Fancies, and seduced by some Presents which encour-

rag'd them, she yielded to the secret Solicitations of the Duke.

THEY wrote to one another frequently, and I never suspected their Correspondence; but at last I was unhappy enough to be cur'd of my Blindness. One Day I came back from Hunting, before my usual Hour. I went into my Wife's Apartment, who did not expect me so soon. She had just receiv'd a Letter from the Duke, and was going to answer it. She cou'd not conceal her Trouble at seeing me. I trembled at it; and observing a Pen and Ink upon the Table, my Mind gave me that she was betraying me. I press'd her to shew me what she was writing; but she refus'd it so, that I was oblig'd to make use of Violence to satisfy my Jealousy; I pull'd out of her Bosom, in spite of her Resistance, a Letter which contain'd the following Words. *Shall I always languish in Expectation of a second Interview? How cruel are you to give me the most lovely Hopes, and delay to fulfill them so long? Don Juan goes a Hunting every Day, or to Toledo; shou'd we not improve those Opportunities? Have more Regard to the fierce Flame which consumes my Breast. Pity me, Madam, and consider that if it is a Pleasure to obtain what one desires, it is a Torment to wait long for Possession of it.*

I cou'd not read this Letter over without being transported with Rage. I laid my Hand on my Dagger, and in the first Emotion was tempted to take the Life of an unfaithful Wife who had ruin'd my Honour; but reflecting that this wou'd be to revenge my self by Halves, and that my Resentment call'd also for another Victim, I suppress'd my Passion, and dissembled, and with as little Agitation as possible, Madam, said I to my Wife, you have done ill to hearken to the Duke. The Lustre of his Rank ought not to dazzle you; but young People love Splendor. I am willing to believe this is all your Crime, and that you have not committed the last Error; and therefore I excuse your Indiscretion, provided you return to your Duty, and that being from henceforth sensible of my Affection alone, you
make

make it your whole Care to deserve it. After having said this, I went out of the Room, as well to give her time to recover from the Trouble in which she was, as because I my self wanted to be alone a little, to appease my Choler. If I cou'd not make my self easy, I affected at least an Air of Ease for two Days, and upon the third feigning to have an Affair of great Importance at *Toledo*, I told my Wife I was obliged to leave her for some time, and begg'd her to take care of her Honour in my Absence.

I set out; but instead of going to *Toledo*, I return'd home privately at the Shut of the Evening, and hid my self in the Chamber of a trusty Servant, from whence I cou'd see every one who came into the House. I did not doubt but the Duke had been inform'd of my Departure, and believ'd he would not fail to embrace this Conjunction. I hop'd to surprize them together, and promis'd my self a compleat Revenge; but I was deceiv'd in my expectation. I was so far from observing any Preparations to receive a Lover, that on the contrary I found the Doors shut very strictly, and three Days having pass'd without the Duke's appearing or any of his People, I persuaded my self that my Wife had repented of her Fault, and had broke off all Commerce with the Duke.

POSSESS'D with this Opinion, I lost all Desire of Revenge, and resigning my self to the Motions of a Love which had been suspended by Anger, I ran to my Wife's Apartment, and embracing her with Transport, Madam, said I, my Esteem and Heart again are yours. I have not been at *Toledo*. I feign'd that Journey to prove you. You must forgive this Stratagem in a Husband whose Jealousy was not without Foundation. I was afraid that your Mind, being seduced by gay Illusions, was not capable of undeceiving it self; but, thanks be to Heaven, you have discover'd your Error, and I hope nothing hereafter will trouble our Repose.

MY Wife seem'd touch'd with these Words, and letting fall some Tears, How unhappy am I, cry'd she, to

have given you Ground to suspect my Virtue! I ought to abhor that which has so justly provok'd you against me; in vain have my Eyes swum in Tears for two Days; all my Sorrow, all my Remorse are in vain; I shall never regain your Confidence. I give it you again, interrupted I, melted with the Affliction she shew'd; I shall never think of what is pass'd, since you repent of it so sincerely. In a word, I had the same Value for her in that Moment, as I had before, and began to taste those Pleasures again which had been so cruelly interrupted. They were even more lively; for my Wife, as if she desir'd to wipe out from my Mind all Impressions of the Offence she had committed, was more diligent to please me than ever; her Caresses were endearing, and I was almost pleas'd with the Uneasiness she had occasion'd me.

I fell sick at that Time; and tho' my Illness was not Mortal, it is inconceivable how my Wife seem'd to be alarm'd. She kept with me in the Day; and in the Night, as I lay in a separate Chamber, she came two or three times to know how I was; and was extremely diligent to be the first to lend me any Assistance I wanted. Her Life seem'd to be wrap'd up in mine. For my Part, I was so mov'd with the Tokens of Tenderneſs she shew'd me, that I could not forbear expressing it; however, Signior *Mendoza*, they were not so sincere as I imagin'd.

ONE Night, when I was pretty well recover'd, my Servant wak'd me; Sir, said he in a Surprise, I am sorry to break your Rest, but I am too faithful to you, to conceal from you what is now passing in your House. The Duke *de Naxera* is with my Mistress. I was so astonish'd at the News, that I look'd on the Servant a long time without being able to speak. The more I thought on what he told me, the more Difficulty I had to believe it true. No, *Fabio*, cry'd I, it is impossible my Wife shou'd be capable of so great a Perfidiousness, You are not assur'd of what you say. Sir, reply'd *Fabio*, I wish to Heaven, I were able to doubt it; but I am not deceiv'd by false Appearances;

Appearances. Since your Illness, I suspected the Duke was introduced almost every Night into her Apartment: I hid my self to clear my Suspicious, and am but too well persuaded they are just.

AT this I rose in a Fury, and throwing on my Night-Gown, took my Sword, and went to, my Wife's Apartment, accompay'd by *Fabio*, who carry'd the Light. At the Noise we made in entring, the Duke, who was sitting on the Bed, started up, and drawing out a Pistol from his Girdle presented it at me, and fir'd, but it was with so much Perplexity and Precipitation, that he miss'd me. Upon which I ran to him at once, and plung'd my Sword in his Heart. I turn'd then to my Wife, who was more dead than alive, and Thou, said I, infamous Woman, receive the Reward of all thy Treacheries; with which Words I bury'd in her Breast my Sword reeking with the Blood of her Lover. I condemn this Transport of mine, *Don Fadrique*, and own I might have punish'd an unfaithful Wife without taking away her Life; but what Man is able to preserve his Reason in such a Conjuncture? I imagine with your self all the Demonstrations of Affection this false Woman had made me; imagine all the Circumstances and all the Enormity of her Treachery, and judge whether her Death ought not to be forgiven to a Husband who was animated by so just a Rage.

TO conclude in a few Words so tragical a History; after having so fully assuaged my Revenge, I dress'd in haste: I knew very well the Duke's Relations would make a Search after me all over *Spain*, and that the Interest of my Family not being able to contend with theirs, I shou'd not be safe but in a strange Country. I chose out therefore two of my best Horses, and with all the Money and Jewels I had, I left my House before Day, accompay'd by the Servant who had given me such Proof of his Fidelity. I took the Road to *Valencia*, designing to embark in the first Vessel which shou'd sail for *Italy*. And this Day, as I was passing near the Wood where you

were, I met *Donna Theodora*, who intreated me to follow her, and endeavour to part you.

AFTER the *Toledan* had done speaking, Signior *Don Juan*, said *Don Fadrique*, you are justly reveng'd on the Duke de *Naxera*. Be under no Uneasiness as to the Pursuit his Relations are able to make. You shall stay with me, if you please, 'till you have an Opportunity to go to *Italy*. My Uncle is Governor of *Valencia*. You will be safer here than any where else, and will be with a Man who desires from henceforth to be united with you in the strictest Friendship. *Don Juan* answer'd *Mendoza* in Terms full of Acknowledgment, and accepted the Protection he offered him.

THESE two young Gentlemen felt such an Inclination to each other, that in a few Days they contracted a Friendship comparable to that between *Orestes* and *Pylades*. With an equal Merit, they had also such an Agreement of Temper, that what pleas'd *Don Fadrique*, sail'd not to please *Don Juan*. Their Character was the same; and they were made to love one another. *Don Fadrique* especially was enchanted with the Manners of his Friend; and could not forbear extolling them every Moment to *Donna Theodora*.

THEY often visited this Lady, who always receiv'd *Mendoza's* Addresses with Indifference. He was mortify'd at it extremely, and complain'd of it sometimes to his Friend; who, to comfort him, told him, that the most insensible Women are to be mov'd at last; that Lovers only wanted Patience to stay for the favourable Hour; that he shou'd not be out of Heart; and that sooner or later the Lady would reward his Services. This Discourse, tho' founded on Experience, did not satisfy *Mendoza*, who was afraid he shou'd never be able to please the Widow de *Cisuentes*. This Fear threw him into a Languishing, which made *Don Juan* pity him, tho' he was himself soon after much more to be pity'd.

AS much Reason as the *Toledan* had to dislike Women after the horrible Falseness of his own Wife, he cou'd not help loving *Donna Theodora*. However, far from yielding to a Passion which wou'd offend his Friend, his whole Concern was to resist it; and being persuaded he cou'd not conquer it, but by withdrawing from those Eyes which had produced it, he resolv'd to see the Widow *de Cifuentes* no more. Accordingly when *Mendoza* wou'd have taken him thither with him, he always found some Pretence to excuse himself. *Don Fadrique* however never went once to this Lady, but she enquir'd of him why *Don Juan* did not come to see her. Why, what Reasons can he have to shun me? said *Donna Theodora*: Madam, reply'd *Mendoza*, as I press'd him to come To-day, and shew'd some Surprize at his refusing to bear me Company, he entrusted a thing to me, which I must reveal to you in order to justify him; he told me he had got a Mistress, and that not having long to stay in this City, Moments were precious with him.

I am not satisfy'd with this Excuse, answer'd the Widow *de Cifuentes* blushing; Lovers are not allow'd to forsake their Friends. *Don Fadrique* remark'd *Theodora's* Colouring. He thought Vanity only was the Cause of it, and that the Lady blush'd merely at the Shame to see herself neglected. He was deceiv'd in his Conjecture. A Motive more lively than Vanity excited this Confusion, which she did not suffer to appear; but for fear she shou'd unravel her Sentiments, she chang'd the Discourse, and during the rest of the Conversation affected a Pleasantness which wou'd have over-reached the Penetration of *Mendoza*, tho' he had not at first observ'd the Change.

AS soon as the Widow *de Cifuentes* was alone, she fell into a profound Musing. She perceiv'd then the whole Force of the Inclination she had for *Don Juan*; and thinking herself worse rewarded than she was, What unjust and barbarous Power, said she sighing, is it that takes a Pleasure

so inflame Hearts which do not agree? I do not love *Don Fadrique*, who adores me; and I burn for *Don Juan*, whose Heart is engaged to another! Ah! *Mendoza*, cease to reproach me for my Indifference, your Friend revenges it enough. At these Words, a strong Sentiment of Grief and Jealousy made her shed some Tears; but Hope, which softens the Pains of Lovers, soon presented flattering Images to her Mind. She suppos'd her Rival might not be so very dangerous, and that *Don Juan* perhaps was less retain'd by her Charms than amus'd by her Kindnesses, and that such slender Tyes were not difficult to break. In order to judge herself what she ought to think of it, she resolv'd to see the *Toledan* in private. She sent for him to her House. He came; and when they were alone, *Donna Theodora* thus began:

I never thought that Love cou'd make a Man of Gallantry forget what he owes to the Ladies: But since you were in Love, *Don Juan*, you visit me no longer. I think I have reason to complain of you. However I am willing to believe it is not from your own Inclination that you shun me. Your Mistress has undoubtedly forbidden you to see me. Confess it, *Don Juan*, and I will excuse you. I know Lovers are not at Liberty in their Actions, and dare not disobey their Mistresses. Madam, reply'd the *Toledan*, I own my Conduct may well surprize you; but pray do not require me to justify my self; rest content to know I have Reason to avoid you. What Reason can that be? reply'd *Donna Theodora* in Astonishment, I beg you to tell me. Ah Madam, answer'd the *Toledan*, I must obey you; but do not complain then if you hear more than you wou'd wish to know.

DON FADRIQUE, added he, has told you the Adventure which made me leave *Castile*. I quitted *Toledo* with a Heart so full of Resentment against Women, that I defy'd them all to entangle me again. In this angry Disposition, I drew near *Valencia*, I met you, and what no one perhaps had been able to do before, I bore your first Looks

Looks without being disorder'd, I beheld you again unhurt; but alas! how dearly have I paid for my Disregard of a few Days! you have vanquish'd my Resistance; your Beauty, your Wit, all your Charms have exercis'd themselves on an audacious Rebel. In a Word, I have for you all the Love which you are capable to inspire. This, Madam, is what keeps me from you. The Person you have been told I was engag'd with, is only an imaginary Lady. The Secret I trusted to *Mendoza* was feign'd, in order to prevent the Suspicions I might give him by constantly refusing to visit you with him.

THIS Discourse, which *Donna Theodora* did not expect, gave her so great a Joy, that she cou'd not forbear shewing it. In Truth, she was not much concern'd to hide it; and instead of arming her Eyes with Sternness, she look'd on the *Toledan* with an Air tender enough. You have told me your Secret, *Don Juan*, said she, and I will now discover to you mine. Being insensible to the Sighs of *Alvaro Ponce*, and little mov'd by the Addresses of *Mendoza*, I liv'd happily and in Peace, when you happen'd to pass by the Wood where we met each other. In spite of the Agitation I was then in, I did not fail to remark that you offer'd me your Assistance with a good Grace; and the Manner in which you parted the two Rivals, gave me a very high Opinion of your Wit and Valour. The Method you propos'd to reconcile them, displeas'd me. I cou'd not without extreme Reluctance resolve to chuse either. But, to disguise nothing from you, I believe you contributed something to my Aversion. For the Moment that being forced by Necessity my Mouth nam'd *Don Fadrique*, I felt my Heart declare for the Stranger. Since that Day, which I must call happy, after the Confession you have made to me, your Merit has increas'd the Esteem I had for you.

I make no Mystery to you, continued she, of my Sentiments; but declare them with the same Freedom, as I have told *Mendoza* that I do not love him. A Woman who has the Misfortune to entertain an Affection for a Per-

son who cannot return it, ought to restrain herself, and revenge her Weakness at least by an eternal Silence; but I think one may without Scruple discover an innocent Tenderness to a Man who has no Designs but what are lawful. Yes, I am overjoy'd that you love me, and render Thanks for it to Heaven, which has certainly destin'd us for each other.

AFTER this, the Lady was silent, to give *Don Juan* Time to speak, and express all the Joy and Gratitude which she believ'd she had excited in him; but instead of appearing charm'd with the Things he had heard, he stood troubled and full of Thought. What do I see, *Don Juan*? pursu'd she; when to place you in a Condition, at which another Man perhaps wou'd have been in Raptures, I forget the Haughtiness of my Sex, and shew you my Passion, can you resist the Gladness so charming a Declaration ought to cause in your Soul? You are cold and silent; nay, I even discern a Sadness in your Eyes. Ah! *Don Juan*, what a strange Effect does my Kindness produce in you!

WHAT other Effect, interrupted the *Toledan* sorrowfully, can it have on a Heart like mine? The more Inclination you discover for me, the more miserable I am. You know what *Mendoza* has done for me, and the strict Friendship there is between us: Can I erect my own Happiness upon the Ruin of the most delightful Hopes he has? You are too nice, answer'd *Donna Theodora*; I have promis'd *Don Eudrique* nothing. I can offer you my Vows without deserving to be reproach'd by him, and you may receive them, without doing him any Wrong. I own the Idea of an unfortunate Friend ought to give you some Pain; but is it able, *Don Juan*, to outweigh the happy Destiny which attends your self? Yes, Madam, reply'd he in an earnest Tone; a Friend like *Mendoza* has more Power over me than you imagine. If you could conceive all the Tenderness and Force of our Friendship, how much wou'd you see I am to be pity'd? *Don Eudrique* has conceal'd nothing

from me: My Interests are become his; and the minutest Things which relate to me, cannot escape his Attention; or to say all in a Word, I share his Soul with you. Ah! if you had desir'd I should have been the better for your Favours, you shou'd have shewn them before I had ty'd the Knot of so strong a Friendship. Then being charm'd with the Happiness of pleasing you, I shou'd have look'd on *Mendoza* only as a Rival; my Heart being shut against the Kindness he express'd to me, wou'd not have return'd it, and I shou'd not have had those Obligations to him which now I have. But, Madam, the Time is past; I have accepted all those Services he was dispos'd to do me; I have follow'd the Inclination I had for him; and Gratitude reduces me to the cruel Necessity of renouncing the glorious Offer you make me.

AT this, *Donna Theodora*, whose Eyes stood with Tears, wip'd them with her Handkerchief. This Action affected the *Toledan*; he felt his Constancy waver; he made her no farther Answer, but Adieu, Madam, said he with a Voice interrupted with Sighs, Adieu; I must fly to save my Virtue. I cannot bear your Tears; they render you too formidable. I go to banish my self from you for ever, and lament the Loss of so many Charms, which my inexorable Friendship requires me to sacrifice to it; and as he ended these Words, he withdrew with the Remainder of Resolution which with much Difficulty he preserv'd.

AFTER his Departure, the Widow *de Cisuentes* was hurry'd by a thousand confus'd Emotions. She was ashamed of having declar'd herself to a Man, whom she cou'd not retain; but as she made no Question that he was violently inflam'd, and that the Interest of his Friend alone had caus'd him to refuse her Offer, she was just enough to admire so uncommon an Effect of Friendship, instead of being offended at it. But at it is impossible not to be afflicted, when Things have not the desir'd Success, she resolv'd to go into the County the next Day to divert her Uneasiness, or rather to increase it;
for

for Solitude is more proper to strengthen Love than to weaken it.

DON JUAN on his Part, not finding *Mendoza* at home, shut himself up in his own Apartment, to be at Liberty to vent his Grief: After what he had done in Favour of his Friend, he thought he might be permitted at least to sigh. But *Don Fadrique* coming in soon after, interrupted his musing; and judging by his Looks that he was not well, shew'd so much Concern, that *Don Juan*, to comfort him, was oblig'd to tell him he only wanted Repose. *Mendoza* presently left him to take his Rest, but went away with so troubled an Air, that the *Toledan* was more sensibly affected by it than with his own Misfortune. O Heaven! said he to himself, why must the most tender Friendship in the World cause all the Unhappiness of my Life!

THE Day following, before *Don Fadrique* was risen, Word came that *Donna Theodora* was set out with her whole Household for her Seat at *Villa-Real*, and in all appearance wou'd not return very soon. This News troubled him less on account of the Pains he felt for the Absence of the beloved Object, than that her Departure was kept a Secret from him. He knew not what to think of it; but constru'd it as a fatal Presage. He rose to go and see his Friend, both to talk with him about it, and enquire after his Health. But just as he had put on his Cloaths, *Don Juan* stepp'd into the Chamber; I am come, said he, to remove the Trouble I occasion'd you; I am very well to-day. This good News, answer'd *Mendoza*, is some small Comfort to me for the bad I have receiv'd. The *Toledan* ask'd, what the bad News was? and *Don Fadrique*, after he had sent his Servants out of the Room, said, *Donna Theodora* went this Morning into the Country, and it is thought she will continue there a long time. This Departure of hers astonishes me. Why was it conceal'd from me? What do you think of it, *Don Juan*? Have I not Reason to be alarm'd at it?

THE

THE *Toledan* took care not to let him know his Thoughts, and endeavour'd to persuade him that *Donna Theodora* might go into the Country, and not give him any ground to be frighten'd at it. But *Mendoça*, being very little satisfy'd with the Reasons his Friend us'd to appease him, interrupted him ; All these Arguments cannot quiet my Suspicion. Perhaps I have imprudently done something which has displeas'd *Donna Theodora*, and to punish me, she has left me, without vouchsafing so much as to acquaint me with my Crime. However it is, I cannot live in this Uncertainty. Let us go, *Don Juan*, let us go to her. I will provide Horses. I wou'd advise you, said the *Toledan*, to take no Body with you. This Explanation ought to be made without Witnesses. *Don Juan's* Company cannot be amiss, reply'd *Don Fadrique*. *Donna Theodora* is not ignorant that you know all that pass'es in my Heart. She esteems you, and so far from embarrassing me, you will help me to appease her. No, *Don Fadrique*, answer'd he, my Presence can be no Service to you. Go by your self, I conjure you. No, my dear *Don Juan*, return'd *Mendoça*, we will go together ; I expect this Complaisance from your Friendship. How Tyrannical is this, cry'd the *Toledan* ; why do you exact that from my Friendship which it ought not to grant you ?

THESE Words, which *Don Fadrique* did not comprehend, and the earnest Tone in which they were spoken, surpriz'd him strangely. He look'd sharply on his Friend ; *Don Juan*, said he, what is the Meaning of this I hear ? What an affrightful Suspicion rises in my Mind ! Ah ! it is too much to constrain your self, and torture me ! Speak ; what is the Cause of this Unwillingness you shew to bear me Company ? I wou'd have conceal'd it from you, answer'd the *Toledan* ; but since you have yourself forced me to let it appear, I must dissemble it no longer. Let us cease, my dear *Don Fadrique*, to applaud our selves on the Conformity of our Affections. It is but too complear ; the Features which have wounded you, have not spar'd your Friend.

Friend. *Donna Theodora* — You are my Rival then, interrupted *Mendoza*, turning pale as he spoke. From the Time I have been sensible of my Love, reply'd *Don Juan*, I have resisted it. I have constantly shun'd the Widow *de Cisfuentes*. You know it. You yourself have reproach'd me with it. I triumph'd over my Passion at least, if I was not able to destroy it. But Yesterday, this Lady sent me word, that she desir'd to speak with me at her House. I went thither. She ask'd why I seem'd to avoid her. I invented several Excuses. She rejected them. In short, I was oblig'd to discover to her the true Reason; believing that after this Declaration, she wou'd approve the Design I had to continue to shun her; but by an unaccountable Effect of my Destiny, Shall I tell it you? Yes, *Mendoza*, I must tell you, I found *Donna Theodora* prepossess'd in my Favour.

THO' *Don Fadrique* was of a Temper perfectly mild and reasonable, he was seiz'd with a Transport of Rage at this Discourse, and interrupting his Friend at this Passage: Hold, *Don Juan*, said he, strike me thro' the Heart, rather than pursue this fatal Story. You are not content to tell me you are my Rival, but inform me also that you are belov'd. Just Heaven! What a Discovery do you dare to make to me! You put our Friendship to too hard a Tryal. But why do I say our Friendship? You have violated that, by entertaining those perfidious Sentiments which you mention. How was I deceiv'd! I thought you generous, and of a brave and noble Spirit; whereas you are merely a false Friend, since you were capable of admitting a Passion into your Breast, which injur'd me. This is a Stroke I did not foresee. It touches me the deeper, by coming from a Hand — For Heaven's sake, *Mendoza*, interrupted the *Toledan*, have a Moment's Patience. I am not a false Friend. Hear me out, and you will repent of having given me that odious Name.

HE repeated to him then what had pass'd between the Widow *de Cisfuentes* and himself; the tender Confession she made

made to him, and the Discourse she held with him to yield up himself to her Passion without Scruple. He told him what he had answer'd to this Discourse; and in Proportion as he spoke of the Firmness he express'd, *Don Fadrique* felt his Anger subside. In a Word, added *Don Juan*, Friendship prevail'd over Love. I refus'd *Don Theodora*. She wept for Madness; but alas! what Trouble did her Tears excite in my Soul! I cannot remember it, without trembling at the Danger I ran. I began to think my self a Barbarian; and for some Moments, *Mendoza*, my Heart, became unfaithful to you. However, I did not give way to my Weakness, and I snatch'd my self by an immediate Flight from such dangerous Tears. But it is not enough to have shunn'd this Danger; I must be afraid of its returning. I must hasten my Departure. I will no more expose my self to the Looks of *Danna Theodora*. After this, will *Don Fadrique* accuse me of Ingratitude and Perfidiousness?

NO, answer'd *Mendoza* embracing him, I give you back all your Innocence. My Eyes are open. Pardon an unjust Reproach in the first Transport of a Lover, who saw all his Hopes ravish'd from him. Alas! why shou'd I have imagin'd *Danna Theodora* cou'd see you long without loving you, and being conquer'd by those Charms, of which I my self had experienced the Power? You are a sincere Friend. I impute my Unhappiness to Fortune alone; and am so far from hating you, that I feel my Affection for you is increas'd! What! Do you for me renounce the Possession of *Danna Theodora*? Do you make so great a Sacrifice to your Friendship, and shou'd I not be touch'd with it! Can you vanquish your Love, and shou'd I not subdue mine! I ought to return this Generosity of yours. Follow, *Don Juan*, the Passion which invites you. Marry the Widow *de Cisfuentes*: Let my Heart sigh at it, if it will! *Mendoza* presses you to it. You press me in vain, reply'd the *Toledan*: I have, I confess, a violent Passion for her; but your Repose is dearer to me than my own Happiness.

And

And the Repose of *Donna Theodora*, answer'd *Don Fadrique*, ought that to be indifferent to you? Let us not flatter our selves. The Inclination she has for you decides my Fortune. Tho' you shou'd absent your self from her, and, in order to resign her to me, shou'd withdraw from her radiant Eyes to lead a solitary Life, I shall be no Gainer by it. Since I have not been able to please her yet, I shall never do it. Heaven has reserv'd that Glory for you alone. She has lov'd you from the first Moment she saw you, and has a natural Inclination for you. In a word, she cannot be happy without you. Embrace the Offer then she makes you. Fulfil her Desire, and your own. Leave me to my wretched Fortune; and make not three Persons miserable, when the Severity of Fate may be discharg'd upon me alone.

THE two Friends contended thus to sacrifice their Passion to each other; and neither being willing to give Place to the Generosity of the other, their amorous Sentiments remain'd suspended for several Days; and they forbore to talk of *Donna Theodora*, and did not dare to pronounce her Name.

DONNA THEODORA resign'd herself to her tender Emotions in her Seat at *Villa-Real*, which lay near the Sea. She thought on *Don Juan* incessantly, and cou'd not forsake the Hope of Marrying him, tho' she ought not to expect it after the affectionate Friendship he had express'd for *Don Fadrique*. One Day, when the Sun was down, as she was taking the Diversion of walking by the Sea-Side with one of her Women, she perceiv'd a small Sloop making to the Shore. There seem'd, at the first Sight, to be about seven or eight Men in it, of a very ill Look; but after she had view'd them nearer, and observ'd them more carefully, she concluded she had mistaken their Masks for their Faces. In short they were all mask'd, and arm'd with Swords and Bayonets. She trembled at the Sight of them, and drawing no good Omen from the Descent they were preparing to make, she turn'd short to go back to her own House. She look'd behind her from
Time

Time to Time, and perceiving they were landed, and began to pursue her, she fell to running as hard as she cou'd; but as she was not quite so swift as *Atalanta*, and the Maskers were light and lusty, they overtook her at the Gate of her House, and seiz'd her.

THE Lady and her Maid set up a loud Cry, which presently rais'd several of her Domesticks; and they giving the Allarm to the House, all the Servants of *Donna Theodora* ran out well-arm'd with Clubs and Forks. In the mean Time, two Men of the stoutest of the Maskers, catching up the Mistress and her Servant in their Arms, led them towards the Sloop in spite of their Resistance, while the rest made Head against the People of the House who press'd on them very closely. The Combat was long, but at last the Maskers executed their Enterprize happily, and regain'd their Vessel, fighting as they retir'd. It was Time for them to retreat, for they were not all got on Board, when they saw four or five Horsemen coming full Spur from the Side of *Valencia*, who seem'd as if they design'd to succour *Donna Theodora*. At this Sight they made such Speed to get out to Sea, that the Haste of the Cavaliers was in vain.

THESE Cavaliers were *Don Fadrique* and *Don Juan*. The first had that Day receiv'd a Letter which inform'd him that there was certain Intelligence that *Alvaro Ponce* was in the Island *Majorca*, and had equipp'd a sort of Tartane; and with twenty Fellows who had nothing to lose, propos'd to carry off the Widow *de Cifuentes* the first Time she shou'd be at her Seat. Upon this Advice, the *Toledan* and *Mendoza* with their Servants set out from *Valencia*, to give Notice of this to *Donna Theodora*. They discover'd at a Distance upon the Coast a great Number of People, who seem'd to be fighting; and not questioning but this was what they fear'd, they spurr'd on their Horses to prevent *Don Alvaro's* Project. But with all the Dispatch they were able to make, they only came up soon enough to be Witnesses of the Rape they design'd to hinder.

IN the mean Time, *Alvaro Ponce*, proud of the Success of his daring Attempt, put off from Land with his Prey; and his Sloop went to join a small Vessel arm'd, which waited for him out at Sea. It is impossible to feel a more lively Grief, than that of *Mendoza* and *Don Juan*. They made a thousand Imprecations on the Ravisher, and fill'd the Air with Complaints as pityable as vain. All the Domesticks being provok'd by their Example were not wanting in Lamentations; The whole Shore resounded with Cries. Rage, Despair, and Desolation reign'd all around. The Rape of *Helen* did not cause so great a Consternation in the Court of *Sparta*.

IF *Donna Theodora's* Servants were not able to prevent her Loss, they made a brave Opposition, which was fatal to some of *Alvaro Ponce's* People. Among others, one was wounded so dangerously, that his Wounds not suffering him to follow his Comrades, he was left almost without Life upon the Sand.

THIS poor Wretch was known to be a Servant of *Don Alvaro*, and as they perceiv'd there was still Breath in him, they carry'd him to the House, and neglected nothing to recover his Spirits: He came to himself at last, tho' the Blood he had lost had made him extremely weak. To engage him to speak, they promis'd to secure his Life, and not to give him up to the Rigour of the Law, provided he would tell them whither his Master meant to carry *Donna Theodora*. Being flatter'd by this Promise, tho' in his Condition he ought to have had little Hope of making use of it, he recollected the little Strength he had left, and with a feeble Voice confirm'd the News *Don Fadrique* had receiv'd. He added that *Don Alvaro* design'd to carry her to *Sassari* in the Island of *Sardinia*, where he had a Relation who was in great Authority, and by whom he was sure to be protected.

THIS Information comforted *Mendoza* and the *Toledan*. They left the Wounded Man in the House, where he expir'd some Hours after, and return'd to *Valencia* to consider

der what Measures they shou'd take. They resolv'd to go in search of their common Enemy in the Place of his Retreat. They both embark'd immediately at *Denia* for Port *Mahon*, not doubting to find a Passage from thence to the Island of *Sardinia*. They were no sooner arriv'd at Port *Mahon*, than they understood that a Vessel freighted for *Cagliari* was going to set Sail directly; and they laid hold on the Opportunity.

THE Vessel went out with a Wind as favourable as they cou'd wish, but five or six Hours after their Departure, there came a Calm; and the Wind turning against them at Night, they were oblig'd to tack about from Shore to Shore, in Hope of its changing. They steer'd after this Manner for three Days. The fourth, about two Hours after Noon, they discover'd a Vessel bearing up to them, with full Sails. They took it at first for a Merchant Ship, but seeing it came up almost within Cannon-Shot without shewing any Colours, they no longer doubted but it was a Corsair.

THEY were not mistaken. It was a Pirate of *Tunis*, who thought the Christians were going to Surrender without fighting; but when he perceiv'd they fur'd their Sails, and prepar'd their Guns, he concluded the Point wou'd be disputed in earnest. He stop'd therefore, and made himself ready for the Combat. They began to Fire upon each other, and the Christians seem'd to have some Advantage; but an *Algerine* arriving in the Middle of the Action with a Ship larger and better arm'd than either of them, took the Part of the Pirate of *Tunis*. He came up to the *Spaniard* with full Sail, who was now between the two Fires.

THE Christians lost their Courage at the Sight; and not caring to continue a Fight which was become so unequal, they gave over Firing. There appear'd then upon the Stern of the *Algerine*, a Slave who call'd out in *Spanish* to the People in the Christian Ship, that they must surrender to the *Algerine*, if they desir'd to have Quarter. After

ter this, a *Turk* who held a Streamer of green Taffety with Half-Moons wrought in Silver, display'd it at Length in the Air. The Christians considering their Resistance wou'd be in vain, had no farther Thought of defending themselves, and submitted to all the Sorrow which the Idea of Savery can produce in free Men; and the Master fearing a longer Delay might provoke their barbarous Conquerors, snatch'd up the Streamer at the Stern, and throwing himself with some of the Sailors into the Long-Boat, went to yield himself up to the *Algerine*. This Pirate sent a Party of his Soldiers to visit the *Spanish* Ship, that is, to Pillage it of every thing it had. The Corsair of *Tunis* on his Side gave the same Order to some of his People, so that all the Passengers in the *Spanish* Vessel were in an instant disarm'd and plunder'd, and put on board the *Algerine*, where the two Pirates made a Division of their Booty by Lots.

IT wou'd have been a Consolation at least to *Mendoza* and his Friend to have fallen both to the Share of the same Corsair; their Chains wou'd have been the lighter, if they cou'd have worn them together; but Fortune, who design'd to make them feel all her Severity, gave *Don Fadrique* to the Corsair of *Tunis*, and *Don Juan* to the *Algerine*. Imagine the Despair of these two Friends, when they saw they were going to be parted. They cast themselves at the Feet of the Pirates, and conjur'd them not to separate them. But the Corsairs, whose Brutality is Proof to the most moving Objects, were inflexible. On the contrary, judging these two Captives were Persons of Distinction, and able to pay a great Ransom, they resolv'd to keep them asunder.

Mendoza and the *Toledan* seeing it impossible to soften their impenetrable Hearts, look'd on each other, and by their Looks express'd the Depth of their Affliction. But when the Plunder was divided, and the Pirate of *Tunis* was going to return to his own Ship with the Slaves which fell to his Lot, the two Friends were ready to dye
with

with Grief. *Mendoza* went up to the *Toledan*, and clasping him in his Arms, Then, said he, we must part: Dreadful Necessity! It is not enough that the Audaciousness of the Ravisher remains unpunish'd, but we are not suffer'd to unite our Complaints and Sorrows. Ah! *Don Juan*, what have we done, that Heaven thus inflicts its Indignation upon us? Seek no farther, answer'd *Don Juan*, for the Cause of our Ills, they are to be imputed to me alone. The Death of two Persons whom I sacrificed to my Rage, tho' excusable in the Eyes of Men, has undoubtedly anger'd Heaven, which punishes you also for having form'd a Friendship with a Man whom its Vengeance pursues.

THUS saying, the Eyes of both swum so with Tears, and they sigh'd so piteously, that the other Slaves were no less touch'd with it than their own Misfortunes. But the Soldiers of *Tunis*, who were more barbarous than their Master, observing that *Mendoza* made no Preparation to leave the Ship, brutally tore him from the Arms of the *Toledan*, and dragg'd him away in spite of him, and laid him on with Blows. Adieu, dear Friend, cry'd he; I shall never see you more. *Donna Theodora* is not reveng'd. The Evils these cruel Wretches inflict on me, will be the least Sufferings of my Slavery. *Don Juan* could make him no Answer to these Words; the Treatment he saw his Friend receive, struck him so, that it depriv'd him of his Voice.

THE *Algerine* return'd to his own Country, and at his Arrival carry'd his new Slaves to the Basha, and after that to the common Market, where they are sold. An Officer of the Dey *Mexomorto* bought *Don Juan* for his Master, and set him to Work in the Gardens of the Dey's (a) *Haram*. This Employment, which was painful enough to

(a) In Places under the Dominion of the Turks, the Palace of the Grand Signior only is call'd the Seraglio; the Palace of any other Man being call'd a *Haram*.

a Gentleman, was yet agreeable to him on Account of the Solitude it afforded him. In the Situation he was in, nothing could sooth him more than the Liberty he had of reflecting on his Misfortunes. He thought of them continually, and instead of endeavouring to suppress his Melancholic Ideas, he seem'd to take a Pleasure to revive them.

ONE Day, without minding that the Dey was in the Garden, he sung a mournful Song as he was at Work. *Mezomorito* stop't to hear him. He lik'd his Voice, and had the Curiosity to go up to him, and ask him his Name. The *Turk* answer'd he was call'd *Alvaro*. When he came into the Dey's Service, he thought it proper to change his Name, according to the Custom of Slaves, and took that he mention'd, because having the Rape of *Donna Theodora* by *Alvaro Ponce* continually in his Mind, it came more readily into his Mouth than any other. *Mezomorito*, who understood *Spanish* tolerably well, ask'd him several Questions about the Customs of *Spain*, and particularly about the Ways the Men took to make themselves agreeable to the Women; to which *Don Juan* answer'd in a manner which pleas'd the Dey extremely.

ALVARO, said he, thou seem'st to have a great deal of Wit, I do not think thou art an ordinary Man; but whoever thou may'st be, thou hast the good Fortune to please me, and I will honour thee with my Confidence. At these Words *Don Juan* threw himself at the Feet of the Dey, and rose, after he had apply'd the Border of his Garment to his Eyes, and the Crown of his Head. To begin to give thee some Tokens of it, continu'd *Mezomorito*, I will acquaint thee that I have in my Palace the most beautiful Women of *Europe*; and among them I have one who is beyond Comparison. I don't believe the Prime Vizier, or even the Grand Signior himself has her Equal, tho' their Ships are continually supplying them from all Parts of the World. Her Face seems to be the Sun it self reflected; and her Eyes the Morning Star; and her

Brows

Brows the very Bow of *Sagittarius*; and her Shape seems to be that of the Rose-Tree planted in the Garden of *Eram*. Thou seest I am charm'd. But this Miracle of Nature with so rare a Beauty retains a cruel Sadness, which neither Time nor my Love can remove. Tho' Fortune has subjected her to my Wishes, I have not gratify'd them. I always curb'd them, and contrary to the common Custom of Men like myself, who pursue only the Pleasures of Sense, I have endeavour'd to gain her Heart by a Complaisance and Respect which the lowest *Mussulmans* wou'd have been asham'd to pay to a Christian Slave. However all my Care cannot assuage her Melancholy, the Obstinacy of which begins at last to weary me. The Idea of Slavery is not so deeply engraven on the Minds of other Women, but my favourable Looks soon efface it. This tedious Sorrow tires my Patience. Yet before I yield to my eager Desires, I must make another Tryal; and am willing to employ thy Assistance. As this Slave is a Christian, and of thy Nation, she will have a Confidence in thee, and thou wilt persuade her better than any other. Extol my Rank to her, and my Riches; represent to her, that I will distinguish her from all the rest of my Slaves; and suggest, if there is Occasion, that she may aspire to the Honour of becoming one Day the Wife of *Mezomorto*; and tell her I shall value her more than I shou'd a Sultaneß, if she shou'd offer me her Hand.

DON JUAN prostrated himself a second time before the Dey; and tho' he lik'd the Commission very little, he assur'd him he wou'd do all that was possible to execute it well. That is enough, reply'd *Mezomorto*; leave thy Work, and follow me. I will carry thee to talk with this beautiful Slave in private. But beware thou dost not abuse my Confidence; for if thou do'st, Tortures unknown even to *Turks* themselves shall punish thy Rashness. Endeavour to remove her Grief, and consider that thy Liberty is annex'd to the End of my Sufferings. *Don Juan* quitted his Work, and follow'd the Dey, who went before

fore to dispos: the afflicted Captive to receive his Agent) She was attended with two old Slaves, who retir'd upon his appearing. She saluted him with great Respect, but cou'd not forbear trembling, which she constantly did every time she saw him. He perceiv'd it; and to quiet her, Fair Captive, said he, I came hither only to inform you that there is a *Spaniard* among my Slaves, whom perhaps you will be glad to converse with. If you have a Desire to see him, I will grant him Permission to talk with you, and even without Witnesses.

THE handsome Slave having signify'd she was desirous of it; I will send him to you, answer'd *Mezomorto*, and I wish he may be able by his Discourse to mollify your Sufferings. As he spoke the last Words, he caus'd the two old Slaves, who waited on her, to leave the Room; and then went out himself; and meeting the *Toledan*, who was ready at hand, told him with a low Voice, Thou may'st enter; and after thou hast talk'd with the lovely Slave, come to my Apartment, to give me an Account of the Conversation.

DON JUAN presently went into the Chamber, shut the Door, and saluted the Slave, without fixing his Eyes upon her, and she receiv'd his Salutation without looking steadily at him; but happening both at once to view one another strictly, they gave a Cry of Surprise and Joy; O Heaven! said the *Toledan*, approaching her, is it not an idle Image which deceives me? Is it indeed *Donna Theodora* that I see? Ah! *Don Juan*, cry'd the beautiful Slave, is it you that speak to me? Yes, Madam, answer'd he, tenderly kissing one of her Friends, it is *Don Juan* himself. You may know me by the Tears which my Eyes, charm'd to see you again, cannot restrain; and by these Transports which your Presence alone is capable of exciting. I murmur not against Fortune, since She restores you to my Vows.----- But whither does an immoderate Joy hurry me? I forget that you are in Chains. By what new Caprice of Chance are you here a Slave? How were

you

you able to save yourself from the daring Passion of *Don Alvaro*? Ah! what Alarms does it give me! and how am I afraid to hear that Heaven did not interpose to protect your Virtue!

HEAVEN, said *Donna Theodora*, has reveng'd me on *Alvaro Ponce*: If I had time to tell you ----- You have what Leisure you please, interrupted *Don Juan*; the Dey allows me to be with you, and what must surprize you, to talk with you by yourself. Let us use these happy Moments. Inform me of all that has befallen you, since you were carried away 'till now. Who told you, reply'd she, it was *Don Alvaro* that stole me? I know it too well, answer'd *Don Juan*; and then briefly related after what manner he had been appris'd of it, and how *Mendoza* and he putting to Sea in search of the Ravisher, they had been taken by the Corsairs. When he had finished his Story, *Donna Theodora* began hers in these Terms.

I need not tell you I was in the utmost Amazement to see myself seiz'd by a Band of Maskers. I fainted away in the Arms of him who carried me; and when I came out of my Swoon, which certainly held a long time, I found myself alone with *Ines*, one of my Women, out at Sea in the Cabin of a Ship under Sail. The wretched *Ines* began to exhort me to Patience; and by her Discourse, I had Reason to think she had an Intelligence with my Ravisher. He dar'd to appear before me; and falling at my Feet, Madam, said he, forgive *Don Alvaro* the Method he has taken to possess you. You know the Addresses I made to you, and with what Zeal I disputed your Heart with *Don Fadrique* to the very Day when you gave the Preference to him; if I had only had an ordinary Passion for you, I should have conquer'd it, and made myself easy in my Misfortune; but my Destiny is to adore your Charms. Contemn'd as I am, I cannot free myself from their Power. Be not afraid of any thing therefore from the Violence of my Love; I have not invaded your Liberty, to frighten your Virtue by any Criminal Attempt;

and I dare affirm that in the Retreat to which I am conducting you, a sacred and indissoluble Band will unite us for ever.

HE added several other Things, which I do not well remember; but according to his Sense of the matter, it seem'd that in forcing me to marry him, he us'd no Tyranny nor Outrage to me, and that I ought to look upon him rather as a passionate Lover, than an insolent Ravisher. While he was speaking, I did nothing but weep and lament; upon which, without spending any farther time to persuade me, he left me; making a Signal to *Ines*, as he went out, which, as I apprehended, was for her ingeniously to suggest to me the Reasons by which he would have deluded me in his Favour.

SHE did her Office: and represented to me that after the Noise this Seizure wou'd make, I cou'd not refuse to accept *Alvaro Ponce*, whatever Aversion I had for him. That my Reputation demanded this Sacrifice from my Heart. But it was not the Way to dry my Tears, to shew me the Necessity of this detested Marriage; and I was inconsolable. *Ines* knew not how to proceed, when on a sudden, we heard a loud Noise upon Deck, which drew all our Attention.

THIS Uproar of *Don Alvaro's* People was occasion'd by the Sight of a large Vessel which bore down upon us amain. As our Ship was not so good a Sailor, it was impossible for us to escape them. They came up, and we presently heard them cry out, *Strike, Strike*. But *Alvaro Ponce* and his Crew chusing rather to dye than surrender, had the Courage to stand the Engagement. The Action was very hot. I will not trouble you with the Particulars. I shall only say, that *Don Alvaro* and his Company were kill'd, after having fought like Men in Despair. As for us, we were remov'd into the other Ship which belong'd to *Mexamorta*, and was commanded by *Aby Aly Osman*, one of his Officers.

ABY ALY look'd on me a long time with some Surprise; and knowing by my Habit I was a *Spaniard*, said to me in the *Castilian* Tongue, Moderate your Affliction; and be comforted at your falling into Slavery. This Misfortune was inevitable. But why do I say Misfortune? It is an Advantage at which you ought to rejoice. You are too beautiful to be confin'd to the Homage and Admiration of Christians alone. Heaven has not form'd you for those despicable Creatures. You deserve the Vows of the greatest of Human Race. The *Musulmans* alone are worthy to possess you. I shall now return to *Algier*. Tho' I have taken no other Prize, I am persuaded the Dey my Master will be satisfy'd with my Expedition; and am in no Fear of his blaming the Impatience I had to put into his Hands a Beauty who will become his Delight, and the Ornament of his whole *Harem*.

AT this Discourse, which gave me to understand what I had to dread, I redoubled my Lamentations. *Aby Aly*, who look'd upon the Cause of my Terror with other Eyes than I did, only laugh'd, and tack'd about for *Algier*, while I afflicted myself without measure. Sometimes did I address my Sighs to Heaven, and implore its Relief; and sometimes did I wish some Christian Vessels would attack us, or, that we might be cast away: After this, I wish'd my Grief and my Tears might so disfigure me, that the Sight of me might frighten the Dey. Vain Wishes! which my Modesty produc'd in its Alarm. We arriv'd in the Port; and I was conducted to the Palace. I appear'd before *Mexomorto*. I know not what *Aby Aly* said, as he presented me to his Master, nor what his Master answer'd, because they spoke in *Turkish*. But by the Motions and Looks of the Dey, I imagin'd I had the Misfortune to please him; and the things he said to me afterwards in *Spanish* compleated my Despair, by confirming me in that Opinion. I threw myself in vain at his Feet, and promis'd all he cou'd desire, for my Ransom. I strongly tempted his Avarice, by offering him my whole Estate; he told

me he valu'd me beyond all the Riches in the World. He caus'd the most magnificent Apartment in his Palace to be fitted up for me; and from that time, neglected nothing to chase away the Sadness with which he saw me overwhelm'd. He brought to me all the Slaves of either Sex who cou'd sing, or play on any Instrument. He has taken *Ines* from me, as thinking she only nourish'd my Melancholy; and I am serv'd by old Slaves, who are incessantly entertaining me with their Master's Love, and the Pleasures that are reserv'd for me.

BUT all that is contriv'd to divert me, serves only to augment my Trouble. Nothing can give me Comfort. A Captive as I am in this detested Palace, which resounds daily with the Cries of injur'd Innocence, I even suffer less by the Loss of my Liberty, than by the Terror I am in at the odious Courtship of the Dey. Tho' I have hitherto only found him a complaisant Lover, I am not less frightened, and am afraid, lest being weary of a Respect which has already perhaps cost him very dear, he shou'd at last abuse his Power. I am perpetually haunted with this dreadful Apprehension, and every Moment of my Life brings me fresh Torture.

DONNA THEODORA cou'd not speak these Words without Tears, which touch'd *Don Juan* to the Heart. It is not without Reason, Madam, said he, that you form to yourself so hideous an Image of the future. I am as much scared at it, as you. The Respect of the Dey is nearer expiring than you imagine. This submissive Lover will shortly lay aside his pretended Smoothness. I know it too well, and all your Danger. But, continu'd he changing his Tone, I will not be a tame Witness of it, and Slave as I am, my Despair is to be dreaded. Before *Mezo-morto* shall outrage you, I will pierce his Breast — Ah! *Don Juan*, interrupted *Donna Theodora*, what a mad Thought do you entertain? Beware you do not execute it. Heav'n! What Cruelties wou'd attend his Death! Will not the *Turks* revenge it? The most amazing Torments -----

I can-

I cannot think on it without trembling. Besides, is it not to expose yourself to a needless Danger? Will you by taking the Life of the Dey, restore me to Liberty? Alas! I shall be sold perhaps to some Villain, who will have less Reverence for me than *Mexomorto*. Assist, me Heaven! thou knowest the brutal Inclination of the Dey; and hast forbidden me the Use of Daggers or Poyson; prevent therefore a Crime which thou hast condemn'd.

YES, Madam, reply'd *Don Juan*, Heaven will prevent it. I feel it already points me out the Way. For that which darts into my Mind this Moment, is undoubtedly a secret Counsel from above. The Dey allow'd me to see you, only to induce you to comply with his Love. I must go to him, and give him an Account of our Conversation. We must deceive him. I will tell him you are not inconsolable: That his Behaviour towards you begins to assuage your Grief, and if he continues in it, he may hope for any thing. You must second me, on your Part; and when he visits you next, appear less dejected than usual, and feign a kind of Pleasure in his Discourse.

WHAT a Constraint will that be! interrupted *Donna Theodora*: How can a free and open Mind betray it self so far? and what will be the Benefit of so painful a Dissimulation? The Dey, answer'd he, will be pleas'd with this Alteration, and be willing to finish the Conquest of you by his Complaisance. In the mean while I will be at work to effect your Liberty. The Thing, I grant you, is difficult; but I know an ingenious Slave, whose Assistance, I hope, will do us Service. I must leave you, pursu'd he; the Affair requires Dispatch. We shall see one another again. I will go to the Dey, and try to amuse his impetuous Ardor by some sham Stories: You, Madam, prepare yourself to receive him. Dissemble. Force yourself. Tho' his Presence shocks you, disarm your Looks of Severity and Hatred. Let your Mouth, which is never open'd but to bewail your Misfortune, learn a flattering

Language to him: Do not be afraid of seeming too favourable. You must promise every Thing, in order to grant Nothing. Enough, answer'd *Donna Theodora*; I will do every thing you say, since the Evil which threatens me imposes on me this cruel Necessity. Go, *Don Juan*, exert all your Power to put an end to my Slavery. It will be an additional Joy to my Heart, if I receive my Liberty from you.

THE *Toledan*, according to the Order he had receiv'd, went to *Mexomorto*; who said to him with great Emotion, Well, *Alvaro*, what News dost thou bring me from the Slave? Hast thou disposed her to hearken to me? If thou informest me that I must not flatter myself with overcoming her stubborn Grief, I swear by the Head of the Grand Signior, my Master, I will this Day obtain by Force that which is refus'd to my Complaisance. Sir, answer'd *Don Juan*, there is no need of that venerable Oath. You will not be oblig'd to have Recourse to Violence to satisfy your Love. This Slave is a young Lady, who never lov'd. She is so proud, that she has rejected the Vows of the greatest Men in *Spain*. She liv'd like a Queen in her own Country, and sees herself a Captive here. A haughty Mind must long feel the Difference of these Conditions. However this lofty *Spaniard* will, like others, become accusom'd to Slavery; and, I dare assure you, that her Chains begin already to be less pressing. The great Distinction you observe towards her, and the respectful Care which she did not expect from you, have soften'd her Resentment, and will by degrees abate her Pride. Go on to charm her with new Honours, and you will soon see her yield to your Desire, and forget the Love of Liberty in your Arms.

THOU ravishest me with this Report, reply'd the Dey. The Hopes thou givest me, can do any thing with me. Yes, I will command my impatient Passion, that I may satisfy it better. But dost thou not deceive me? Or art thou not deceiv'd thy self? I will go and talk with her

let this Moment: I want to see whether I can discover in her those flattering Appearances which thou hast observ'd. Having said these Words, he went to visit *Donna Theodora*; and *Don Juan* return'd to the Garden, where he found the Gardiner, who was the Slave whose Help he design'd to use to deliver the Widow *de Cifuentes* from Slavery.

THE Gardiner, whose Name was *Francisco*, was a Native of *Navarre*. He was perfectly acquainted with *Algier*, having serv'd under several Persons there before he belong'd to the Dey. *Francisco*, my Friend, said *Don Juan* accosting him, I am extremely afflicted. There is in this Palace a young Lady of the first Rank in *Valencia*. She has beg'd *Mezomorto* to set her Ransom himself; but he is not willing she shou'd be redeem'd, because he is in Love with her. Why does that trouble you so? answer'd *Francisco*. Because I am of the same Town, reply'd the *Toledan*. Her Relations and mine are intimate Friends. There is nothing I could not undertake to procure her Liberty. Tho' that is no easy thing, said *Francisco*, I dare promise to accomplish it, if the Lady's Relations are of a Temper to pay me well for my Service. Never doubt it, return'd *Don Juan*, I will answer for their Gratitude, and especially for hers. She is called *Donna Theodora*. She is the Widow of a Man, who has left her a great Estate, and she is as generous as rich. In short, I am a *Spaniard*, and a Gentleman, and my Word ought to satisfy you. Well, reply'd the Gardiner, upon the Faith of your Promise, I will go and find out a Renegade *Catalan* whom I know, and propose to him ----- What do you say? interrupted the *Toledan* in a Surprise. Can you trust a Wretch who has not been ashamed to forsake his Religion to ----- Tho' he is a Renegade, interrupted *Francisco* in his Turn, yet he is an honest Man, and in my Opinion deserves Pity rather than Hate; for I shou'd excuse him, if his Crime cou'd admit any Excuse. I will give you his History in two Words,

HE is a Native of *Barcelona*, and a Surgeon by Profession; having but little Practice there, he resolv'd to go and fix at *Cartagena*, hoping he might mend his Fortune by Change of Place. He embark'd for *Cartagena* with his Mother; but meeting with a Pirate of *Algier*, they were taken, and brought hither: They were both Sold; his Mother to a *Moor*, and he to a *Turk*, who us'd him so ill, that he embraced *Mahometism* to free himself from so cruel a Bondage, as also to obtain his Mother's Liberty, who he saw was treated very rigorously by the *Moor* her Patron. In short, entring into the *Bassa's* Pay, he made several Expeditions, and laid up four hundred *Patacoons*; Part of which he employ'd to ransom his Mother; and to improve the rest, it came into his Head to go to Sea, and Pirate on his own Account.

HE became a Captain. He bought a small Vessel without a Deck; and with some *Turkish* Soldiers, who were willing to bear him Company, he went to cruise between *Cartagena* and *Alicant*. He return'd loaded with Booty; and went out again; and his Voyages succeeded so well, that he found himself able to fit out a large Ship. He made several considerable Prizes; but his Fortune forsook him at last. For one Day he attack'd an *English* Frigate, who handled his Ship so roughly, that he had much ado to regain the Port of *Algier*. As they judge in this Country of Pirates Merit, by their Success, the Renegade fell into Contempt with the *Turks*. He was very much concerned at it, and uneasy; and selling his Ship, retir'd to a House out of the Town, where he lives ever since upon what he had left, with his Mother, and some Slaves who wait on them. I go to see him often. We were both of us under the same Patron; and are fast Friends. He opens his most secret Thoughts to me, and it is not three Days ago, that he told me, with Tears in his Eyes, that he could have no Peace, since he had been so unhappy as to renounce his Faith; that to appease the Remorse of his Conscience, which tormented him without ceasing, he was mov'd
sometimes

sometimes to quit the Turband, and at the Hazard of burning alive, by a publick Confession of his Repentance, to repair the Scandal he had brought upon Christians.

THIS is the Renegade I wou'd consult, continued *Francisco*; and such a sort of Man you have no reason to suspect. I will get out under Pretence of going to the Bath; and call at his House, and represent to him that instead of pining with Regret for being out of the Bosom of the Church, he ought to think of the Means of returning to it; and that in order to this, he need only fit out a Vessel, as if being weary of an idle Life, he was willing to resume his former Course; and that with this Vessel we may reach the Coast of *Valencia*, where *Donna Theodora* will give him wherewith to pass the Remainder of his Days agreeably at *Barcelona*.

YES my dear *Francisco*, cry'd *Don Juan*, transported with the Hope the Slave gave him, you may promise the Renegade any thing; you and he shall be certain to be well rewarded. But do you think this Project may be executed in the manner you describe? There may be Difficulties in it, reply'd *Francisco*, which I do not foresee; but the Renegade and I will remove them. *Alvaro*, added he at parting, I prophesy well concerning our Enterprize, and hope I shall bring you good News at my Return:

IT was not without Uneasiness that *Don Juan* waited for *Francisco*, who came back in three or four Hours, and told him; I have spoke with the Renegade; I have propos'd our Design to him, and after a long Deliberation, we have agreed, That he shall buy a small Vessel ready rigg'd; and that, as it is allow'd to carry Slaves for Mariner, he shall employ all his own; and to avoid Suspensions he shall hire twelve *Turkish* Soldiers, as if he were really going to cruise; but that two Days before that which he appoints them for his Departure, he shall embark in the Night with his Slaves, and weigh Anchor without Noise.

and fetch us on board in his Boat at a little Gate of the Garden not far from the Sea. This is our Plan. You may apprise the Lady of it, and assure her that in fifteen Days, or a little more, she shall be out of Captivity.

WHAT a Joy was it to *Don Juan*, to have so welcome a Promise to carry to *Donna Theodora*? To get Leave to see her, he look'd after *Mezomorto* the next Day; and meeting him; Pardon me, Sir, said he, if I presume to ask how you found the beautiful Slave. Are you more satisfy'd--- I am charm'd with her, interrupted the Dey; her Eyes did not decline Yesterday my tenderest Looks. Her Discourse, which before was only an eternal Reflection upon her Condition, was not mingled with any Complaints, and she even seem'd to lend an obliging Attention to me. 'Tis to thy Care, *Alvaro*, I owe this Alteration. I see thou understandest the Women of thy own Country. I wou'd have thee talk with her again; and finish what thou hast so happily begun. Exert thy Wit and thy Address to hasten my Joy. I will soon break thy Chains; and, I swear by the Soul of our great Prophet, I will send thee back to thy Country so laden with Wealth, that the Christians who see thee shall not believe thou art return'd from Slavery.

THE *Toledan* was not wanting to flatter *Mezomorto* in his Error; he pretended to be extremely touch'd with his Promises; and under Colour of promoting the Accomplishment of this Affair, he hasten'd away to visit the Slave again. He found her in her Apartment alone; the old Women who attended her being employ'd elsewhere.

HE inform'd her of what the *Navarran* and the Renegade had projected together, relying upon the Promises he had made them. It was a great Consolation to *Donna Theodora* to understand there were such good Measures taken for her Deliverance. Is it possible, cry'd she in an Excess of Joy, that I may hope to see *Valencia*, my dear Country, again? What a Happiness will it be, after so many

many Dangers and Alarms, to live there in Peace with you? Ah! *Don Juan*, how this Thought delights me! Do you share the Pleasure with me? Do you reflect that in snatching me from the Dey, it is your Wife whom you rescue?

ALAS! answer'd *Don Juan*, fetching a deep Sigh; what Charms wou'd these flattering Words carry in them to me, if the Remembrance of an unhappy Friend did not arise to imbitter all the Sweet! Forgive me, Madam, this Nicety; and confess that *Mendoça* deserves your Pity. It was for you that he left *Valencia*, and has lost his Liberty. I dare affirm that at *Tunis*, where perhaps he is us'd unworthily, he is less oppress'd with the Weight of his Chains, than with Despair for not having reveng'd you. He undoubtedly deserv'd better Fortune, interpos'd *Donna Theodora*; Heaven is my Witness that I am extremely affected with all he has done for me, and am sensibly concern'd at the Miseries I have occasion'd him; but by the cruel Malignity of the Stars, I cannot reward his Services with my Heart.

THIS Conversation was interrupted by the Arrival of the two old Women who waited on *Donna Theodora*. *Don Juan* chang'd the Discourse, and assuming the Character of Confident of the Dey; Yes, charming Slave, said he to the Widow *de Cifuentes*, you have him in Chains who keeps you in Bondage. *Mezomorto*, your Master and mine, the most amorous and amiable Turk living, is ravish'd with you. Continue to treat him kindly, and you will shortly see an End of your Sufferings. He withdrew as he spoke these last Words, whose true Sense was understood only by *Donna Theodora*.

THINGS remain'd eight Days in this Situation in the Palace of the Dey. In the mean while, the Renegade *Catalan* had purchas'd a small Vessel almost compleatly equip'd, and made the Preparations to depart. But six Days before he was ready to put to Sea, *Don Juan* had News which startled him.

MEZO.

MEZOMORTO sent for him, and taking him into his Closet, *Alvaro*, said he, thou art free; thou shalt set out, when thou wilt, to return to *Spain*. The Presents I promis'd thee are ready. I saw the fair Slave Yesterday; and how different did she appear from that Person whose Dejection gave me so much Pain! The Sense of her Captivity wears off every Day. I found her so charming, that I have made a Resolution to marry her. She shall be my Wife within two Days.

THE *Toledan* chang'd Colour at these Words; and notwithstanding all his Endeavour to command himself, he cou'd not conceal his Surprize and Trouble from the Dey, who ask'd him the Reason of it. Sir, answer'd *Don Juan* embarrass'd, it must certainly astonish me very much, that one of the most considerable Lords of the *Ottoman* Empire shou'd offer to abase himself so far as to marry a Slave. I know indeed there are Examples of it among you; but that the illustrious *Mezomorto*, who may pretend to the Daughters of the first Officers of the Port—I agree, interrupted the Dey, I might aspire to the Daughter of the Grand Visier himself, and expect to succeed my Father-in-law in his Post; but I have immense Riches, and little Ambition. I prefer the Ease and Pleasures I enjoy here, to the Visiership, and that dangerous Honour, to which we are no sooner advanced, than the Fears of the Sultan, or the Jealousy of envious Spirits about him, tumble us down again. Beside, I love the Slave, and her Beauty renders her worthy of the Rank to which my Affection invites her.

BUT, added he, she must now change her Religion, in order to merit the Honour I design to do her. Dost thou think that any foolish Prejudices will make her despise the Offer? No, Sir, answer'd the *Toledan*; I am persuaded she will sacrifice every Thing to so noble a Promotion. Permit me however to say, you ought not to marry her so abruptly. Be not too hasty. Without Question the Thought of quitting a Religion which she suck'd in with
her

her Mother's Milk, will alarm her at first. Allow her Time to consider of it. When she shall reflect that instead of dishonouring her, and leaving her to grow old among the rest of your Captives, you unite her to your self by a Marriage which crowns her with Glory, her Gratitude and her Vanity will by little and little overcome her Scruples. Delay the Execution of your Design only for eight Days. I yield to this Advice, return'd the Dey; and as impatient as I am to possess her, I will wait so long. Go to her presently, and dispose her to gratify my Desires after that Time: For I am willing that the same *Alvaro*, who has serv'd me with her so well, shou'd have the Honour to offer her my Vows.

DON JUAN ran to *Donna Theodora's* Apartment, and acquainted her with what had pass'd between *Mexomorto* and himself, that she might regulate herself accordingly. He inform'd her also that the Renegade's Vessel wou'd be ready in six Days; and as she was very uneasy to know in what Manner she shou'd be able to get out of her Apartment, since the Doors of all the Chambers thro' which she must pass to reach the Stairs, were lock'd; That need give you very little Trouble, Madam, answer'd *Don Juan*; your Closet Window looks into the Garden; you may get out of that by a Ladder, with which I shall take Care to furnish you. In short, the six Days expir'd, and *Francisco* appris'd the *Toledan* that the Renegade was prepar'd to set out the next Night. They all expected this Night with the utmost Impatience; it came, and to compleat their good Luck, was very dark. At the Moment appointed for the Execution of their Enterprize, *Don Juan* went to place the Ladder under *Donna Theodora's* Window, who perceiv'd it, and came down by it immediately in great Hurry and Confusion. She lean'd upon the sham *Alvaro*, who conducted her towards the little Gate of the Garden, which open'd to the Sea. They walk'd very fast, and already tasted, by Anticipation, the Pleasure to see themselves out of Slavery. But *Fortune*, who was not perfectly reconcil'd

conci'd to these Lovers, threw an Accident in their Way, which was more cruel than all they had hitherto suffer'd, and which they cou'd have least of all foreseen.

THEY were pass'd thro' the Garden, and were marching along the Shore in order to get to the Boat which waited for them, when a Man whom they took for a Companion of their Flight, and of whom they had no Suspicion, ran directly to *Don Juan* with a naked Sword, and plung'd it in his Breast: Perfidious *Alvaro Ponce*, cry'd he, it is thus that *Don Fadrique de Mendoza* ought to punish a cowardly Ravisher. Thou dost not deserve that I shou'd attack thee like a Man of Honour.

DON JUAN cou'd not stand against the Force of the Blow, which threw him to the Ground; and at the same time *Donna Theodora*, who held by him, being seiz'd with Amazement, Grief and Affright, fell down beside him in a Swoon. Ah! *Mendoza*, said the *Toledan*, what have you done? It is *Don Juan* whom you have wounded. Just Heaven! reply'd *Don Fadrique*, is it possible that I should have assassinated my best Friend? I forgive you my Death, answer'd *Don Juan*; Destiny alone is in Fault, or rather is willing thereby to finish our Misfortunes. Yes, my dear *Mendoza*, I die content, since I return into your Hands *Donna Theodora*, who can assure you that my Friendship for you is not abated. Too generous Friend, said *Don Fadrique* in a Transport of Despair, you shall not die alone. The same Weapon which has wounded you, shall punish your Murderer. At these Words, turning the Point of his Sword to his Bosom, he thrust it up to the Hilt, and fell upon *Don Juan*, who fainted away, less weaken'd by the Loss of Blood, than by his Surprize at the Fury of his Friend.

FRANCISCO and the Renegade, who were about six Paces off, and had certain Reasons not to go up to succour the Slave *Alvaro*, were astonish'd to hear the last Words of *Don Fadrique*, and to see this last Action of his. They perceiv'd it was a Mistake, and that the wounded Persons were two Friends, and not mortal Enemies, as they had fancy'd.

fancy'd. They ran then to their Help; but finding them without Sense, as well as *Donna Theodora*, who was still in a Swoon, they were at a Loss what to do. *Francisco* was for carrying off the Lady alone; and leaving the Cavaliers upon the Strand, where, according to all appearance, they wou'd soon expire, if they were not dead already. The Renegade was of another Mind; he thought they ought not to leave them; that their Wounds might perhaps not be mortal, and design'd to dress them in his Ship, where he had all the Instruments of his first Profession, which he had not yet forgotten.

FRANCISCO came into this Opinion, and knowing how much it concern'd them to be speedy, the Renegade and he, with the Assistance of some other Slaves, carry'd into the Boat the unhappy Widow *de Cifuentes*, and her two Lovers, yet more wretched than she. In a few Minutes they reach'd their Vessel, where as soon as they were on Board, some unfurl'd the Sails, while others on their Knees upon the Deck implor'd the Favour of Heaven with the most fervent Prayers, the Dread of being pursu'd by *Mezomorto's* Ships, cou'd inspire.

AS for the Renegade, after he had committed the Conduct of the Ship to a *French* Slave, who understood it perfectly, he took Care in the first Place of *Donna Theodora*. He recover'd her to her Senses; and apply'd his Medicines so well, that *Don Fadrique* and the *Toledan* also came to themselves. The Widow *de Cifuentes*, who had fainted away just as she saw *Don Juan* hurt, was strangely surpriz'd to see *Mendoza* there. And tho' when she look'd on him, she concluded he had wounded himself for Grief of having wounded his Friend, she cou'd not but regard him as the Murderer of the Man she lov'd.

NEVER was a more moving Scene than that of these three Persons now come to themselves. The Condition, from which they were just restor'd, tho' a Resemblance of Death it self, was not half so sad. *Donna Theodora* look'd on *Don Juan* with Eyes which express'd all the Emotions

Emotions of a Mind agitated with Grief and Despair; and the two Friends fix'd their dying Eyes on her, and drew the most piteous Sighs.

AFTER they had for some time kept a tender and mournful Silence, *Don Fadrique* broke it first, and addressing himself to the Widow *de Cifuentes*; Madam, said he, I have the Satisfaction, before I die, to see you out of Bondage; wou'd to Heaven you had ow'd your Liberty to me! But Heaven is pleas'd that you shou'd be oblig'd for it to a Lover you admire. I love this Rival too well to murmur at it, and with the Wound I have been so unhappy as to give him, may not hinder his enjoying your Acknowledgments. The Lady return'd no Answer to these Words; and far from attending then to the miserable Condition of *Don Fadrique*, she felt herself urg'd with an Aversion to him on account of the *Toledan's* Misfortune.

IN the mean while the Surgeon made ready to search and probe their Wounds. He began with *Don Juan's*, and found it was not dangerous, for the Stroke had only glanced along his left Pap, and had not hurt any vital Part. The Report of the Surgeon abated *Donna Theodora's* Affliction, and gave great Joy to *Don Fadrique*, who turning towards the Lady; I am content, said he, and resign Life without Regret, since my Friend is out of Danger, and I shall not die under your Displeasure.

HE spoke these Words with so affecting an Air, that *Donna Theodora* was mov'd extremely. As she was no longer in Fear for *Don Juan*, she no longer hated *Don Fadrique*; and looking on him now as a Man who deserv'd her utmost Pity, Ah! *Mendoza*, cry'd she in a Transport of generous Passion, suffer your Wound to be dress'd. It is not perhaps more dangerous than that of your Friend. Comply with the Care we are willing to take of your Life. Live; and if I cannot make you happy, at least I will not make another so. In Compassion and Friendship to you, I will hold back the Hand I design'd to have given to *Don Juan*. I will make you the same Sacrifice as he has made.

Content

Content with reigning in your Hearts, I will behave my self to both in such a Manner, that he whom I do not love, shall have no more Reason to complain than the other.

DON FADRIQUE was going to reply; but the Surgeon, who was afraid he shou'd inflame the Wound by talking, oblig'd him to be silent; and having examin'd his Hurt, he thought it to be mortal, because the Sword had enter'd into the upper Part of the Lungs, as he judg'd by the large Effusion of Blood, the Consequence of which was very threatening. As soon as he had finish'd the first Dressing, he left the Cavaliers to rest in a little Cabin at the Head of the Ship, in two Beds close by one another, and remov'd *Donna Theodora* to another Place, because her Presence, he thought, might do them Harm.

IN spite of all these Precautions, *Mendoza* was seiz'd with a Fever; and towards the Close of the Day the Flux of Blood increas'd. The Surgeon then acquainted him, that his Wound was incurable, and that if he had any Thing to say to his Friend, or to *Donna Theodora*, there was no Time to be lost. This News threw the *Toledan* into a strange Emotion; as for *Don Fadrique*, he receiv'd it with Indifference. He sent for the Widow *de Cifuentes*, who came to him in a Condition which may be more easily imagin'd than describ'd.

HER Face was cover'd with Tears, and she sobb'd so violently that *Mendoza* was highly disturb'd; Madam, said he, I am not worthy those precious Tears you shed. Stop them, I beg you, and hear me one Moment. I make the same Request to you, my dear *Don Juan*, added he, observing the excessive Grief his Friend express'd. I am sensible this Separation must be very severe to you; I know your Friendship too well to doubt it; but stay both of you, 'till my Death is actually come, before you honour it with so many Tokens of Tenderness and Pity. Suspend your Affliction 'till then. This touches me more than the Loss of my Life. Let me inform you by what Ways the cruel
Destiny

Destiny which pursues me brought me that Night upon the fatal Shore, which I have stain'd with the Blood of my Friend and my self. You must be solicitous to know how I cou'd take *Don Juan* for *Don Alvaro*; I will acquaint you, if the little Time I have to live will permit me to give you this Melancholic Story.

A few Hours after the Vessel in which I was, had parted from that in which I left *Don Juan*, we met a *French* Privateer who attack'd us. He made himself Master of the *Tunis* Ship, and set us on Shore near *Alicant*. I was no sooner at Liberty, but I thought how to redeem *Don Juan*. In order to it, I repair'd to *Valencia*, where I took up a Sum of Money; and upon Advice I receiv'd from *Barcelona*, that some Friars of the Order of * Redemption were preparing to sail to *Algier*, I resolv'd not to lose that Opportunity. But before I left *Valencia*, I intreated the Governor, *Don Francisco de Mendoza*, my Uncle, to use all the Interest he cou'd at the Court of *Spain* to obtain my Friend's Pardon, because I intended to bring him back with me, and restore him to Possession of his Estate, which had been confiscated since the Death of the Duke de *Naxera*. I went then to *Barcelona*, and had not been there eight Days before I embark'd for *Algier* with the Friars.

AS soon as we arriv'd, I went to the Places which the Slaves frequent. But I search'd them without finding what I sought. I recollected in vain the Features of the Passengers who came with *Don Juan*, and compar'd the Looks I recollected in my Memory with all the Faces I saw; but did not distinguish one whom I cou'd remember to have seen. I was not contented with this, but ask'd all the *Spanish* Slaves I met, whether they knew what was become of a Cavalier of their Nation (describing him to

* An Order of Friars, who collect Money to ransom Christian Captives among the Infidels, and go to the Places where they are in Slavery to redeem them,

(them)

them) taken at such a Time ? Some answer'd me, that he must be in some House in the Country, and others that perhaps he was among the Twelve poor Christian Slaves who had been empal'd not long ago for beating some *Mahometans*. This was all I cou'd learn by my Inquiries.

ONE Day however I perceiv'd a young Man looking at me very carefully; and knew him for a Servant who had liv'd formerly with my Uncle. He thought by my Appearance that I was no Slave. Sir, said he coming up to me, may I presume to ask whether you have yet any Value for *Donna Theodora* ? I answer'd, Yes. Since it is so, reply'd he, take the Pains to follow me, if you please; and you shall soon hear News of her. I follow'd him. He carry'd me to the House of the Renegade *Catalan*, who owns this Ship. He had a long Conference with him in private; after which the Renegade came to me, and told me, his Slave had acquainted him with my Name; and since he assures me, added he, that I may rely on your Discretion, I am willing to discover to you the Place where there is a Lady whose Condition, by what he informs me, concerns you very nearly. *Donna Theodora* is a Slave in the Dey's Palace, who will not let her be ransom'd, because he loves her.

THE Disturbance I shew'd at this News affected the Renegade. Take Heart, Signior *Mendoza*, said he, *Mexomorto* has done the Lady no Injury. I know him; and since you are in Love with her, I will make no Difficulty to trust you with a Secret which it is your Interest not to reveal. The Dey's Gardiner is a *Navarran* Slave of my Acquaintance. He told me there was in his Master's Palace a Lady of *Valencia*, call'd *Donna Theodora*, who offer'd a considerable Reward to him who shou'd rescue her from Slavery. I have undertaken her Deliverance. I am equipping a Vessel which will be ready in a few Days; and under a Pretence of roving the Sea, I shall reach the Coast of *Spain*, where I shall deliver the Lady to her Relations. But how, said I, will you get her out of the Palace? Two
Slaves

Slaves of *Mezomorto*, answer'd he, take that Charge upon them. The *Navarran*, whom I mention'd, and another who, as I am told, is of *Valencia*. I have not been able to see the last, but by the Report I have heard of him, I believe he is a Man of Quality.

I ask'd the Renegade very earnestly, whether he knew the Name of that Slave. He is call'd *Alvaro*, reply'd he, which is all I know. And that is all I want to know, cry'd I in a Transport: He is my Rival. Without putting more Questions about this Slave, without informing my self whether he was taken with *Donna Theodora*, I made no doubt but this *Alvaro* was *Alvaro Ponce* himself.

I gave the Renegade a horrible Description of him, and press'd him to join in my Resentment: Assist, said I, my Hatred and my Love. Afford me the Means to revenge me on my Enemy, and put an End to *Donna Theodora's* Captivity. You shall not only have what she has promis'd you, but I will add Tokens of my own Acknowledgment. As the Renegade did not answer to this, and seem'd to muse upon it, I thought he was wavering whether he shou'd do what I desir'd. To determine him, I offer'd to present him a very fine Diamond Ring I had on my Finger; but he refus'd it; Sir, said he, do you think I distrust your Promises; or that they are not sufficient to engage me to serve a Cavalier of your Birth? If you saw me musing, it was that I was considering of the Means to satisfy you. You shall soon be pleas'd. You have nothing to do, but to accompany me the Night we shall pitch on for our Departure. You shall be shewn your Enemy, and after you are reveng'd, you shall take his Place, if you please, and go with us to conduct *Donna Theodora* to *Valencia*.

THIS Discourse flatter'd my Rage too much, not to overjoy me. I thank'd the Renegade for his Zeal, and forced him to accept the Ring, and went away full of Impatience to see *Don Alvaro* fall beneath my Blows. However my Impatience did not hinder my looking after *Don Juan*. But despairing to hear News of him, I left Money for

for his Ransom in the Hands of an *Italian* Merchant, nam'd *Francisco Capati*, who resides at *Algier*, and who undertook to redeem him, if ever he shou'd discover him.

AT last the Night for your Departure, and my Vengeance, came. I met the Renegade as his House, who carry'd me down to the Sea-shore against the End of *Mexomorto's* Gardens. We stop'd before a little Door, which soon open'd, and out came a Man, who made directly to us. It was the *Navarran* Slave, who ask'd the Renegade in what Posture Matters stood: My Vessel, answer'd the Renegade, has left the Port just now, and we expect the Boat; he had not spoken the last Word, when the Boat appear'd. I will go then, said the *Navarran*, and tell the Slave *Alvaro*, that he may bring out the Lady; and having said this, he went back into the Garden; and return'd in a few Moments, and pointing to a Man and a Woman who were walking along, here are *Alvaro* and *Donna Theodora*, says he, behind me. I was in a Flame at the Sight, and laying my Hand on my Sword, ran to the unhappy *Alvaro*, and being perswaded it was a hated Rival I was going to stab, I wounded my faithful Friend, the Uncertainty of whose State has made me so uneasy; but Thanks to Heaven, continu'd he melting with Compunction, my Errour will not cost him his Life, nor *Donna Theodora* perpetual Tears.

AH! *Mendoça*, interrupted the Lady, you wrong my Sorrow; for I shall never be comforted for your Loss. Tho' I shou'd marry your Friend, it wou'd only be to unite our Grievs. Your Love, your Friendship, your Misfortunes wou'd be the Subject of all our Discourse. It is too much, Madam, reply'd *Don Fadrique*: I do not deserve you shou'd lament me so long. Suffer, I conjure you, *Don Juan* to espouse you, after he shall have reveng'd you on *Alvaro Ponce*. *Don Alvaro*, is no more, answer'd the Widow *de Cifuentes*; he was kill'd the same Day he carry'd me away, by the Pirate who took me. Madam, said *Mendoça*, this is welcome News, my Friend will be the sooner happy.

Follow

Follow your Inclination both of you, without Restraint. I see with Joy the Moment approaching, which will remove the Obstacle, which your Compassion, and his Generosity, cast in the Way of your common Felicity. May all your Days glide away in Repose and Union, which the Spleenfulness of Fortune shall not presume to disturb. Adieu, Madam; Adieu, *Don Juan*: Call to Mind sometimes, each of you, a Man who never lov'd any Thing equal to you.

AS the Lady, and the *Toledan*, instead of answering him, redoubled their Tears, *Don Fadrique*, who observ'd it, and found himself very ill, thus pursu'd; I suffer my self to be affected too much: Death embraces me already, and I neglect to implore the Divine Goodness, to forgive my having cut short with mine own Hands, a Life of which he alone has a Right to dispose. Having utter'd these Words, he rais'd his Eyes toward Heaven with all the Appearances of a true Repentance; and the Flux of Blood soon caus'd a Suffocation, which carry'd him off.

DON JUAN then frantick with Despair clap'd his Hand upon his Wound, and tore off the Plaister, and resolv'd to render it incurable; but *Francisco*, and the Renegade, threw themselves upon him, and oppos'd his Madness. *Donna Theodora* was frighten'd at his Transport, and join'd with them, to dissuade him from his Design. She spoke to him with so moving an Air, that he came to himself. He suffer'd them to bind up his Wound; and, in a Word, the Concern of the Lover, by degrees, appeas'd the Fury of the Friend. But if he recover'd his Reason, it serv'd only to prevent the mad Effects of his Sorrow, and not to abate his feeling it.

THE Renegade, who, among several other Things he was carrying to *Spain*, had some excellent Balm of *Arabia* and precious Perfumes, embalm'd *Mendoza's* Body, at the Request of the Lady and *Don Juan*, who were very desirous to pay him the Funeral Honours at *Valencia*. This dejected Pair never ceas'd to sigh and grieve during the whole Voyage; but it was not so with the rest of the Crew;

and as the Wind was favourable all along, they quickly discover'd the Coast of Spain.

AT this Sight all the Slaves gave themselves up to Joy; and when the Vessel was happily arriv'd in the Port of *Denia*, every one had their Share of it. The Widow *de Cifuentes* and the *Toledan* dispatch'd a Courier to *Valencia*, with Letters for the Governor, and *Donna Theodora's* Family. The News of this Lady's Return was receiv'd with the utmost Gladness by her Relations; as for *Don Francisco* the Governor, he was heartily concern'd when he heard of his Nephew's Death; and shew'd it when going with *Donna Theodora's* Relations to *Denia*, he desir'd to see the Corps of the unhappy *Don Fadrique*. The good old Man bath'd it with his Tears, and pour'd out such tender Complaints, that all the Spectators were mov'd. He ask'd by what Accident his Nephew perish'd. I will acquaint you, Sir, said the *Toledan*; and far from endeavouring to blot it out from my Memory, I take a mournful Pleasure in calling it to Mind incessantly, and feeding my Grief. He inform'd him then how this unfortunate Accident happen'd; and the Relation drawing fresh Tears from his Eyes, redoubled those of the Governor. *Donna Theodora's* Relations testify'd their Joy at seeing her again, and congratulated her upon her miraculous Delivery from the Tyranny of *Mezomorto*.

AFTER a full Explanation of every Thing, they put *Don Fadrique's* Body into a Coach, and convey'd it to *Valencia*; but it was not bury'd there, because *Don Francisco de Mendoza* being ready to go and settle at *Madrid*, he resolv'd to carry it thither. While the Preparations were making to transport it, the Widow *de Cifuentes* loaded *Francisco*, and the Renegade, who had accompany'd her, with Riches. The *Navarran* retir'd to his own Country, and the Renegade returning to *Denia*, where he had left his Mother, sold his Vessel, and proceeding to *Barcelona*, embrac'd the Christian Religion again, and liv'd very happily. At the same Time, *Don Francisco* receiv'd a Packet from Court,

Court, in which was *Don Juan's* Pardon, which the King notwithstanding the Consideration he had for the Family of *Naxera*, cou'd not refuse to the *Mendoza's*, who all join'd to ask it. This News was the more agreeable to the *Toledan*, as it gave him the Liberty to accompany the Corps of his Friend; which he durst not have done without it.

AT last the Train set out, attended with a great Number of Persons of Quality; and as soon as they arriv'd at *Madrid*, they interr'd the Body of *Don Fadrique* in one of the Churches, where *Don Juan* and *Donna Theodora* erected him a magnificent Monument. They did not continue there; but wore Mourning for their Friend a whole Year, to express their Grief and Friendship. After they had shewn such unusual Tokens of Affection for *Mendoza*, they marry'd; but by an inconceivable Effect of the Power of Friendship, *Don Juan* for a long time retain'd a Melancholy, which nothing cou'd dissipate. *Don Fadrique*, his dear Friend *Don Fadrique*, ran for ever in his Thoughts. He saw him every Night in his Dreams, and as often as he saw him thus, he fetch'd the deepest Sighs. At length his Mind began to shake off these gloomy Imaginations, and the Charms of *Donna Theodora*, which always assail'd him, by little and little triumph'd over this sad Remembrance; and he liv'd long happy and contented. But alas! what human Happiness is permanent! His Horse threw him one Day as he was hunting, and hurt his Skull; and an Imposthume succeeding, all Applications were in vain, and he dy'd in the Embraces of his dear *Theodora*; whose excessive Anguish cast her into a violent Fever, which made her delirious, and she soon follow'd her Husband. They were both carry'd to *Mendoza's* Tomb; where they lye, expecting the Conclusion of that unquiet World, in which they had experienc'd so many Misfortunes.

The E N D.





J. Hochmore inv.

Ger. Van. Gucht scul.

CH A R O N;

OR THE

FERRY-BOAT.

A

V I S I O N.

Dedicated to the

Swiss COUNT—

Cura non ipsa in morte relinquunt: Virg.

L O N D O N: MDCCXXIX.

CHANDLER

OR THE

FERRY-BOAT



VOLUME

Dedicated to the

Swiss Count

—————

Given now to the Swiss Count

—————

LONDON: MDCCLXXIX



TO THE
Swiss COUNT—

S I R,



T would be lessening a Man of your Fame, not to imagine you sufficiently known by the Title, which, by the Courtesy of *England*, you have long enjoy'd, and which therefore needs not the Addition of your Name. But not to lose time in Ceremony, I hasten to give you and the Reader some Reasons for this Dedication.

IT is a Piece of Craft often practis'd among Authors, when they are about to Publish some Trifle which they suspect may lie too quietly in the Book-seller's Shop, to help it off by the Choice of a Patron, whose Name and Character may be a Means to make it spread. It is for this Reason, and knowing that you go into a great deal of Company,

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O 3

pany,

Epistle Dedicatory.

pany, that I have taken the Liberty (for which I beg your Pardon) of pinning this Paper to your Sleeve. If I had Interest enough in you to get you to recommend it to all your Friends, Customers and Subscribers, it might, for ought I know, reach almost *all Christian People whom these Presents may concern*. No one perhaps of this Age has had so great a Hand as your self in furnishing out many of the Wares, which Persons in the Circumstances of those represented in the following Vision are the most loth to part with. It is now, I think, for some Years, that you have been chief Proveditor of Diversions and Amusements for the Service of the Inhabitants of this Island, some of which you have imported from Abroad, and others you have varied and embellish'd with so extensive and skillful a Genius, that it is no wonder that most who have had a Taste of them are so very unwilling to remove from hence, or to leave 'em behind. I hope it will not be thought inferior to your Character, if I shou'd call you a sort of a *Property-Man* to the great Stage of the World. Those who are acquainted with the Inside of the Play-house know, that there is a certain Officer with that Title, who has in his keeping a whole Ware-house of all the Toys and Trinkets made use of by the Players upon the Theatre, and gives them out, and takes them back, as there is occasion. I had once therefore thought of assigning you a Station in the following Vision near *Mercury*, where, as the Dead were stripp'd, you might have had an Opportunity of stopping whatever belong'd to your Office, and have taken to your own Goods again: But I consider'd how full your Hands are of Business, and how ill a Person of your Importance cou'd be spar'd.

WITH

• *Epistle Dedicatory.*

WITH these and the like Thoughts in my Head, and a Proof-Sheet of the following Papers in my Hand, which had been just brought me from the Press, I happen'd to fall asleep, and had a very whimsical Dream; which, because it concerns You, and at the same time is a sort of an Appendix to the Vision I am presenting to you, I beg leave to relate here in the Dedication. Methought you were very Gay one Night over a Bottle of Champaign at the *Blue Posts* in your Neighbourhood; and being somewhat elevated by your late Successes, and wisely thinking at the same time how to provide for the future, you fell into a new Project, to which you were encourag'd by a certain Poet of your Acquaintance, then in your Company, who undertook to sell you some Acres of Ground to build upon in the *Elysian* Fields. You had very prudently consider'd, that vast Numbers of People who are travelling towards the Regions below, wou'd probably be at a Loss, when they come thither, how to spend their Time. Your Design therefore was to erect a large Square of Buildings for all such sort of Entertainments and Diversions, as are usual at Carnivals, and to call it by the Name of *H---d---r's FOLLY*. You procur'd, in the first Place, a large Subscription to be paid you down in ready Money, and then with a choice Colony of Fiddlers, Dancers, Tumblers, Carpenters, Scene-Painters, and the like; and many Wagon Loads of painted Cloth, Machines, rich Furniture, Variety of the newest Habits, and other valuable Curiosities, you set forward on the Road towards your intended new Plantation. But, alas, the hard Fate of Projectors! Before you came half way to the Place, a sudden Storm of Wind arose, over-turn'd and disfurnish'd your Waggon in a Moment, and as if they had been loaden only with

Epistle Dedicatory.

Chaff or Feathers, whirl'd away their whole Contents over a vast Vacuity, into the *Limbo* describ'd by *Milton* in the third Book of his *Paradise Lost*. I was so struck with Concern for you and your good Company, that I wak'd in a Fright, and was glad to find by the Advertisement inserted in the *Daily Courant*, of the next *Ball* to be in the *Hay-market*, that you were probably at that time in good Health, and in no such great Haste to be gone from Us.

BUT to draw to an End. I have heard of a pleasant Fellow who had an Affair depending in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second, and humorously made a Request to the Duke of *Buckingham*, who was then in great Favour and Popularity, that his Grace wou'd only be pleas'd to let him stop him the next Day, when his Business was to come on, in some very Publick Place, and give the Petitioner leave to hold him in a seeming Whisper for two Minutes, amongst a Crowd of Observers. This Artifice alone did more than several Months soliciting, and his Affair succeeded to his Wish. I have used the same Stratagem with you, in hopes of the like Success; and therefore thanking you now for your Ear, and for the Honour I have taken to my self, of an Acquaintance I never had with you before, I release you from any further Trouble, and am (tho' still unknown)

S I R,

Your oblig'd humble Servants.



CHARON:

OR, THE

FERRY-BOAT.

A

VISION.



UCIAN, in one of his Dialogues, has very Satyrically expos'd, after his pleasant manner of Ridicule, the odd Perplexity and Distress of foolish Mortals, in finding themselves stripp'd by Death of all their darling Vanities and Amusements, and being oblig'd to pass naked into the other World, and to leave behind them whatever they most priz'd upon Earth. As this Thought contains a very instructive Moral, and is capable of being drawn out into a variety of Invention, it may be worth the while to pursue it, after a different manner, and without being confin'd to the Plan or particular Sentiments of that Author.

OF

EVERY

EVERY one may observe, upon reading any Story, or Description, which strikes his Mind in a very lively manner, that the Imagination exercises for a while a sort of *Visionary Power*, and we even fancy we view the Scene, and see before us the Objects describ'd. It was so with me, after I had read the Dialogue above-mention'd. Methought I saw the River *Styx*, and *Charon* with his Ferry-Boat, transporting the Souls into the other World. Vast Numbers of the Deceas'd stood upon the hither-most Shore, and every one had something or other, which he had brought with him, of the Goods he most valued in Life. The Crowd and Hurry occasion'd a great Disorder. *Charon* was in a Passion, cursing, sweating and toiling, and sometimes laying about him with his Pole, to keep off Numbers that wou'd have press'd irregularly into his Boat. I heard all at once a wild Confusion of Voices, but *Charon's* was much the loudest ——— What, will you never be warn'd? Ridiculous Mortals! And don't you see how crazy my Boat is, after having been work'd for so many Ages? Hola! keep back there ——— you Fellows, are you Mad? So ——— we shall be at the Bottom of the River presently, and I suppose you can't all swim. Here's fine Work! What, none but Fools coming from the World above? And pray what's all this Bag and Baggage for, when you know, or shou'd know, the Law of the Place, that no Mortal is to transport any earthly Thing besides himself? How? ——— What's that you say? ——— Pay for it? Why you Puppies, it cannot be ——— and do you think I'm to be brib'd like your selves, or will take more than my Fare? Bless me, what's here? What a Crowd of Women are coming yonder, and what Loads do I see of Trunks, Boxes and Bundles? I'll sink my Boat, I shall never stand it, 'tis impossible to answer 'em all! O *Jupiter*, *Jupiter*! These People will distract me!

THE Noise was so great that *Jupiter* heard it, and knowing the Cause, dispatch'd *Mercury* in a Moment, with Orders to perform his Part of a Herald to keep the Peace,
and

and see the orders of the Place observ'd. *Mercury* accordingly shot himself down from Heaven, swift as a Sun-beam, and with his Rod of Authority in his Hand, planted himself on the side of the River, and calling out to *Charon* bid him be of good Courage; for *Jupiter* had sent him to his Assistance, with Instructions to search all Persons whatsoever, as they came down to the Ferry, and that he wou'd take care to see them fairly stripp'd, before they shou'd be suffer'd to set one Foot in the Boat.

THE Crowd in the mean time increas'd, for it happen'd to be just after a very sickly Season, which had swept away great Numbers of People. The first that press'd to the Boat, after *Mercury* had taken his Station, was an eminent Physician; but he was soon stopp'd, and told that he must part with his Doctor's Gown. He was loth to comply, and told *Mercury* that all his Learning was in it, and that he was nothing without it, I believe it, says *Mercury*: and pulling it off, found it quilted with the Fees he had receiv'd in his Practice. He begg'd hard for it again, said he had been a good Friend to *Charon* in his Time, as many that had been lately transported cou'd testify, and he thought it hard to be us'd in such a manner. All that he urg'd avail'd him nothing; he was thrust into the Boat among the illiterate Crowd, who shew'd him not the least Mark of Respect or Distinction.

THE next that I observ'd, after this grave Person, was a gay young Fellow, with a fluttering Air, a Mask on his Face, and drest in a Habit of Feathers, like an *American* Prince. He came forwards as if he were dancing a Minuet. By his Gait and Motion it appear'd that he was very little prepar'd for his new State, and he look'd as if he brought all the Follies and Vanities of Life along with him. *Mercury* observ'd him, and let him pass on to the Boat-side, where holding up to *Charon* a Ticket, instead of a Half-penny, he demanded Admittance. He seem'd surpriz'd upon *Charon's* refusing the Ticket, and said he had receiv'd it from *Heidegger* but a Week before, *Mercury* by this
time

time had laid hold of him, and began to pluck off his Feathers, and uncase him, like a Fowl at the Poulterer's. He shrunk very much under the Operation, seem'd much concern'd upon being told there were no Masquerades in the other World; and as soon as his Habit was pluck'd off, I lost sight of him on a sudden, and cou'd not discover what became of him afterwards.

WHAT! nothing but Masqueraders? cry'd *Mercury*, with an angry Voice, seeing great Crowds of Dead advance towards the side of the River; off with your Disguises, ye silly Wretches, and know they can now stand you in stead no longer. You Sir, do you think to pass here with that huge Cloak of Devotion? You, Madam, be pleas'd to lay by your demure Looks, and affected Modesty; You, fair Lady, your false Charms; and You, my grave Friend, your outside Wisdom. So ——— lay them all in a Heap there. What a fine Wardrobe were this to furnish a Play-house? ——— As *Mercury* was proceeding in his Business, I was concern'd to see the surprising Change that many goodly Personages underwent, upon plucking off their Habits. Heroes degraded into Butchers and Bravoes. Patriots into Thieves and Robbers. Women of the most consummate Beauty into worse Shapes than those of *Seylla* and *Charibdis*. Holy Men into Prize-Fighters, Furies and Dæmons. Hermits into the hideous Figures of Goats and Satyrs; and Philosophers into Monkeys, Mules and Mill-Horses. The Heap of Habits swell'd to a prodigious Bulk. I saw among them great Variety of Vizer-Masques, false Eye-brows, artificial Looks, forc'd Smiles, and painted Complexions; and cou'd not but particularly observe two large Garments which had a very fair Out-side, and were distinguish'd from all the rest, on one of which was embroider'd in Golden Characters ZEAL FOR THE CHURCH, and on the other PUBLICK SPIRIT. But upon *Mercury's* touching them with his Wand, the Gold tarnish'd, and the Titles were suddenly chang'd; and instead of the first there appear'd in large Capital Letters the

the Word PERSECUTION; and in the room of the latter; PENSIONS, PLACES, AND PRIVATE GAIN.

AFTER the first Hurry of the Crowd was a little abated, there stepp'd forward, with a slow and solemn Pace, a very venerable Person in a long Gown, with a Beard that reach'd almost down to his Middle, and gave his Face such an Air of Dignity, that I could not think him inferior to *Socrates* himself, especially when I heard 'him, upon *Mercury's* questioning him, make answer that he was a Philosopher. — Very well, reply'd *Mercury* — your Wisdom is welcome — but be pleas'd then to leave that long Gown and that immeasurable Beard behind you. With some Difficulty he was prevail'd upon to put off his Gown; but his Beard, he said, was a part of his Person, and ought not to be separated from it. *Mercury* told him he must use no Tricks here, that his Beard was a Cheat, and tho' he had made use of it in the World to pass unknown, he must now appear what he really was, and shou'd keep it on no longer. At those Words he gave it a gentle Touch with his *Caduceus*, when in an Instant off dropp'd the Philosopher. The Man star'd with Surprise, and that very Countenance which before appear'd even wiser than *Minerva* herself, now bore the exact Smilitude of her Bird. There arose aloud Fit of Laughter among the Crowd at this sudden Transformation, upon which he clapp'd both his Hands before his Face, and got out of sight as fast as he could.

WHAT's here? says *Mercury*, seeing another Mortal advance, with a Beard as large as the former, but with a more pleasant Air in his Countenance; are you a Philosopher too? No Sir, says the Man smiling, I am ready to part with my Beard when you please; I have done with it ---- Fare it well. I has earn'd me many a merry Crown in my Time ---- Why, what wer't thou then? ---- A Beggar, an't please you; I was brought up to it; 'twas my Trade. Sir, I have been Sick, Lame, Crooked and Blind, as Oc-
casion

casion serv'd, for above these threescore Years. I began to be a decrepit old Man at Five and twenty, and have been coughing and limping upon Crutches hither ever since. My Beard as I said ---- (ay, you may take it off----) has been a good Friend to me, and has often procur'd me the Charity of well-dispos'd People, who would never have pitied a smooth Chin and a wholesome Complexion. Besides, I used to let out that and my Face to the Painters of my Time for their History Pictures. You talk of your Philosophers! I have been a *Socrates*, a *Plato*, a *Seneca*, and all by turns, and sometimes a *Diogenes* in his Tub. But the last I fate to, was a Rogue of a Sign-Painter, who said he would restore me to my own Profession, and so turn'd me into the *Blind Beggar of Bednal-Green*. — 'Tis very well, says *Mercury*, I see your Equipage there, You must leave your Bundle of Rags, your Wooden Leg, your Night-Caps and your Plaisters, your tatter'd Cloaths and your Poverty, with that Philosopher's Beard there, and false Wisdom. With all my Heart, says the Fellow, I desire to carry nothing with me — But hark ye, Boat-man, have you never a Dram? — *Charon* look'd very surly at him, and answer'd, No — Why then, says the Fellow, I never was poor 'till now; and shrugging his Shoulders, fetch'd a deep Sigh, and pass'd on into the Boat among the rest.

THE next that appear'd had such a haughty frowning Countenance, and cast around him such scornful Looks on the rest of the Dead as if he were angry at his own Mortality, and ashamed to find himself mingled on a sudden, in such mean and contemptible Company; as he advanc'd he call'd out to *Mercury*, and desir'd him to keep off the Crowd, and take Care he might be receiv'd in a Manner suitable to his Quality. — Your Quality, Sir? said *Mercury* — Yes, he reply'd; by your Office as a Herald, you cannot but know what is due to one of my Rank; however, for your particular Satisfaction, be pleas'd to look on this Parchment Roll. *Mercury* took it from him, and opening

opening it, found it was a Genealogical Tree of his Family, finely drawn out into a Variety of beautiful Branches, and embellish'd with Gold. Very well! and this is then the Treasure you have chiefly valu'd upon Earth, which you have so carefully preserv'd, and have thought fit to bring with you hither? I know you now, Sir, and will do you Justice. I see here the Names of many noble Persons, your Ancestors, some of whom have been an Honour to their Age and Country. But pray what have you yourself done that deserves any Regard or Distinction? It is time to strip you of Merit not your own. Be pleas'd to follow the Beggar there, who is just gone before you, and know, that among the Dead the meanest Person whom you have not excell'd in Virtue, is your Equal in Rank and Quality. At these Words he threw the Parchment into the River, and turning hastily away, left the Gentleman to shift for himself, and to take what Place in the Ferry he could get.

THO' the greatest Strictness was used in searching all that approach'd the River, and none were suffer'd to pass 'till they were quite stripp'd, yet every one had the Folly to dispute it, and was still trying to save something; and it was observable that they most contended for Trifles, and Things that could be of no Use to 'em in the Place to which they were going. A Snuff-Box, a Pocket-Glass, a Tooth-Pick-Case, and a Pack of Picquet-Cards were often the last things given up by the fine Gentlemen. A rough Fox-hunter, that was arrived fresh from a Leap over a fix-barr-Gate, by which he had broke his Neck, made a great Noise upon their laying hold of him to pull off his Jockey Boots. He was follow'd by a profess'd Gamester, who had been kill'd in a Duel; this Fellow, after having thrown away the Box and Dice angrily, as if he had just then had an ill Run at Play, pass'd on with a seeming Scorn to be question'd. But *Mercury* stepping after him, and opening the Palm of his Right Hand, found he had cogg'd a Die; he ask'd him what he meant by it? His Answer was-----

Nothing,

Nothing, but it was a Habit he had got, and he could not leave it off. Many Words pass'd, on these and the like Disputes; and *Mercury*, tho' the God of Eloquence, found all his Art little enough to satisfy the Ladies whom he was unwilling to treat too roughly. One, with an heroic Resolution, declar'd there were few Goods in Life she could not readily part with, and only desir'd Leave to transport her Tea Equipage. Some begg'd hard for their Favourite Lap-Dogs, some for their Sets of Dressing Plate; one for a Tweezer Case, another for an *Ovid's* Epistles, and another for a Bottle of *Sal Volatile*. In the midst of all this Bustle, there was one Incident ridiculous enough. A Lady who had staid for some time, and seen the Fate of the rest, thought she would very submissively prepare for her Voyage, and therefore quitting a huge Wardrobe she had brought with her, and stripping herself of her Jewels, and of a very fine Brocade Gown which she had worn at a Ball at Court, where she caught the Cold of which she dy'd, desir'd leave only to be transported in her Hoop-Petticoat. But *Charon* call'd out to *Mercury*, and said it would fill his Boat, and there would be no room for any other Passengers. Upon this she drew a String, and very dextrously slipp'd off her Hoop, and coiling it up into as narrow a Circle as she could, clapp'd it under her Arm. The whole Crowd rais'd a Laugh at the Expedient, but it prov'd unsuccessful-----for *Mercury* told her she must be content to leave both her Hoop and her Petticoat. She was forc'd to submit. I kept my Eye on her for some time, but the Moment she was stripp'd, she took up so little room, that she seem'd to vanish into nothing.

AFTER this a Gentleman, with an Air of Importance, thrust forward, and demanded his Passage. Hold, Sir, says *Mercury*, you have a sort of a Treasury Face, I think I shou'd know you. Ay----- 'tis he ---- why you were Mr. *Such a one*----- of the *What d'ye call it* Office! and pray what have you done with all the fair Sums of which

which you thought fit to disburthen the Government? ---- You wrong me, Sir, replies the Man; you see I have nothing but this poor Piece of Copper to pay my Passage. At the same time he held up his Halfpenny between his Finger and Thumb with a steady Assurance. *Charon* was going to take him in; but *Mercury* call'd after him again. Not so fast, I beseech you ---- why what! don't I, who am the God of Theft, know a Thief? At these Word, *Mercury* snatch'd from him a small parcel of Papers which he had roll'd up, and almost hid in his Hand. They prov'd to be Bank-Bills, to the value of above a hundred thousand Pound. 'Tis very well, Sir, --- you may go on now, if you please. Nay, what do you linger and look back for? I tell you these will not pass in the Country, to which you are bound. Fare you well. I will take care to convey them back to your Executors, who shall send them to the Treasury, with a Letter That a certain nameless Person, being touch'd in Conscience, that he cou'd not cheat the Publick any longer, has thought fit at his Death to make them this Restitution.

AS it was plain that most who advanced to the River side shew'd great Unwillingness in parting with the Goods of Life, I cou'd not but take the more Notice of one Person, who with a stern Countenance, and an Air of uncommon Resolution, came naked towards the Ferry, and seem'd resolv'd to save *Mercury* the trouble of stripping him. As he advanced he cast a scornful Look backward over his Shoulder, and cry'd out, World Farewel! And-all thy Pomps, Pleasures and Vanities! How just is it that proud and mistaken Mortals should find themselves stripp'd in Death of all those empty Trifles, in which they falsely placed their Happiness? Adieu ye gay gilded Nothings! Wealth and Power, Mirth and Festivals, Greatness and Luxury, Crowds, Noise, Triumphs and Fame, adieu! I renounce ye all, now do I think ye worth one Sigh at parting. He was going on in this Philosophick Strain, when *Mercury* laid hold of him; Pray, who are you, Friend? ---- Oh, you are *Misanthropos*

santhropos the slovenly *Cynick*, who liv'd a Salvage, and died a Beggar; whilst you were in the World above, you thought to make your Ill-manners pass for Wisdom, and your Spleen for Philosophy; and do you now make a Merit of renouncing Pleasures of which you never were possess'd? Riches, which you never cou'd gain? and Greatness, you never cou'd attain to? Come, come, the Cheat will not pass here----- as naked as you seem, I shall yet strip you of certain Garments, which I see stick as close to you as your Skin. Be pleas'd then to leave behind you your Hatred of your own Species, your Scorn of your Superiors, your Envy at the Prosperity of others, your Censoriousness and everlasting Snarling ----- Lay by too that inward Pride of Heart, which makes you fond of an affected and absurd Singularity, and Vain even of your pretended Humility. So ----- now you may pass with the rest. ----- The *Cynick* mov'd on with a mortified Countenance, and had not one Word to say by way of Answer.

CHARON had now taken in about as many as his Boat wou'd conveniently carry at a time, and was going to put off from the Shore, when *Mercury* call'd to him to stay for one Passenger more. At the same time there came forward a Person with so much Lustre in his Countenance, Vigour in his Motion, and Gracefulness in his whole Figure, as if Death, instead of robbing him of his natural Strength and Beauty, had encreased both. As he pass'd by, all who look'd on him were struck with a sudden Veneration. But what was most extraordinary was, that by his Habit he seem'd dress'd for a Triumphal Entry, and bore in his Looks an Air of Joy, as after some Victory. His Bows were encircled with a Diadem of Gold. He was cloath'd in a Vest of white Ermin, and wore over it a loose azure Robe, embroider'd with Stars. *Mercury* advanced to meet him, and with all the Marks of Respect usher'd him to the Ferry, into which he pass'd, cloath'd as he was, and took his Place. Every one was surpriz'd that

that a Law which had hitherto been so rigorously executed shou'd be dispens'd with in his Favour; and that *Charon*, who was so careful not to charge his Boat with any superfluous Weight, shou'd be content to take him in, before he had put off his Habit and Ornaments. The Crowd that remain'd on the Shore began to murmur at this Partiality, when *Mercury* spoke out aloud --- I see your Astonishment --- You all wonder why this venerable Person is suffer'd to pass into the Boat, without being stripp'd like others. But know, he has carried nothing with him which can be taken from him. His Garments are not the Weeds of Vice and Vanity; nor his Ornaments of a Mortal Nature. His Crown which has the Appearance of Gold, yet is exceedingly more valuable, is the Approbation of the Gods, and of good Men, for a Life spent in the exerting of many Publick and Private Virtues. His Under-Garment is the Vest of Integrity; and his Upper-One, which you see is azure and sprinkled with Stars, is the Robe of Immortal Honour. It resembles the Heavens, and like the Heavens is unperishable. Whilst Kings are here forced to lay down their Crowns and Scepters, and Conquerors their wither'd Laurels; whilst the Rich are divorced from their useless Heaps, and all Mortals stripp'd of their darling Pleasures and Delights; these are Goods which cannot be taken from the Possessor, even in Death itself.

The E N D.



J. Vanderbank inv.

G. P. Gouche sculp.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
CAPTIVE.

Translated from the *Spanish* Original of

Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

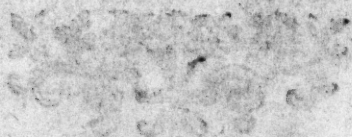


LONDON: MDCCXXIX.

THE
HISTORY
OF THE
CAPTIVE

Transcribed from the Original of

Agnes de Courtenay



LONDON: MDCCLXXIX.



T H E

History of the CAPTIVE.

TOWARD the Close of Day in the Summer, there arriv'd in a certain Inn of *la Mancha* in *Spain* a Traveller, who by his Habit look'd like a Christian newly come from the Country of the *Moors*. He was dress'd in a short Coat of blue Cloth, with half Sleeves, and no Collar; his Breeches were also of blue Linnen, and he had a Cap of the same Colour; His Stockings were of a Date-Colour, and he had a *Moorish* Scymitar by his Side in a Shoulder-Belt. There accompany'd him on an Ass a Woman clad after the *Moorish* Fashion, with a Veil over her Face; the Cap she wore was a fine Brocade, and her Vest reach'd from her Shoulders to her Feet. The Man was lusty and well-shap'd, and something turn'd of Forty; his Complexion was a little dusky, his Mustachoes were large, and his Beard very decent. In a Word, his Appearance was such, that if he had been handsomely dress'd, he wou'd have pass'd for a Person of Quality and noble Birth. The Moment he came in, he ask'd for a Room, and being told there was none to be had, he seem'd extremely concern'd, and going to the Woman his Com-

panion lifted her down in his Arms. *Luscinda* and *Dorothea*, two Ladies who belong'd to the Company which was then in the Inn, with the Hostess and her Daughter, being surpriz'd at the Uncoothness of her Habit, which they had never seen before, gather'd about her; and *Dorothea*, who was always of a quick Apprehension and perfectly courteous, imagining the Strangers were uneasy for want of a Lodging, accosted the Woman very civilly. Madam, said she, never disturb yourself at this Inconvenience, for Disappointments of this kind are common in an Inn: However if you please to accept of such Quarters as we have, pointing to *Luscinda*, you may meet with worse Accommodations perhaps on the Road. The Woman in the Veil made no Answer, only rising from her Seat, and crossing her Arms on her Breast, she bow'd her Head and her Body in token that she thank'd them. By her Silence they concluded she was certainly a *Moor*, and did not understand the Christian Language. By this the Captive, who had stepp'd aside upon some Business, came up, and seeing them all standing round his Companion, who made no Reply to what they ask'd her, Ladies, said he, this Gentlewoman understands hardly any *Spanish*, and speaks no Language but her own; which is the Reason she does not answer you to what you ask her. We only offer'd her our Company to-night, said *Luscinda*, and to lodge in our Room, where she shall have the best Conveniencies the House affords, with all the good Will which is due to a Stranger, especially of the weaker Sex. I return you Thanks, Madam, reply'd the Captive, both for her and myself, and acknowledge the Favour you offer is very great at this time, and coming from such Persons as you seem to be. Pray Sir, said *Dorothea*, is this Lady a Christian or a *Moor*, for her Garb and Silence make us conceit she is what we wou'd not wish her to be? In Habit and in Body she is a *Moor*, answer'd the Captive, but she is a Christian in her Mind, and earnestly desires to be made one. Then she is not baptis'd, said *Luscinda*? We have

have had no Opportunity for it, return'd the Captive, since she left *Algier*, which is her native Country; and as yet she has not been in such imminent Danger of Death, as to occasion her to be baptis'd 'till she is instructed as the Church requires. But I hope she will now soon be christen'd with the Decency due to her Quality, which is much greater than her Attire and mine seems to promise.

THESE Words rais'd a Curiosity in all that heard them, to know who both these Persons were; but they forbore enquiring at that time, because it was fitter for them to take their Rest, than to give an Account of their Lives. *Dorothea* took the *Moorish* Lady by the Hand, and placing her by herself, desir'd her to take off her Veil; at which she look'd on the Captive, as if she had asked him what they had said, and what he wou'd have her do. He told her in *Arabic*, that they ask'd her to unveil, and that she might do so; which she did, and discover'd such a beautiful Face that *Luscinda* thought she exceeded *Dorothea*, and *Dorothea* that she surpass'd *Luscinda*, and all who were by concluded that if it were possible she excell'd them both, and some flatly gave her the Preference. And as it is the Privilege of Beauty, to gain the Affections and attract the good Will of others, every one was very officious to attend and help the beautiful Moor. *Don Ferdinand*, one of the Gentlemen of the Company, ask'd the Captive, what her Name was? He answer'd, *Lela Zoraida*. As soon as she heard these Words, she understood what the Christian had ask'd; and with some Concern, tho' in a very genteel manner, cry'd, No, no *Zoirade*, *Maria*, *Maria*; to signify her Name was *Maria*, not *Zoraida*. The Earnestness with which she spoke drew Tears from several who heard her, especially the Women, who are naturally tender-hearted and compassionate. *Luscinda* embraced her very lovingly, saying, Ay *Maria*, *Maria*. And the Moor answer'd, Ay, ay, *Maria*, *Zoraida Macanage*, that is, not *Zoraida*. By this time Night came on; and the Inn-keeper, according to his Instructions, having taken

care to provide the best Supper he cou'd, they all sat down at a long Table, because there was no such thing as a square or round one to be had in the Inn.

SUPPER being ended, and the Cloth taken away, *Don Ferdinand* desir'd the Captive to recite the Story of his Life, which cou'd not chuse but be strange, and very diverting, as appear'd by his coming thus accompany'd with *Zoraida*. The Captive answer'd, he was very ready to gratify him, and only fear'd, the Story wou'd not be so pleasing to them as he cou'd wish. But however rather than disobey him, he wou'd relate it. The Company all thank'd him, and join'd in the Request; and seeing himself solicited by so many, There is no need of Intreaty, said he, where you may command. Give your Attention therefore, Gentlemen, and you shall hear a true Story, not to be equall'd perhaps by any Fiction invented with Art and Contrivance. These Words caus'd them all to settle themselves and observe strict Silence; and perceiving they were hush'd, and in profound Expectation of what he was going to say, with an agreeable and easy Voice he thus began.

MY Family had its Original in a Town on the Mountains of *Leon*, and was more liberally dealt with by Nature than by Fortune; tho' among the People in those Parts, who are very poor, my Father was accounted rich, and wou'd really have been so, if he had taken as much Care to save, as he did to squander away his Income; which Inclination to Profusion he ow'd to his having been a Soldier in his Youth; for the Army is a School where the Miser becomes liberal, and the Liberal prodigal; and a niggardly Soldier is a Monster that is seldom seen. My Father transgress'd the Bounds of Generosity, and approach'd even to Prodigality, a thing very prejudicial to a married Man, who has Children to succeed him in his Name and Fortune. He had three Sons, all at Age to chuse what Course of Life to follow; and perceiving, as he himself own'd,

own'd, that he cou'd not master his Inclination, he resolv'd to deprive himself of the Means of being profuse, by parting with his Estate, without which *Alexander* himself wou'd have seem'd a Niggard. Calling us all three therefore aside one Day into his Chamber, he spoke to us to this purpose: My Sons, to persuade you I love you, I need not say you are my Children; and not to preserve the Inheritance belonging to you, is enough to shew I hate you. Now to convince you for the future that I love you as a Father, and will not ruin you like a Father-in-Law, I design to do something for you, which I have long consider'd, and soberly determin'd. You are now at Age to settle yourselves in the World, or at least to make choice of some Employment, which may best turn to your Honour and Advantage. My Intention is to divide my Estate into Four Parts. Three of which I will distribute between you, giving every one his Due, without wronging any, and the Fourth I will reserve to live upon myself as long as it shall please Heaven to continue my Life. But I wou'd have every one of you, when you have receiv'd your Share, chuse one of the three Courses I shall propose. We have a Proverb, which in my Opinion is very true, as indeed they are all, being short Sentences form'd from wise Experience; *The Church, or the Sea, or the Royal Family*, which in plain Terms is to say, that he who would thrive must either take to the Church, or to Trading by Sea, or serve the King. For, as they say, *The King's Crumbs are better than a Lord's Favours*. I mention this, because I desire, and it is my Will, that one of you follow Learning, the other Merchandize, and that the other serve the King in his Wars: for it is a hard matter to get in to serve him in his House; and tho' War does not afford much Riches, yet it procures Fame and Glory. Within these Eight Days I will give you your Shares in Money, without wronging you of a Cross, as you shall find by Experience. Tell me now, whether you will follow my Advice in what I have propos'd. He bade me

answer first, as being the eldest. After desiring him not to part with his Estate, but spend it as he thought fit, because we were young enough to get our Living, I concluded with telling him, I wou'd do his Will, and embraced the Profession of Arms. My second Brother made him the same Offer, and chose to go for the *West-Indies*, and employ his Stock in Merchandize. The youngest, and as I think the most prudent, said, he design'd for the Church, and wou'd finish his Studies he had began at *Salamanca*. When we had all agreed and pitch'd upon our Employment, my Father embraced us, and perform'd what he had promis'd by the time he mentioned; and gave every one his Portion, which, as I remember, came to three thousand Ducats a-piece in Money; for an Uncle of ours bought the Estate, and laid down the Sum, that it might not go out of the Family. We took leave the same Day of our Father; and thinking it inhuman to leave him in his old Age with so small a Subsistence, I prevail'd with him to take Two of my Three Thousand Ducats, the rest being enough to equip a Soldier. My two Brothers, following my Example also, gave him each of them a Thousand Ducats. So that he had Four thousand in Money, and Three Thousand his Share of the Land was worth, which he wou'd not sell. In short, we took leave of my Father and the Uncle I mention'd, with abundance of mutual Grief and Tears: and they charg'd us not to fail of acquainting them with our Fortune, good or bad, at every Opportunity. We promis'd to do so, and my Father having embraced us, and given us his Blessing, one of us set out to *Salamanca*, the other for *Sevil*, and I for *Ali-cant*, where I understood there was a *Genoese* Ship loading Wool for *Genoa*. It is now two and twenty Years since I left my Father's House, in all which, though I have writ to them several times, I have never heard from him, nor my Brothers. I will now briefly relate what befel me in this Interval.

I embark'd at *Alicant*, and had a good Voyage to *Genoa*; from thence I went to *Milan*, where I furnish'd myself with a Soldier's Accoutrements, and then resolv'd to go and list myself in *Piemont*; but hearing, as I was on the way to *Alexandria de la Palla*, that the Duke of *Alva* was going over to *Flanders*, I chang'd my Mind and accompany'd him thither, and serv'd under him in all his Enterprizes. I was present at the Death of the Counts *Egmont* and *Horn*, and was rais'd to be Ensign to a famous Captain of *Guadalajara*, whose Name was *Diego de Urbina*. After I had been some time in *Flanders*, there came Advice, that the Pope, *Pius* the Fifth, had concluded a League with *Spain* and *Venice* against the common Enemy the *Turk*, who had lately taken the Island of *Cyprus* from the *Venetians*, by his Fleet, which was a terrible Blow. It was publickly known, that *Don John* of *Austria*, natural Brother to King *Philip*, was appointed General of the League, and the great Preparations which were made for the War were talk'd of every where. This inflam'd me with a Desire to be in the Battel which was expected; and tho' I had very good Assurances that I shou'd have the first Company that fell, I resolv'd to leave all, and go for *Italy*, as I did. It happen'd very luckily, that *Don John* was just then arriv'd at *Genoa* in his way to *Naples*, to join the *Venetian* Fleet, which he did afterwards at *Messina*. In short, I was in the fortunate Battel of *Lepanto*, in the Quality of a Captain of Foot, to which Honour my good Fortune, rather than Merit, advanced me. Yet that Day which was so prosperous to *Christendom*, because it undeceiv'd all the World who thought the *Turk* invincible at Sea; that Day in which the *Ottoman* Pride and Arrogance were humbled, among such Numbers of happy Persons as were there, for they who died were happier than those who liv'd and were victorious, I alone was unfortunate; for instead of a naval Crown, which I might have expected, if it had been in the time of the *Romans*, the Night following that auspicious Day I was loaded with

Fetters on my Feet and Manacles on my Hands. The manner was thus; *Uchali* King of *Algiers*, a bold and successful Pirate, having attack'd and taken the Admiral Galley of *Malta*, only Three Knights being left alive in it, and they sufficiently wounded, *John Andrea d'Orea's* Ship, in which I was with my Company, bore up to their Rescue; and behaving myself as became me on such an Occasion, I leap'd into the Enemy's Galley, which sheering off from the other, prevented my Men from following me, and I was left alone amidst my Enemies, who were too numerous to be resisted: So, in short, I was made Prisoner, after having receiv'd several Wounds. *Uchali*, as you have heard, escap'd with his whole Squadron, and I remain'd a Captive in his Hands, and was the only sorrowful Person among so many who rejoiced, and the only Slave among so many that were delivered; for fifteen thousand Christians, who row'd in the *Turkish* Gallies, were that Day set at Liberty. I was carried to *Constantinople*, where *Selim* the Great *Turk* created my Master Admiral of his Fleet, because he had done his Duty in the Fight, having brought off the Standard of *Malta*, as a Token of his Valour. The next Year, which was 1572, I was at *Navarino* rowing in the Admiral of the *Three Lanthorns*, where I saw how the Opportunity was lost of destroying the whole *Turkish* Fleet in the Harbour, for all the *Fanizaries* and Soldiers in it, concluding they should be attack'd in Port, were prepar'd to run a-shore at the first Alarm. But Heaven had otherwise ordain'd for the Sins of Christendom, and because God always reserves Instruments of his Vengeance to chastise our Guilt. In short, *Uchali* retir'd to *Modon*, not far from *Navarino*, and landing his Men, fortify'd the Entrance into the Port, and lay there 'till *Don John* return'd home. In this Expedition the Galley call'd *The Prize*, of which the Son of that famous Pirate *Barbarossa* was Captain, was taken by the Admiral of *Naples*, call'd the *She-Wolf*, commanded by that Thunderbolt of War, and Father of the Soldiers, the fortunate and invincible

vincible *Don Alvaro Bagan* Marquis of *Santa Cruz*. I must not omit to mention what happen'd in taking this Vessel.

BARBAROSSA's Son was so cruel, and us'd his Slaves so barbarously, that as soon as they that were at the Oar perceiv'd the *She Wolf* gain'd ground of them, they all let go their Oars at once, and seizing their Captain as he stood among them on the Gang-board, roaring and bawling out to them to pull away, to's'd him about from Hand to Hand, from Stern to Stern, and gave him such Knocks and Gripes, as they to's'd him, that before he reach'd the Mast his Soul was in Hell. Such had been his Cruelty to them, and such was their Hatred to him. We return'd to *Constantinople*, and the next Year the News came that *Don John* had taken *Tunis* from the *Turks*, and put *Muley Hamet* in Possession of it, to the Disappointment of *Muly Hamida*, the most barbarous and bravest Moor in the World, who was in hope of obtaining that Kingdom. The Sultan was vex'd at this Loss, and having Recourse to the Cunning which is natural to his Family, he concluded a Peace with the *Venetians*, who were more desirous of it than himself, and the following Year he attack'd the *Goleta* and the Fort which *Don John* had left but half built near *Tunis*. All this while I was at the Oar without the least Hope of Liberty, at least I did not expect to be ransom'd, for I was resolv'd not to send my Father the News of my Misfortune. The *Goleta* was taken, and the Fort, there being at the Siege Seventy Five Thousand *Turkish* Soldiers in Pay, and above Four Hundred Thousand *Moors* and *Arabs*, and all this infinite Host supply'd with such Quantities of Ammunition and warlike Stores, and such a Multitude of Pioneers, that they might have buried the *Goleta* and the Fort with Earth by Handfuls. The *Goleta* was first taken, being 'till then reputed impregnable. It was not lost thro' any Fault of the Defendants, who behav'd themselves as nobly as it was possible for Men to do; but because Experience shew'd

it was easy to cast up Trenches in that barren Sand, tho' it had been thought impracticable to dig above two Feet without coming to the Water; but the *Turks* sunk two Yards and found none, and having with Sacks of Sand rais'd their Works 'till they over-top'd the Walls of the Place, not a Man could appear on his Post. It has been a common Opinion, that our People shou'd not have shut themselves up in the *Goleta*, but have drawn out into the open Field, and oppos'd the *Turks* at their Landing; but they who talk so, talk at Random, and without any Understanding in such Affairs; for there being scarcely seven thousand Men in the *Goleta* and the Fort together, how cou'd so small a Number, tho' they had been ever so brave, take the Field and maintain themselves against such a Multitude of Enemies? And how is it possible a Fort which is not reliev'd, shou'd avoid being lost, when it is besieg'd by a numerous and resolute Enemy, and in his own Country? But many have thought, and I am of the same Mind, that the Demolition of that accursed Place, which cost such an endless Expence of Money to no purpose, unless it were to preserve the Memory of the invincible *Charles* the Fifth, as if his Memory needed those Stones to eternize it, was the Mercy and Blessing of Heaven to *Spain*. The Fort was also lost, but the *Turks* won it Inch by Inch, for the Garrison behav'd themselves so bravely, that they kill'd above five and twenty thousand of the Enemy, in two and twenty general Assaults they gave the Place. Of three hundred that remain'd alive, not a single Man was taken Prisoner without Wounds; a sure Token of their Valour, and the gallant Defence they made. A small Fort or Tower that was in the Middle of the Lake, commanded by *Don John de Zamoguera*, a Gentleman of *Valencia* and a notable Soldier, surrender'd likewise upon Articles. *Don Peter Puertocarrero*, General of the *Goleta*, was taken, having done as much as was possible in its Defence, and he was so troubled for the Loss of it, that he died of Grief in the Way to *Constantinople*, whither they

they were carrying him. The Commander of the Fort was also made Prisoner, his Name was *Gabrio Cerbelloni*, a Gentleman of *Milan*, an admirable Engineer, and excellent Soldier. In both Places many Persons of Note were kill'd, and among them *Pagan d'Oria*, a Knight of *Malta*, a Man of a very generous Disposition, as appear'd by the great Liberality he shew'd towards his Brother the celebrated *John Andrea d'Oria*; and what made his Death the more lamented, was, that he was slain by some *Arabs*, to whom he intrusted himself when he saw the Fort was lost, and who offer'd to carry him, disguis'd in the Habit of a *Moor*, to *Tabarca*, a little Port or House on that Coast belonging to the *Genoese*, who dive there for Coral. These *Arabs* cut off his Head and presented it to the *Turkish* Admiral, who verifi'd to them the *Spanish* Proverb, *That tho' the Treason is lov'd, the Traytor is hated*. For it is reported, he commanded them that brought the Present to be hang'd, because they had not brought him alive. Among the Christians taken in the Fort, was one *Don Peter de Aguilar*, born in some Town of *Andalusia*, who had been Ensign in the Fort, and was a good Soldier, and an excellent Wit, and had a singular Genius for Poetry. I mention him because it was his Fortune to be in the same Galley with myself, and row on the same Bench, and be Slave to the same Master. Before we came away, this Gentleman made two Sonnets, in the nature of Epitaphs, upon the *Goleta* and the Fort, and as I have them by Heart, I will repeat them, because I believe they will not be displeasing.

AS soon as ever the Captive nam'd *Don Peter de Aguilar*, *Don Ferdinand* look'd upon his Companions, and they all three smil'd; and when he spoke of the Sonnets, Before you go any further, Sir, said one of them, pray tell me what became of that *Don Peter de Aguilar* you mention'd? All I know of him, answer'd the Captive, is, that after he had been two Years at *Constantinople*, he made his Escape in the Habit of an *Arnaute*, with a *Greek* Spy. I can't tell whether he got quite off or no; tho' I believe
he

he did; for a Year after, I saw the Greek at *Constantinople*, but had not an Opportunity to ask him how their Journey prosper'd. It prosper'd well, quoth the Gentleman, for that *Don Peter* is my Brother, and is now in our Town in good Health, rich and married, and has three Children. God be thank'd, said the Captive, for the Mercy he has shewn him; for, in my Opinion, there is no Happiness upon Earth like recovering lost Liberty. Besides, said the Gentleman, I know the Sonnets my Brother made. Pray, Sir, do you repeat them then, said the Captive, for you can certainly do it better than I. With all my Heart, reply'd the Gentleman. That upon the *Golea* ran thus.

SONNET.

*Intrepid Spirits, who set free
From Flesh and gross Mortality,
By noble Deeds have mounted high
From this low Earth, and reach'd the Sky:*

*Inflam'd with honourable Zeal,
You bravely fought, and greatly fell,
And with your own and Foreign Blood
Stain'd all the Shore and neighb'ring Flood.*

*Unweary'd in the gen'rous Strife,
Your Courage fail'd not but with Life;
And when you late resign'd your Breath,
You snatch'd the Victory in Death.
Below acquiring bright Renown,
In Heav'n inheriting a Crown.*

That is just as I have it, said the Captive. That on the Action at the Fort, said the Gentleman, to the best of my Remembrance, is thus

SONN

SONNET.

*From this small Spot of barren Earth
Three thousand Christian Warriors rose
To Heav'n, by an Immortal Birth,
O'erwhelm'd with Multitudes of Foes,*

*Long they exerted in the Fight
Surprising Prowess, tho' in vain,
'Till spent, and failing in their Might,
The Champions were by Numbers slain.*

*In ev'ry Age this fatal Ground
With Deaths distinguish'd has been crown'd;
But never from th' ill-omen'd Soil
Souls more Heroic gain'd the Sky,
Nor in it, after virtuous Toil,
Did Corps more manly bury'd lye.*

THE Sonnets were approv'd, and the Captive being glad to hear this News of his Comrade, thus continu'd his Story. The *Goleta* and Fort being taken, the Turks gave Orders to dismantle the *Goleta*, for the Fort was in such a Condition there was nothing left to throw down; and to finish their Work with more Expedition, they undermin'd it in three several Places; yet with all their Power they cou'd not destroy that which seem'd to have the least Strength, that is the old Walls: but the new Fortifications erected by *Tratin* were all thrown down with Ease: In short, the Fleet return'd to *Constantinople* with Triumph and Revenge; and in a few Months after dy'd my Master *Uchali*, who was called *Uchali Fartax*; which in the Turkish Language signifies the Scald-head Renegade, for he was so; and it is usual among the Turks to impose Names either from Imperfections, or Virtues; and the Reason is because they have among them but four Families, which are Branches of the Ottoman Line, which received Sir-names from their

their Ancestors; the rest, as I said, are named either from Corporal Defects, or Virtues of the Mind. This *Scald-head* was a Slave at the Oar in the Grand Signior's Service fourteen Years; and when he was above four and thirty Years old he turn'd Renegade, only for Madness, because a *Turk* struck him as he was at the Oar; and he forsook the Faith to be reveng'd. He was so brave, that without using the base Methods by which the *Turkish* Favourites commonly rise, he came to be King of *Algiers*, and then Admiral, which is the third Post in that Empire. He was by Birth of *Calabria*, a good moral Man and treated his Slaves with great Humanity; he had three thousand of his own, which after his Death, according as he had order'd in his Will, were divided betwixt the Grand Signior (who is Heir in Part to all that die) and his Renegades. I fell to the Lot of a *Venetian* Renegade, who had been a Cabin-Boy in a Ship, when he was taken by *Uchali*, who lov'd him beyond all his other Boys. He prov'd to be the bloodiest Dog of a Renegade that was ever known. His Name was *Azana-ga*; he grew to be very rich, and rose to be King of *Algier*. I came away from *Constantinople* with him, being well pleas'd to be so near *Spain*; not that I design'd to give an Account of my Disaster to any body, but to try whether Fortune wou'd be more favourable to me at *Algier*, than at *Constantinople*; where I had try'd a thousand ways to make my Escape, and all in vain; and at *Algier* I propos'd to fall upon some other Means, for I never despair'd of recovering my Liberty; but when one Contrivance fail'd me, instead of despairing, I supported my self with some other Hope, tho' ever so unlikely and empty.

THUS I pass'd my Life, shut up in a Prison or House, which the *Turks* call a Bath; where they shut up the Christian Captives, as well such as belong to the King, as to private Persons; and those they call Slaves of the Stores, which serve the City in the publick Works, and upon other Occasions. It is very difficult for these to get their Liberty, because having no particular Master, there is no body

body to treat with about their Ransom, tho' they have it ready. In these Baths, as I said, several private Persons keep their Slaves, especially when they are upon being ransom'd; because there they have them safe and at their Ease, 'till the Ransom comes. But the King's Slaves, that are upon Ransom, do not go out to work with the rest of the Crew, unless their Ransom is long before it comes; in which Case they make them work and fetch Wood with the others, to oblige them to be more pressing with their Friends to redeem them. Now I was one of them, who were expected to be ransom'd; for when it was known that I had been a Captain, tho' I told them of the Impossibility of it, and that I had no Estate, yet they would put me among the Gentlemen and People that were to be redeem'd. They put a Chain upon me, rather as a Token that I was to be ransom'd, than to secure me; and so I led my life in that Bath among many other Gentlemen, and Persons of Note, who were also appointed for Ransom. And tho' we were almost continually afflicted with Hunger and Nakedness, nothing gave us so much Disturbance, as to see at every Foot the unparallel'd Cruelty my Master us'd towards the Christians. He hang'd, or empal'd, or cut off the Ears of one or other every Day, and this upon so small an Occasion, or upon none at all, that the *Turks* themselves acknowledg'd he did it only for the sake of doing it, and because he was naturally a Butcher to all Mankind. None far'd well with him, but a *Spanish* Soldier call'd *Saavedra*, who tho' he had done several things, which those People will remember these many Years, and all to get his Liberty; yet he never struck him, nor order'd him to be beaten, nor gave him an ill Word; and yet he, and all of us were afraid, he wou'd have been impal'd for the least of his Exploits; and if I were not streightned in time, I wou'd acquaint you with some of that Soldier's Actions, which would be far more surprizing, and entertaining, than any thing in my Story.

INTO

INTO the Court of our Prison look'd the Windows of a Rich *Moor* of good Quality, which, according to their Fashion, were rather Holes than Windows; and were also cover'd with a close Lettice. It happen'd that as I was one Day on the Terrass of our Prison, with Three of my Companions, trying who cou'd leap best in our Chains, to pass away the time while the others were gone out to work; I look'd up and saw a Cane hung out at one of those little Windows, and at the end of it a Handkerchief ty'd up; and the Cane was vibrated to and fro, as if it made Signs for us to come and take it: We observ'd it; and one of us went and stood under the Cane, to see if those who held it wou'd let it go, or what they wou'd do; but as soon as he came near, the Cane was drawn up, and mov'd both ways, like the shaking of a Head to express a Dissent. The Christian retir'd, and the Cane was let down again, and shaken as before. Another of my Companions made the Experiment, and with the same Success; and at last the third went, and far'd like the other two. When I saw that, I resolv'd to try my Fortune, and as soon as I came near, the Cane was dropt at my Feet into the Bath. I presently ran down after it, and untty'd the Handkerchief, in which there was a Knot, and in it were ten *Zianis*, which is a sort of base Gold Coin among the *Moors*, worth about ten Royals a-piece: I need not say, I was glad of this Prize; but as much as I rejoyc'd at it, I admir'd no less from whence this good Luck shou'd come to us, especially to my self; for the refusing to let go the Cane to any other, plainly shew'd it was design'd for me. I took the Money, broke the Cane, went back to the Terrass, and looking up at the Window, saw a very white Hand open and shut it very quick: By which we discover'd, or guess'd, that some Woman, who liv'd in that House, had done us the Favour, and to shew our thankfulness we bow'd our Heads and Bodies with our Hands a-cross our Breasts, after the manner of the *Moors*. Soon after she held a little Cross made of Cane out at the Window,

Window, and presently drew it in again. This Sign persuaded us, the Woman who reliev'd us was some Christian Slave; but the whiteness of the Hand and the Bracelets we saw upon it, contradicted this Conjecture; we suppos'd however she might be some Renegade, whom her Master had marry'd; for the *Moors* often take a Fancy to the Christian Women, and make Wives of them, esteeming them beyond their own Country Women. We were wide of the truth in all our Guesses; but after this, it was our whole Business to gaze at the Window where this bright Star had appear'd to us; but fifteen Days at least pass'd, in which we neither saw the Cane, nor Hand, nor any other Signal: And tho' during all that time we us'd our utmost Endeavours to know who liv'd in that House, and whether there was in it any Woman Renegade, yet we could learn no more, but that it was the House of a Rich Moor of Quality, named *Agimorat*, who had been Alcayde of *Pata*; an Employment of great Honour among them. But when we least expected another Shower of Zianis, we saw the Cane appear on a sudden, with another Handkerchief, and a bigger Knot in it than the last; and this was also at a time when the Bath was clear of other Company, as before. We made the same Tryal; my three Companions went up first, but the Cane came down to none, but me; and as soon as I approach'd, it dropt at my Feet: I open'd the Knot, and found Forty *Spanish* Crowns, and a Paper, in *Arabic*, with a great Cross at the Bottom: I hasten'd up to the Terrass, and all of us paid our Obedience; the Hand shew'd it self again, and after I had made Signs that I wou'd read the Paper, it shut the Window.

WE were astonish'd and rejoyc'd at what had happen'd; and none of us understanding *Arabic*, we long'd to know the Contents of the Paper; but it was very difficult to get one to read it. At length I resolv'd to trust a Renegade of the Kingdom of *Mercia*, who had profess'd himself mightily my Friend, and given me such a Pledge of his Fidelity,

Fidelity, as oblig'd him to keep the Secret. It is usual for Renegades, when they design to return to Christian Countries, to carry about them Certificates from the chief Christian Captives, signifying that such a Renegade is an honest Man, has been always a Friend to Christians, and designs upon the first Opportunity that offers to make his Escape: Some procure these Certificates with a sincere Intention; others make use of them at an Emergence; and if they are taken, or cast away upon the Christian Shore, they produce them, and say they came out with the *Turks*, only in order to get an Opportunity of escaping. Thus they save themselves from the first Rage of the Inhabitants, are reconcil'd to the Church, and as soon as Occasion offers they return into *Barbary*, and are as they were before. One of these Renegades was my Friend, and had Certificates under all our Hands, very much to his Advantage, and if the *Moors* had found them about him, they would have burnt him alive. I found he understood *Arabic* very well, and cou'd not only speak but write it. Before I discover'd the whole Secret to him, I desir'd him to read that Paper, which, I told him, I had found in a Hole of my Cabin. He open'd it, and stood perusing and construing it a good while, and muttering to himself. I ask'd him whether he understood it: Very well, he said, and if I would have him translate it Word for Word, I should give him Pen, Ink and Paper. We furnish'd him with what he requir'd; and having finish'd the Translation; This *Spanish* here, said he, without varying a Syllable, is the Contents of the *Moorish* Paper to a tittle; it was to this Effect.

*WHEN I was a Child, my Father had a Woman-Slave, who taught me the Christian Prayers in my own Language; The Christian dy'd, and I know she did not go to the * Fire, but to † Alla; for I saw her twice afterwards, and she bid me go to the Christian Country. I do not know how it is, but*

* L. e. to Hell,

† L. e. to Heaven,

I have seen many Christians from this Window, and none of them look'd like a Gentleman but your self. I am very Beautiful, and Young; and have a great deal of Money to carry with me: Contrive, if you can, that we may both escape to your Country, and you shall be my Husband there, if you will; and if you will not; I shall not care, for I shall easily be provided. I have writ this my self; beware to whom you give it to read; trust none of the Moors, for they are all Villains. This troubles me very much, for I wou'd not have you discover it to any body; because if my Father shou'd know it, he wou'd throw me into a Well, and bury me with Stones. I will tye a Thread to the Cane, to which you may fasten your Answer; and if you have no body to write Arabic for you, speak your Mind by Signs, and I am certain I shall understand them. Alla preserve you.

I leave you to judge, whether we had not reason to be overjoy'd, and wonder at this Letter: And indeed we shew'd our Gladness so openly, that the Renegade perceiv'd the Paper was not found by Chance, but had been writ to one of us on purpose; he beg'd of us therefore, that if what he suspected was true, we wou'd trust him, and let him know it; and he wou'd venture his Life to procure our Liberty. Having said this, he took out of his Bosom a Crucifix of Metal, and shedding many Tears, swore to us upon it, to be faithful and secret in all we shou'd discover to him; for he was satisfy'd, that by the means of the Woman who had writ that Paper, we shou'd all recover our Liberty, and he obtain what he earnestly desired, to be restor'd to the Bosom of his Mother the Church; from which, thro' his Wickedness and Folly, he was cut off. He spoke these Words with so many Tears and Signs of Repentance, that we unanimously agreed to confess the Truth to him, which we did without concealing the least Circumstance; We shew'd him the little Window at which the Cane appear'd; he took notice of the House, and engaged to enquire carefully who liv'd in it: We all concluded it was proper to answer the Letter; and being

provided

provided of one that cou'd do it, the Renegade immediately writ what I dictated, which I shall repeat exactly; for I have not, nor ever shall forget any particular of this Affair; in short, my Answer to the Moorish Lady was this.

THE true Alla keep you, Madam, who puts it into your Heart to go away into the Country of the Christians. I offer, in my own, and the Name of all the Christians that are with me, to do all that shall lye in our Power to serve you, even with the Loss of our Lives. Do not omit to write to me, and let me know what you design to do, and I will always answer you, for the great Alla has provided a Christian Captive, who can speak and write your Language, as you may see by this Paper: So that you may acquaint us with what you please, without being under any Fear. As to what you say, that when you are in the Christians Country, you will be my Wife, I give you my Word, as a good Christian, to accept you; and be assur'd the Christians keep their Word better than the Moors. Alla keep you, Madam.

THIS Paper being written and seal'd, I waited two Days 'till the Bath was empty, as it us'd to be; and then repair'd to the Terrass, to see whether the Cane appear'd, and it was not long before it did: As soon as I perceiv'd it, tho' I could not see who held it, I held up the Note, to give Notice to have the Thread put about the Cane, but it was fasten'd on already, and I ty'd the Paper to it; and presently after our lovely Pole-Star appear'd again with the white Flag of Peace, the knotted Handkerchief; it was dropt, and I took it up, and found above 50 Crowns in Silver and Gold, which redoubled our Joy, and confirm'd our Hopes of obtaining our Liberty. The same Night our Renegade return'd, and told us he had learnt, that the same Moor we had been told of, whose Name was *Agimorat*, liv'd in the House, and that he was excessive Rich, and had one only Daughter, who was Heiress to all his Estate, and it was the general Opinion of the whole Town that she was the most beautiful Woman in *Barbary*: That
several

several Viceroy's had ask'd her for their Wife; but she never wou'd Marry; and that he had been inform'd, she had once a Christian Woman Slave, who was since dead. We held a Council with the Renegade, how to convey her away, and make our Escape into Christendom; at last it was resolv'd, for the present, to expect another Letter from *Zoraida*, which is the Name of this Lady, who chuses now to be call'd *Maria*: For we plainly saw it was she and no other that must facilitate all those Difficulties. Having agreed on this, the Renegade bid us not trouble our selves, for he would set us at Liberty, or it shou'd cost him his Life. For four Days following there was company in the Bath; which was the reason the Cane did not appear; after which time it shew'd it self with the Handkerchief so big that it promis'd a very valuable Cargo. The Cane and Handkerchief came down to me, and I found another Paper and an Hundred Crowns in Gold, besides some other Money. The Renegade was there; we gave him the Paper to read, in our little Cell, and he interpreted it thus.

I do not know, Sir, how to contrive our going to Spain. All I can do is to supply you out at this Window with Plenty of Money. Do you ransom your self with it, and your Friends, and let one go into the Country of the Christians, and buy a Bark, and come back for the rest. As for me, I shall be in my Father's Garden which is at the Gate of Babazon, near the Shore: where I shall continue all this Summer with my Father and my Servants: You may take me away from thence without any Danger, and carry me to the Bark; and remember you must be my Husband, or I will beg of Alla to punish you. If you cannot trust a Friend to go for the Bark, Ransom your self only, and go in Person, for I know you will be more certain to return than another, since you are a Gentleman and a Christian: Take Care to find out the Garden, and when I shall understand the Bath is empty, I will feed you with Money. Alla keep you.

THESE

THESE were the Contents of the second Paper; upon which every one offer'd himself to be ransom'd, and promis'd to go, and return without fail. I also offer'd the same. The Renegade oppos'd it all, and said, he cou'd by no means agree that any one shou'd go away free, 'till all went together, because Experience had taught him, Men once at Liberty perform the Promises they made in Captivity very ill; for some Captives of Note had often made use of that Method, and ransom'd one who was to go to *Valencia*, or *Majorca*, and purchase a Bark, and return for the rest, but he never return'd, for the Liberty he had obtain'd, and the fear of losing it again, cancell'd the Memory of all Obligations: And to confirm the Truth of this, he told us, in few Words, an Accident which had newly happen'd to some Christian Gentlemen, which was the strangest that had been known in those Parts, where very strange and surprizing things happen daily. In short, he told us all that cou'd be done, was, that with the Money which was to be given to Ransom one of us, he shou'd buy a Bark there at *Algier*, on pretence of Trading to *Tetuan*, and along that Coast; and that when once he had the Bark, it wou'd be easy for him to get us all out of the Bath, and put us on Board: Besides, if the *Moorish* Lady, as she promis'd, gave Money enough to ransom us all, we might be ship'd, when we were free, at Noon-day; and that the greatest Difficulty was, that the *Moor* permit no Renegade to have any, but great Vessels for Piracy; because they suspect that he who buys a Bark, especially if he is a *Spaniard*, only designs to get away into Christendom. However, he wou'd remove this Obstacle, by taking a *Tagarine* Moor Partner in the Bark and Trade, and under this Colour he shou'd come to be Master of it, and he did not doubt of the rest. Tho' my Comrades and my self thought it was better to send for the Bark to *Majorca*, as the *Moorish* Lady had contriv'd, yet we durst not contradict him, lest if we refus'd to do as he said, he might discover us, and endanger our Lives, by revealing our Correspondence with *Zoraida*, to save whose

whose Life we were willing to lose our own; so we resolv'd to trust in God and the Renegade: At the same time we answer'd *Zoraida*, that we would do as she advis'd, for it was contriv'd as well as cou'd be, and that the Delay or speedy Execution of the Affair depended on her: I repeated my Promise to be her Husband, and so the next Day when the Bath was empty, at several times she let down to us 2000 Crowns in Gold, and a Note; in which she acquainted us that she was to go away the next Friday to her Father's Country-House; but that before she went she would give us more Money; and if that were not enough we shou'd let her know it, for she would give us as much as we cou'd ask, because her Father was too rich to miss it, and she kept the Keys of all.

WE gave the Renegade five hundred Crowns immediately, to buy the Bark; I ransom'd my self for eight hundred more, putting them into the Hands of a Merchant of *Valencia*, who was then at *Algier*; who agreed for the Sum with the King, and had me discharg'd upon his Promise to pay the Ransom on the Arrival of the first Vessel from *Valencia*; for if he had paid the Money down presently the King wou'd have suspected it had laid some time in *Algier*, and that the Merchant had kept it to make his Advantage of it. The *Thursday* before the *Friday*, when *Zoraida* was to go out of Town, she gave us a thousand Crowns more, and told us she was going, desiring me if I ransom'd my self to find out her Father's Garden, and by all Means to invent some Pretence to come thither to see her: I answer'd in short, I wou'd do so; and bid her be careful to recommend our Affairs, with all the Prayers the Christian Slave had taught her. This done, it was contriv'd my three Companions shou'd be ransom'd, and taken out of the Bath, for fear lest when they saw me free, and not themselves, the Devil shou'd put it into their Heads to act something to the Prejudice of *Zoraida*, because they were not redeem'd, when they knew there was Money enough to do it; for tho' their Quality might

have secur'd me against any such Apprehension, I was resolv'd to run no Hazard, and therefore caus'd them to be ransom'd in the same manner as I had been; delivering all the Money to the Merchant, that he might answer for us with Security: Yet we never discover'd our Secret to him, because of the Danger there was in it.

IN less than fifteen Days the Renegade had bought a very good Bark, that wou'd carry above thirty Men; and the better to colour his Design, he made a Voyage to a Town they call *Sargel*, thirty Leagues from *Algier*, towards *Oran*; where there is a great Trade for Figs and Raisins; and this Voyage he repeated twice or thrice in Company with the *Tagarine* he mention'd. The *Tagarines* are the *Moors* who were in *Aragon*, who are called by this Name in *Barbary*, as those of *Granada* are called *Mudajares*, and in the Kingdom of *Fez*, *Elcher*, who are the best Soldiers the King has in his Wars.

EVERY time he pass'd by, he us'd to Anchor in a small Creek, which was not above two Bow-shots from *Zoraida's* Garden, where the Renegade wou'd either pretend to say the (a) *gala*, with the *Moors* that were at the Oar; or practise in Jest what he design'd to do in Earnest; thus he wou'd go up to the Garden, and ask for Fruit; which *Zoraida's* Father wou'd give him, tho' he did not know him; and tho', as he afterwards said, he wou'd fain have spoken to *Zoraida*, and told her it was he who was to carry her into the Country of the Christians; yet he cou'd never find an Opportunity, because the *Moorish* Women never suffer themselves to be seen by any of their own Religion, unless by the Command of their Husband or Father, but they allow Christian Slaves to talk and converse with them more than is proper; and I shou'd have been sorry to have had him speak to her, for perhaps it wou'd have frighted her to see a Renegade concern'd in her Business. But Hear

(a) A Form of Moorish Prayers.

ven,

ven, who directed it after another manner, did not permit our Renegade's honest Design to take effect. Perceiving now how securely he went out and return'd, that he came to Anchor when and where he pleas'd, that the *Tagarine* his Companion was wholly at his Disposal, that I was ransom'd, and there wanted nothing but to provide some Christians to row, he bid me look out for such as I intended to take with me, besides those that were ransom'd, and to have them in a readiness against the next *Friday*, when he had resolv'd we shou'd depart. Upon this I spoke to twelve *Spaniards*, all good Men at the Oar, and such as cou'd best get out of the City; and it was no small Wonder to meet with so many at that time, for there were twenty Vessels gone out, which had carry'd off most of the Rowers, nor had these been in Town, but that their Master happen'd to lye by that Summer, being employ'd in building a Galley he had on the Stocks. I said no more to them, but bid them the next *Friday* in the Afternoon slip away one after another, towards *Agimoras's* Garden, and stay there till I came; I gave these Instructions to every one apart, and order'd them to say nothing to any other Christians they shou'd meet there, but that I had directed them to wait at that Place.

THERE remain'd still one thing more to do, which was the most material Point, to give Notice to *Zoraida* how Affairs stood, that she might be ready, and not be surpriz'd if we seis'd her sooner than she cou'd imagine the Christian Bark cou'd arrive. I resolv'd therefore to go to the Garden, and try to speak with her; accordingly I went thither upon pretence of gathering some Herbs; and the first I met was her Father, who speaking to me in the Language which is us'd between the *Moors* and the Captives, not only all over *Barbary*, but at *Constantinople* it self, and which is neither *Morisco* nor *Spanish*, nor that of any other Nation, but a Mixture of all, by which we are generally understood; he ask'd me what I wanted in his Garden, and to whom I belong'd: I told him I was Slave

to *Arnaute Mimi* (who I knew was his great Friend) and was come for all sorts of Herbs for a Salad. He asked me then, whether I was upon Ransom, and how much my Master ask'd for me: As we were in this Discourse, the beautiful *Zoraida* came out of the House, having seen me before; and because, as I said, the *Moorish* Women make no Difficulty of being seen by Christians, she was not afraid to come where her Father and I were talking, and her Father seeing her, call'd to her to draw near. It were too tedious now to describe the Charms and graceful Presence, and the magnificent Attire with which my dear *Zoraida* shew'd her self to my Eyes. I shall only say she had more Pearls hanging about her than Hairs on her Head. On her Ancles, which according to their Fashion were uncovered, she wore two Carcaxes (so they call, in the *Morisco* Tongue, those Ornaments like Bracelets belonging to the Feet) of pure Gold, set with so many Diamonds, that she afterward told me her Father valu'd them at ten thousand Dubloons, and the Bracelets on her Wrists were worth as many more: The Pearls she had on were very numerous and fine; for the *Moorish* Women esteem it as the greatest Ornament to be dress'd with Pearls of all sorts in Abundance; and therefore there are more Pearls among the *Moors*, than in all other Nations; and *Zoraida's* Father was reported to have a vast Number, and some of the best in *Algier*, to the Value of above two hundred thousand *Spanish* Crowns, of all which she was Mistress, who now is mine. By what still remains after so many Misfortunes, it may be guess'd how beautiful she was when enrich'd with all these Ornaments: The Beauty of some Women, it is known, has its Times and Seasons, and rises and falls according to the Accidents that attend it; and it is natural for the Passions of the Mind, either to encrease or diminish it, and very often they utterly destroy it. In short, she was then, at least she appear'd to me to be, the most lovely and best-dress'd Woman I had ever seen; and considering how much I was oblig'd to her, methoughts I saw some Divinity

Divinity that was come down upon Earth for my Relief and Comfort. As soon as she came to us, her Father told her I was *Arnaute Mimi's* Slave, and was come for a Sallade. She prevented me; and, before I cou'd speak, ask'd me in the same mix'd Dialect, whether I was a Gentleman, and why I did not ransom my self? I answer'd, I was ransom'd; and that she might find by the Price, how much my Master valu'd me; for he had 1500 Sultanis. In truth, said she, if you were my Father's, I wou'd take care he shou'd not part with you for twice the Mony, for you Christians always put us off with a Lye, and pretend your selves poor, to cheat us *Moors*. That may be, Madam, said I, but upon my Word I have told my Master the Truth, and shall deal fairly with all People I am concern'd with. And when do you go away, said she? To-morrow, I believe, Madam, answer'd I; for here is a *French Ship* that sails to-morrow, and I design to go off in it. Is it not better, reply'd *Zoraida*, to stay for some *Spanish Vessel*, than to go with the *French*, who are none of your Friends? No, Madam, said I; but yet if I were sure that a *Spanish Ship* is expected, I might stay for it; but it is most likely I shall go to-morrow, for I have such a Desire to be in my own Country among those I love, that I shall not wait for any other Convenience, tho' ever so great. Certainly you are marry'd in your Country, answer'd *Zoraida*, and this makes you long to be with your Wife. I am not marry'd, said I, but I have promis'd to be so, as soon as I come there. And is the Lady beautiful? reply'd *Zoraida*. So beautiful, said I, that to express it, and do her Justice, she is very like your self.

HER Father laugh'd heartily at this. On my Word, Christian, said he, she is handfom indeed, if she is like my Daughter, who is the greatest Beauty in this Kingdom: And if you look upon her, you will be of my Mind. *Zoraida's* Father was our Interpreter in most of this Discourse, as being the best at that Jumble of Languages; for tho' she spoke it in some Measure, she explain'd herself more

by Signs than by Words. While we were talking thus, a Moor came running, and cry'd out, that four Turks had leap'd the Garden-Wall, and were gathering Fruit tho' it was not ripe. The old Man was surpriz'd, and so was Zoraida; for the Moors have as it were a natural Dread of the Turks, especially the Soldiers, who are very insolent, and treat the Moors that are subject to them, as imperiously as if they were their Slaves. Daughter, therefore says her Father to her, do you retire into the House, and lock your self up, whilst I go and talk to these Dogs; and do you Christian gather your Herbs, and be gone, and Alla send you well home to your Country. I bow'd, and he went to seek the Turks, leaving me alone with Zoraida, who made as if she were going in, as her Father bid her: But no sooner had we lost Sight of him among the Trees of the Garden, than she came back to me, and with her Eyes full of Tears, *Amexi Christiano*, said she, *Amexi*; that is, *are you going away, Christian, are you going?* Yes, Madam, I answer'd, but not without you by any means; expect me the next Friday, and be not surpriz'd when you see us, for we shall certainly go to the Christian Country. I spoke this in such a Manner, that she understood every Word that pass'd betwixt us; and throwing her Arm about my Neck, began to walk faintly towards the House; and it fell out, (which might have been my Ruin, if Heaven had not prevented) that as we were walking along in this Posture, her Father, who was come back from the Turks, saw us together, and we perceiv'd he had seen us: But Zoraida very discreetly still kept her Arm about my Neck, and pressing closer to me, lean'd her Head against my Breast, and bent her Knees, as if she was fainting away, and I made as if I supported her against my Will. Her Father came running to us, and seeing his Daughter in that Condition, ask'd her what she ail'd? But she making no Answer, Without doubt, cry'd he, the Fright of those Dogs has thrown her into a Swoon; and taking her out of my Arms, he lean'd her against his own Breast; she fetch'd a Sigh, and

and the Tears still standing in her Eyes, said again; *Amexi Christiano, Amexi: Be gone Christian, be gone.* To which her Father answer'd: It is no matter, Child, for the Christian's going; he has done thee no Harm; and the *Turks* are gone; do not be frighted at any thing, there is nothing to disturb thee; for as I told thee, the *Turks*, at my Intreaty, went out the same way they came in. It was they, Sir, said I, that frighted her; but since she bids me be gone I will not offend her. Farewel, and with your leave I will come again for Herbs to this Garden if I want them, for my Master says there are no such Sallads to be found. You may come as often as you will, answer'd *Agimorat*, for my Daughter did not speak those Words because you or any of the Christians had displeas'd her, but instead of biding the *Turks* be gone, she bid you; or else she thought it was time for you to gather your Herbs. I took leave of them both, and she went away with her Father, as if her Heart wou'd break. Under Pretence of looking for Herbs, I walk'd about and took a full View of the Garden; and consider'd all the Avenues, the Strength of the House, and how our Business might be effected. After this I retir'd, and gave the Renegade and my Comrades an Account of all I had done; and was impatient for the Hour in which I shou'd securely enjoy the Blessing Fortune offer'd me in the beautiful *Zoraida*.

A T length the Day and Time so much expected arriv'd, and all of us punctually observing the Method that had been agreed on, we had the Success we desir'd: For the *Friday* following, the Renegade came to Anchor just against the Place where *Zoraida* was. The Christians who were to handle the Oar were allready, and conceal'd in several Places thereabout. They were all full of joy, waiting for me, being eager to fall upon the Vessel they saw before them; for they knew not the Renegade's Scheme, but thought they were to get their Liberty by Force of Arms, killing the *Moors* that were in the Bark. As soon as I and my Companions appear'd, all those that were hid perceiving

us, began to approach. The City-Gates were now shut, and not a Soul to be seen about the Country. When we were join'd, we were in Doubt whether we shou'd first fetch off *Zoraida*, or secure the *Moors* in the Bark; and while we were in this Dilemma, our Renegade came up to us, and ask'd what we stay'd for, since it was time, and all his *Moors* were unprovided, and most of them asleep? We told him what it was we hesitated at; the main Business he said was, first to secure the Vessel, which might easily be done, and without Danger; and that afterwards we might go for *Zoraida*. We all approv'd what he said, and so, without farther delay, he led the Way, and we march'd to the Vessel, and leaping into it first, he drew a Scimiter, and cry'd out in the *Moorish* Tongue, Let not a Man of you stir, for he that does it shall cost him his Life. By this time the Christians were enter'd: The *Moors*, who were faint-hearted, hearing their Commander talk after that rate, were frighted, and without ever handling those few Arms they had, suffer'd themselves, without speaking a Word, to be bound by the Christians, who did it in a Moment, threatning them, that if they offer'd to cry out, they wou'd immediately put them all to the Sword. After this, leaving half of our Company to guard the *Moors*, the rest of us, under the Conduct of the Renegade, went to *Agimorat's* Garden, and by good luck when we came to force the Door, it gave way with as much Ease, as if it had not been shut; so we got into the House very silently, and without being discover'd. The beautiful *Zoraida* was waiting for us at a Window; and as soon as she heard a Noise of People, she ask'd in a low Voice whether we were *Nazarani*, that is, whether we were Christians; I answer'd we were, and desir'd her to come down. As soon as she knew me, she made no stay, but without answering a Word, came down in an Instant. She open'd the Door, and appear'd so Beautiful, and so richly dress'd, that I know not how to express it. The Moment I saw her I seiz'd her Hand, and began to kiss it,

It, and the Renegade and my two Companions did the same; the rest, who knew not the meaning of it, did what they saw us do, and it look'd as if we had only paid our Thanks, and acknowledg'd her for our Deliverer. The Renegade ask'd her in *Morisco*, whether her Father was there? She answer'd Yes, that he was asleep. Then, reply'd the Renegade, we must wake him, and take him with us, and all that he has here of any Value. No, said she; my Father shall not be touch'd upon any Account; and there is nothing in the House, but what I carry with me, which is enough to enrich and satisfy you all; stay a little, and you shall see it. Having said this, she went in again, telling us she wou'd soon return, and bidding us keep there, and make no Noise. I ask'd the Renegade what she and he had said; he told me; and I declar'd to him, that nothing shou'd be done against *Zoraida's* Consent. She was now coming back, with a little Trunk full of Crowns in Gold, so heavy, that she could hardly carry it.

AS ill Luck wou'd have it, her Father wak'd in the mean while, and hearing a Noise in the Garden, look'd out at a Window; and perceiving those who were in it were all Christians; he roar'd out as loud as he cou'd bawl in *Arabic*, *Christians, Christians, Thieves, Thieves!* This Outcry put us all in a great Consternation; but the Renegade seeing the Danger we were in, and how much it concern'd him to finish our Undertaking before we were discover'd, ran up full speed to the Room where *Agimorat* was, and some of our Company with him, for I durst not quit *Zoraida*, who fell down as it were in a Swoon in my Arms. In short, they that went up, order'd their Business so well, that they presently brought down *Agimorat* with his Hands ty'd, and a Handkerchief in his Mouth to hinder him from speaking; threatening him, that the least Word should cost him his Life. When his Daughter saw him, she cover'd her Eyes to avoid the Sight; and her Father was astonish'd, not knowing how willing-

ly she had put herself into our Hands. But our only Business being to fly, we soon got into the Bark, where our Companions expected us, and began to fear some Disaster had befallen us. It was scarcely the second Hour of the Night when we went on Board, where *Zoraida's* Father was unbound, and the Handkerchief taken from his Mouth; but the Renegade charg'd him again not to speak a Word, on Peril of his Life. When he saw his Daughter there, he began to sigh bitterly, and especially when he saw me embrace her closely, and that she admitted it without the least Resistance, or Dispute; but still he held his Tongue, lest the Renegade's Threats should be put in Execution. *Zoraida* also seeing herself in the Bark, and that we were going to row away, and that her Father and the other *Moors* were bound, she spoke to the Renegade, to desire the Favour of me to discharge the *Moors* and give her Father his Liberty; for she wou'd rather throw herself into the Sea, than suffer a Father who had so dearly lov'd her, to be carried into Captivity on her Account before her Eyes. The Renegade told me what she said, and I agreed to it; but he reply'd, it was not to be done, because if they were put ashore, they wou'd raise the Country, and alarm the City, and cause some nimble Frigots to hasten out and intercept us at Sea; so that all we could do, wou'd be to give them their Liberty as soon as we came to the Christian Shore.

WE all approv'd of this Advice, and so did *Zoraida* when she was acquainted with it, and with the Reasons why we did not immediately fulfill her Desires; and then every one with Silence and Joy handling his Oar, and recommending ourselves to Heaven, we began to stand for the Island of *Majorca*, which is the nearest Christian Coast. But the Wind being somewhat Northerly, and the Sea rough, we cou'd by no means keep that Course, and were forced to coast it along towards *Oran*, to our no small Trouble, for fear of being discover'd from *Sargel*. We were afraid also of meeting some of the Gallies which usually

usually trade to *Tetuan*, tho' we concluded, That if we met a Trading Galley, provided it were not a Rover's, instead of being in Danger ourselves, we shou'd be able to provide ourselves with a Vessel, in which we might perform our Voyage with more Safety. All this while *Zoraida* lay with her Head between my Hands, that she might not see her Father. We had advanced about ten Leagues when Day appear'd, and were about three Musket-shots from the Shore, which we saw was all Desert, and not any body there to discover us. However by main Strength we kept out in the Sea, which was now somewhat smoother, and having made about two Leagues, it was order'd, that the Men shou'd row by Turns, while the others refresh'd themselves, for the Bark was well-victual'd; but those at the Oar said it was no time to rest, and that their Fellows who were not on Duty might bring their Victuals to them, for they were resolv'd not to quit the Bench. This was done accordingly; and presently the Wind began to blow so fresh, that we were forced to hoist Sail, and lay aside our Oars, and stand for *Oran*, it being impossible to maintain any other Course.

IN this manner we ran above eight Miles an Hour, and only fear'd meeting with Rovers. We gave Victuals to the *Moors* that row'd, and the Renegade encourag'd them, telling them, they were not carried away Captives but shou'd be set at Liberty the first Opportunity. We told *Zoraida's* Father the same; who answer'd, Your Courtesy, Christians, might make me hope for any thing else from you; but don't think me Fool enough to imagine you will give me my Liberty; for you never expos'd yourselves to such Danger in depriving me of it, to restore it to me again so freely, especially knowing who I am, and what Advantage you can make of me. Name the Price, and I here promise to pay whatever you shall ask for me and my unhappy Daughter, or else for her alone, who is the better Part of my Soul. Having said these Words, he began to weep so bitterly, that he mov'd

us all to Compassion; and *Zoraida* cou'd not forbear looking at him. She was so affected to see him weep, that she left me, and went and embraced her Father; and laying her Face to his, they both wept so tenderly, that several of us could not help bearing them Company; but when her Father saw her dress, and with so many Jewels about her, he said to her in their Language; What is the meaning of this, Child? for Yesterday about Evening, before this great Misfortune befel us, you were in your ordinary Undress; and tho' you have had no leisure to dress you here, and having heard no News to occasion you to make your self fine, you are as gay and sparkling, as when Fortune was most propitious? Answer me. I am more astonish'd at this, than at our Misfortune itself. The Renegade told us all that the *Moor* said to his Daughter, and she answer'd not a Word; but when he saw the little Casket in which she us'd to keep her Jewels, which he thought had been left at *Algier*, and not carried to the Country-house, he was still more amaz'd, and ask'd her how she came by that Casket, and what was in it? To which the Renegade, without staying for her Answer, reply'd, Sir, do not trouble yourself to put so many Questions to *Zoraida*, for I shall give you one Answer for all; you must understand therefore, that she is a Christian, and it was she that knock'd off our Chains, and deliver'd us from Slavery; she is here by her own Consent, and as well pleas'd, I suppose, to be in this Condition, as one is to come out of Darknes into Light, from Death to Life, and from Suffering to Glory. Is it true, Child, what this Man says? cry'd the *Moor*. It is, reply'd *Zoraida*. Then it seems you are a Christian, said the old Man, and deliver'd up your Father into the Hands of his Enemies. To this *Zoraida* answer'd, A Christian I am, but it was not I that brought you hither, for I never design'd to do, or suffer any Hurt to be done you, but only to do myself Good. And what Good have you done yourself, Child? continu'd the old Man. Ask the Powers above, reply'd *Zoraida*; they can inform you better than I. NO

NO sooner had the Moor heard these Words, but he cast himself headlong into the Sea; where he had infallibly been drown'd, if his wide Garment had not kept him some time above Water. *Zoraida* cry'd out to have him taken up, and we all ran to help him, and catching hold of his upper Garment drew him up, half drown'd and senseless; at which *Zoraida* was so troubled that she lamented over him, as if he had been dead. We turn'd his Head down, and he threw up a great Quantity of Water. In two Hours time he came to himself, and the Wind changing, we were forced towards the Shore, and labour'd hard at the Oar to keep clear of it. By good luck we got into a Creek under a small Cape, or Promontory, which the Moors call the Cape of the *Cava Rumia*, which signifies, *The Wicked Christian Woman*; and there is a Tradition among them, that the cursed Creature who ruined Spain is bury'd in that Place; for in their Language, *Cava* signifies an ill Woman, and *Rumia* a Christian, and they look upon it as an ill Omen to come to an Anchor there, when they are forced to it by Stress of Weather, for they never do it of Choice. But to us it prov'd not the Protection of an ill Woman, but a safe Harbour, where we were shelter'd from a tempestuous Sea. We placed Sentinels on the Shore, but did not lay down our Oars. We eat of what the Renegade had provided, and heartily pray'd God to crown what we had fortunately begun with a happy Conclusion. At the Request of *Zoraida* we prepar'd to put her Father and all the other Moors ashore, for she cou'd not endure to see her Father and Countrymen bound before her Eyes.

THE Wind turn'd, and the Sea grew calm, inviting us to continue our Voyage; upon which we unbound the Moors, and one by one set them a-shore, at which they were surpriz'd; but when we came to land *Zoraida's* Father, who was now quite recover'd, For what Reason do ye imagine, Christians, said he, this wicked Woman wou'd have you give me my Liberty? D'ye think it is out of Com-

passion

passion to me? No: she does it only because she thinks my Presence will hinder her from executing her ill Designs. And do not think that she changes her Religion because she thinks yours better than ours, but because she knows Lewdness is more freely practis'd in your Country than in ours. Then turning to *Zoraida*, I and another Christian holding him all the while by the Arms, lest he should do some extravagant Action; Infamous young Creature, said he, ill-advis'd Girl, whither is it you go thus blindly in the Custody of these Dogs our natural Enemies? Curs'd be the Hour in which I begot you, and curs'd the Tenderness and Plenty wherein I bred you. But seeing him not likely to give over very soon, I made haste to set him ashore, where he continu'd his Curses and Lamentations, praying to *Mahomet*, to beg of *Alla* to destroy, confound, and annihilate us. And when being under Sail we cou'd no longer hear his Words, we saw his Actions, which were tearing his Beard and Hair, and rowling himself along the Ground; but once he rais'd his Voice so loud, that we cou'd hear him say, Return, dear Child, I forgive you all; let those Men keep the Money which is already in their Hands, and come back to comfort this poor disconsolate Father, who will end his Life on this barren Sand if you forsake him. All this *Zoraida* heard; and it went to her Heart; she wept; and all the Answer she cou'd make was, *Alla* comfort thee, my dear Father, in thy Afflictions: *Alla* knows I cou'd do no less than I have done, and that these Christians are not oblig'd to me for it. It was impossible for me to avoid becoming a Christian, if I had desir'd it ever so much. I had such an Impulse on my Mind to perform this Action, which I think so good; and you esteem so bad. She said this, when neither her Father heard her, nor we cou'd see him any longer; so I comforted *Zoraida*, and we all pursu'd our Voyage, and the Wind seem'd so favourable, that we doubted not but the next Morning we should be upon the *Spanish* Shore.

BUT

BUT as it seldom happens that good Fortune comes alone without some Disaster to allay it, our ill Fate, or perhaps the Curses the *Moor* had pour'd out on his Daughter (for the Curses of any Father are to be dreaded) so order'd it, that when we were far out at Sea, it being near three Hours in the Night, and were making all the Sail we cou'd, the Oars being ship'd, because the Wind favouring we had no Use for them; by the Light of the Moon, which shone very bright, we saw close by us a Vessel with a round Stern, which having all its Sails abroad, and steering with the Wind, was coming athwart us, and so near that we were forced to strike our Sails to avoid being foul of her, and they put the Helm hard up to let us get clear. They stood upon the Side to hale us, and know what we were, and whither we were bound? But they asking it in *French*, our Renegade said, Let none answer, for these are certainly *French* Pirates, who spare no Body. Upon this Warning no one answer'd a Word; and when we had made some Way from them, and left them to the Leeward, on a sudden they fir'd two Guns, both, as it seem'd, loaden with Chain-shot, for one of them carry'd our Mast by the Board, so that it fell clear, Sail and all, into the Sea, and immediately the next fell just in the Midship, and sprung a Leak, without killing any Body; but perceiving ourselves sinking, we cry'd out for Help, and desir'd those in the other Vessel to take us in. They lay by, and lanching their Pinnace or Barge, about a Dozen *French* Men with their Muskets and lighted Matches leap'd into it, and came up to us, and seeing how few we were, and that the Vessel was sinking, they took us into their Boat, telling us that Misfortune had befallen us for our Ill-breeding in not giving them an Answer. Our Renegade took the Casket with *Zoraida's* Riches, and dropt it into the Sea, without being observ'd by any. In short, we were all carry'd aboard the *French* Ship, where after they had got out of us all the Information they wanted, they strip us of every thing, as if they had been our mortal

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Enemies, and took from *Zoraida* the very Jewels she had about her Legs; but what gave me the greatest Concern was, my Fear lest after they had spoil'd her of her other Jewels, they shou'd proceed to rob her of that inestimable One which she most valued. But these People covet nothing but Money, and of that they never have enough; for such was their Rapaciousness, that they wou'd have stript us even of our Captives Cloaths, had they been worth taking. It was propos'd among them, to cast us all into the Sea wrapp'd up in a Sail, because as they intended to trade in some Port of *Spain*, pretending to be *Britons*, if they carried us thither alive they wou'd be punish'd, when it was known they had robb'd us. But the Captain who had stript my dear *Zoraida*, said, he was satisfy'd with the Booty he had gotten, and wou'd not touch at any *Spanish* Port; but make his Way thro' the Streights of *Gibraltar* by Night, or as he found an Opportunity, and return to *Rochel*, from whence he came; so they resolv'd to give us their Boat, and what else was necessary for so short a Way as we had to Shore, and accordingly they did so the next Day, being in sight of the *Spanish* Coast; which Sight banish'd the Remembrance of our Poverty and past Miseries at once, such a Pleasure it is to recover lost Liberty,

IT was about Noon when they put us into the Boat, giving us two Casks of Water and some Biskets; and the Captain, I know not how, mov'd to Compassion, as the beautiful *Zoraida* was going off, gave her above forty Crowns in Gold, and wou'd not suffer his Men to strip her of these Cloaths she has now on. We went into the Boat, and thank'd them for their Kindness, appearing rather pleas'd than uneasy. They stood off towards the Streights. Without looking at any thing but the Land before us, we ply'd the Oar so briskly that by Sunset we were so near the Shore that we thought we might easily make it before the Night were far advanced. Yet because the Moon did not shine out, and it was Cloudy, and we

were

were unacquainted with the Coast, we judg'd it not safe to venture to Land, as many of the Company wou'd have done, saying, we ought to run a-shore, tho' it were on a Rock, and far from any Town; for then we shou'd be secure from the Danger we had Reason to apprehend from the Rovers of *Tetuan*, who us'd to be at Night in *Barbary*, and the next Morning on the Coasts of *Spain*, and having taken their Booty, are at home again the next Night. In this Variety of Opinions, it was agreed at last, that we should make up gently to the Shore, and if the Sea were calm enough land where we could. We did so; and a little before Mid-night came to the Foot of a high Mountain, which lay not out so close to the Sea, but there was a convenient Distance for us to Land. We ran in the Boat, and leap'd a-shore, and kiss'd the Ground, and with Tears of Joy, gave Thanks to God for the extraordinary Mercy he had shewn us in our Voyage. We took what Provision was left out of the Boat, which we hall'd a-ground, and ascended a great way up the Mountain; being hardly able to persuade our selves it was a Christian Country we were upon. The Day seem'd to break later than we wish'd; we walk'd quite to the Top of the Mountain to see if from thence we cou'd discover any Town, or Shepherds Cottages; but tho' we strain'd our Eyes we cou'd discern neither Town, nor Persons, nor Paths. However, we resolv'd to go up into the Country, for it was impossible but we must soon light on some body to acquaint us where we were. What troubled me most, was to see *Zoraida* travel on Foot in those rugged Ways; for tho' I carry'd her sometimes on my Shoulders, she was more disturb'd at my Toil and Fatigue, than she was eas'd by this Relief, and therefore would not permit me to do it any more; but resting herself on my Hand, she travell'd very patiently, and seem'd to be well pleas'd.

WE had not walk'd a Quarter of a League, when we heard a little Bell, which betoken'd there was Cattel thereabouts; and looking about us, we spy'd a young Shepherd sitting

sitting carelessly at the Foot of a Cork-Tree, cutting a Stick with his Knife; we call'd out to him, and turning his Head he presently got upon his Feet; and, as we afterwards understood, the first he discover'd was the Renegade and *Zoraida*, and seeing them in the *Moorish* Habit, he thought all the *Moors* in *Barbary* were upon him, and running swiftly into the Wood, began to roar out, The *Moors*, the *Moors* are landed! *Moors!* *Moors!* to Arms, to Arms! His Cries confounded us, and we knew not what to do; but considering his Bawling would alarm the Country, and that the Troops which guard the Coast would immediately come down to see what was the Matter, we caus'd the Renegade to quit his *Turkish* Apparel, and put on a Captive's Coat, which one of the Company gave him, tho' he left himself in his Shirt. So committing ourselves to Heaven, we held on the same Way we saw the Shepherd go; still expecting when the Troops of the Coast would be upon us; and we were not deceiv'd, for in less than two Hours, just as we came down into a Plain, we discover'd about fifty Horse, making towards us three Quarters speed, and stood still to expect them. When they arriv'd, and, instead of *Moors*, saw so many poor Christian Captives, they were amaz'd, and one of them ask'd us, whether we were the Cause of the Shepherd's Alarm. Yes, said I; and being about to tell what had happen'd to us, who we were, and whence we came, one of our Company knew the Horseman that ask'd the Question, and without suffering me to proceed, Heaven be prais'd, cry'd he, for bringing us to so good a Place; if I am not deceiv'd, the Ground we stand on is the Territory of *Velex Malaga*, and unless my many Years Captivity have broken my Memory, you who ask us who we are, are your self *Peter de Bussamante* my Uncle. No sooner had the Christian Captive spoke these Words, but the Cavalier threw himself off his Horse and came to embrace the young Man. My dear Nephew, said he, I know you, and have bewail'd your Death, and so has my Sister your Mother,

Mother, and all your Friends who are still living, God having been pleas'd to preserve their Lives, that they may have the Pleasure of seeing you. We heard you was in *Algier*, and by the Cloaths which you and the rest of your Companions are in, I guess your Escape has been miraculous. It is so, answer'd the young Man, and we shall have leisure to tell you all.

AS soon as the Horsemen perceiv'd we were Christian Captives, they alighted, and every one of them offer'd us his Horse, to carry us to the City *Velez Malaga*, which was a League and half off. Some of them went to the Boat, when we told them where it lay, to steer it round to the City, others mounted us behind them, and *Zoraida* rid behind the Captive's Uncle. All the People of the Town came out to receive us, having heard of our coming from some of the Troopers who went before. They did not wonder to see Captives set at Liberty, or *Moors* made Slaves, for they who live on that Coast are us'd to such Sights; but they wonder'd at *Zoraida's* Beauty, which was then at its Height; the Fatigue of travelling, and the Pleasure of being in a Christian Country, out of Danger of being re-taken, having brought such a Colour into her Cheeks, that if it does not delude me, I durst affirm there was not her Equal in the World; at least I had never seen any one so brightly charming. We went directly to the Church, to return Thanks to the Almighty for his gracious Protection and Deliverance; from whence we were conducted, and lodg'd in several Houses in the Town; but the Christian that came with us carry'd the Renegade, *Zoraida* and my self to his Parents, who liv'd in good Fashion, and made as much of us as of their own Son: We stay'd six Days at *Velez*, after which the Renegade went away to *Granada*, to reconcile himself to the Church. All the other Christians that had got their Liberty, dispos'd of themselves where they thought fit: And *Zoraida* and my self were left alone, with only those Crowns the French Captain bestow'd on her in Courtesie; out of which I bought

bought this Beast she rides on. We are now going to see whether my Father is living, or whether any of my Brothers have been more fortunate than my self, who, in the mean while, am to her instead of a Father and a Servant; but not as a Husband. And since Heaven has made me *Zoraida's* Companion, I think no other Happiness could have attended me that I should more have valued. Her Patience in bearing with the Inconveniences of Poverty, and her earnest Desire to become a Christian, are so great, that I cannot but admire them, and serve her, on this Account, as long as I live. Yet the Satisfaction I have of being hers, and possessing her as mine, is abated, by my not knowing, whether I shall find in my Country so much as a small Cottage to receive her, and whether Time and Death have not so alter'd the Affairs of our Family, that if I have lost my Father and my Brothers, and their Fortune, there may be any who will own me. This, Gentlemen, is my Story; you must judge how entertaining it is. I would willingly have told it you more succinctly; and the fear of tiring you, has made me omit several Circumstances.

HERE the Captive concluded his Story. Sir, said *Don Ferdinand* to him, your Adventures are not more surprising than your Method in relating them, is ingenious. Your Narrative is such, that it must cause Admiration in all that hear it; and it has given us such Pleasure, that we should be glad to hear it over again, tho' it held us 'till Morning. All the rest of the Company offer'd him their Service, as far as they were able; and that in such kind and pressing Terms, that the Captive was convinced of their Affection. *Don Ferdinand*, in particular, engag'd, if he wou'd go home with him, to procure his Brother the Marquess to stand God-father to *Zoraida*, and to furnish him with every thing necessary for him to appear in his own Country with the Figure which became him. The Captive thank'd them in a very obliging manner; but declin'd accepting their Offers.

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JUST then there drove up briskly to the Inn a Coach with some Men on Horseback: They ask'd for Rooms, and the Hostess answering there was not a Hole in the Inn for a Soul to put their Head in; No matter for that, said one of the Horsemen, my Lord Judge must have Room made for him. The Name of the Judge scar'd the Landlady; Why, indeed, Sir, said she, the Case is, that we have no Beds at Liberty; but if my Lord Judge brings one, as I suppose he does, in the name of all the Saints let him come in, and my Husband's Chamber and mine is at his Service. Very good, cry'd the Servant; let it be so. By this time a Gentleman in a Judge's Habit alighted out of his Coach. He led a young Gentlewoman by the Hand, that seem'd to be about 16 Years of Age, in a Travelling Dress, so fine, beautiful, and gay, that every one admir'd to see her.

THE Moment he cast his Eyes on the Judge the Captive felt his Heart leap within him, and fancy'd it was his Brother; he enquir'd his Name, and what Countryman he was, of one of the Servants; who told him he was a Doctor of Laws, that his Name was *Juan Perez de Viedma*, and that he had heard he was born in a Town on the Mountains of *Leon*. This Account, and what he had seen, convinced the Captive he was his Brother, who had taken to Letters by his Father's Advice. Overjoy'd at this, he call'd aside *Don Ferdinand* and the Curate his Friend, and told them how the Case stood, assuring them that the Judge was his Brother. He understood also, that the young Gentlewoman was his Daughter; that her Mother dy'd in Child-bed of her; and her Father had receiv'd a noble Fortune, which fell to him upon the Birth of this Daughter. He ask'd their Advice, whether he shou'd discover himself immediately, or first see whether his Brother, instead of receiving him kindly, wou'd not be asham'd to own him in that mean Condition. Leave it to me, said the Curate, to make the Tryal; tho' there is no reason to think but you will be well receiv'd, for your Brother

ther seems to be a Man of Worth and Discretion; and not at all Proud, or a Stranger to the turns of Fortune. For all that, said the Captive, I wou'd willingly make my self known by degrees, and not upon a Surprize. By this time Supper was ready, and they all sat down to Table, except the Captive and the Ladies, who sup'd by themselves in their Chamber. About the middle of the Supper, My Lord Judge, said the Curate, I had a Comrade of your Name at *Constantinople*, where I was a Slave some Years: He was as brave a Soldier and Officer, as any was in the *Spanish* Foot; but he was as unfortunate, as he was brave and resolute. What was his Name, pray Sir? ask'd the Judge. *Ruy Perez de Viedma*, said the Curate; he was born in a Town on the Mountains of *Leon*, and told me a Passage that happen'd betwixt his Father and his Brothers; which, unless I had heard it from a Man of his Integrity, I shou'd have taken for a Fable: He told me his Father had divided his Estate among his three Sons, and give them some Documents, as sage as *Cato's*. That he had chosen a Martial Life; and I know, tho' he had no other Recommendation than his Valour, he came to be a Captain of Foot, and was in a fair way to have been a Colonel: But Fortune prov'd unkind to him, for where he might have expected to be advanc'd, there he was undone, by losing his Liberty at the famous Battel of *Lepanto*, where so many others recover'd theirs. I was taken Prisoner at the *Golea*; and afterwards, thro' several Accidents, we came to be Comrades at *Constantinople*. From whence he went to *Algier*, where the strangest Adventures in the World besel him. Then the Curate breifly related all that had happen'd to the Captive, with *Zoraida*.

TO all this the Judge gave Attention, as if he had been sitting upon some important Tryal. The Curate went no farther than the Passage of the *French* Pirate's stripping them in the Bark; and inform'd him to what Poverty his Comrade and the beautiful *Zoraida* were reduced; but that

that he knew not what became of them afterwards; whether they came home to *Spain*, or had been carry'd away to *France*. The Captive stood at some Distance listning to all the Curate said; and carefully observ'd his Brother's Motions; who seeing the Curate had ended his Story, fetch'd a great Sigh, and with Tears in his Eyes, Alas! said he, if you did but know how nearly the News you have told, concerns me, since it makes these Tears gush out in spite of all my struggling to conceal them: That brave Captain you speak of, is my elder Brother, who being brave, and aspiring higher than I, or another Brother of mine, chose to follow the more honourable Profession of a Soldier, which was one of the three Courses my Father propos'd to us, as your Comrade told you. I embraced the Law, which with God's Assistance, and my own Industry, has rais'd me to the Post in which you see me. My younger Brother is in *Peru*, and is so rich that what he has sent my Father and me, has fully repay'd the Quota he receiv'd, and furnish'd my Father with Substance to exercise his natural Generosity, and enable me the better to go thro' with my Studies, and obtain this Employment. My Father is living, tho' extremely afflicted, because he cannot hear from his eldest Son, and prays continually, that Death may not close his Eyes, till he has seen him. And I wonder that my Brother, being a Man of so much Sense, shou'd neglect, in all his Prosperity and Adversity, to write to his Father; for if he or either of us had known his Condition, he needed not to have waited for the Miracle of the Cane, to obtain his Ransom; but what I now fear is, whether those *French* Men have set him at Liberty, or perhaps murder'd him to conceal their Robbery. O that I knew, my dear Brother, where thou art! I wou'd seek thee out and deliver thee from thy Troubles, tho' it cost me ever so dear. I wish my Father cou'd hear that you are alive, tho' it were in the Dungeons of *Barbary*, for thence shou'd his, and my Brother's, and my Riches fetch thee. Beautiful and generous *Zoraida*! Who shall
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be able to requite your Kindness to my Brother? How pleasing a Wedding wou'd thine be to us all? These and such like Expressions the Judge utter'd, and was so mov'd at the News he had receiv'd of his Brother, that all who heard him cou'd not but be concern'd at his Sorrow.

THE Curate perceiving he had so luckily compass'd his End and the Captain's, wou'd not continue their Sorrow any longer, but rising from the Table, and going into the Room where *Zoraida* was, he took her by the Hand; and after her follow'd *Luscinda*, *Dorothea*, and the Judge's Daughter. As the Captain was expecting to see what the Curate wou'd do, he took him by the other Hand, and leading them out to the Judge, and the other Gentlemen, Dry up your Tears, Sir, said he, and satisfy your Desires with all the Happiness you can wish; you have here before you your worthy Brother and Sister-in-Law: This is Captain *Vilana*; and this is the beautiful Moor *Zoraida*, who was so kind to him. The French Men I told you of, reduced them to this wretched Condition in which you see them, that you might have an Occasion of shewing the Generosity of your Soul.

THE Captain ran to embrace his Brother, who clapt both his Hands upon his Breast, that he might view him at some Distance; but when he recall'd him to mind, he embraced him so lovingly, shedding Tears for Joy, that all the Company did the like. It is impossible to conceive what tender Expressions pass'd betwixt the two Brothers, and what Testimonies they gave of mutual Affection. They told one another in short their several Stories; and shew'd the Perfection of fraternal Love; the Judge embraced *Zoraida*, and offer'd her all he was worth; he made his Daughter embrace her, and the beautiful Christian and charming Moor again call'd Tears of Gladness into all the Spectators Eyes. The Captain and *Zoraida* set out to *Sevil* with their Brother the Judge, and having sent Word to their Father of his happy Return, the good old Man

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immediately began his Journey to meet them, and receiv'd his Son and his new Daughter with the highest Transport of Gladness. *Zoraida* was baptiz'd, and the Wedding was soon after celebrated magnificently, and all the Sufferings and Labours of her and the fortunate Captive were recompens'd with many Years Felicity and Joy.

The End of the Second Volume.

